THE SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

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Spring Hill Quarterly

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Prologue To What?

With high hopes, slender means, and great ambitions—thus begins the staff of the first strictly literary publication ever undertaken by the students of Spring Hill College. What the future will bring, how many of the hopes and ambitions will be realized, are things no man can tell. But this, at least, can be said: the original inertia has been overcome, a beginning has been made, and the **Spring Hill Quarterly** is on its way!

The **Quarterly** aims to be a magazine by and for the students. The editors are convinced that there is no lack of writing ability among the students and they hope to be convinced there is no lack of interest. In fact, it is their fondest hope that they will be snowed under with literary contributions for the next issue.

Season's Greetings!

Comes the time now when we celebrate an event beside which all mundane happenings pale into insignificance and fade into the background. Once more we take pause to give special veneration to the Prince of Peace—our Saviour.

Appearing for the first time during this holy season, the **Spring Hill Quarterly** is especially happy to wish its readers and friends the best of Christmases. From the editors and staff to students, faculty, parents, and all friends of Spring Hill goes that familiar greeting: Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

Population In Retrograde

A survey released by the Bureau of the Census indicates that the United States will reach its maximum population by 1940. In view of the sanguinary predictions made by statisticans only a few years ago that the United States would not reach the saturation point of population for another century, this is indeed startling information. Adequate reasons must substantiate this reversal of opinion.

The reasons, we think, are not hard to find. During the economic crisis of the depression years there was a general shift in outlook. Whereas the United States had formerly been regarded as the land of promise where hope of bettering one's condition was ever present, a new attitude gradually came to the fore. With the crumbling of the economic order bringing in its wake widespread unemployment, industrial

strife, and the collapse or shrinkage of many a business enterprise, a definite fear seized the country. The government stepped in and interfered. It used extraordinary means to combat extraordinary conditions. But with recovery in sight it continued to create work by artificial means and continued to put people on relief. Consequently, the defeatist attitude of the depression years still lingers because the government refuses to allow men to better their own condition by their own effort. A restoration of the old ideal, the spirit of expectancy and hope, will do much to revive confidence in this land of opportunity whose resources, far from being exhausted, remain at the disposal of world markets.

In the second place racial suicide or birth control, to which may be added the million annual abortions, is doing more than its share to stabilize and decrease population. The foremost American advocate of contraception, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, is after all these years of adverse propaganda, alarmed over the declining birth rate. Her reaction is strange indeed since the underlying purpose of her movement could have led to but one end—a marked reduction in the number of births.

A return to sanity, therefore, is evidently essential if the population decline of the United States is to be stopped and the normal expectation reached.

"So Short The Echo . . ."

An Incident from Spring Hill's past

By Caldwell T. Delaney

"AND SO, my friends, the fat of France has come to tempt the palate of America; which only goes to prove that the Bishop was right when he said that although Spring Hill may not rival Fountainebleau in grandeur, it has surpassed her in extravangance."

Adolphe Batre gazed lovingly at the huge dish before him and a ripple of laughter ran down the long table to Bishop Portier who sat enthroned in a great high-backed chair at its foot. His round, cheerful face and ready wit had come to be a necessary part of any celebration on the Hill since he had begun work on his beloved college and had moved out from Mobile to see that no detail of the construction escape his notice. His avowed opposition to the frivolity of his gay French neighbors only made him the more welcome at their feasts and their friendly quips at his expense were usually parried with the greatest vigor.

This was a special occasion, though, so the good Bishop held his tongue. For Adolphe Batre, the most lavish host of all that lavish society, was celebrating his own birthday in true regal style. The flickering light from massive silver candelabra played upon the shimmering white expanse of the table and glinted from jewels at ladies' throats. Behind the host his dusky butler stood frozen

at attention. All eyes were upon Adolphe and the object of his admiration.

And truly it was worthy of admiration, a culinary masterpiece straight from France. There in its frosted nest quivered the greatest **pate de foie gras** the world had ever known! Fifteen pounds it had weighed when it left Paris, ordered especially for the occasion, and Adolphe was proud of it.

At last he tore his fascinated gaze from his treasure and began to speak again. "My friends, Napoleon himself never feasted on such a scale as this . . . " But, lost in the ardor of his praise, he failed to see one of his guests arise quietly in the shadow and leave the table.

It was Colonel Raoul who stepped through the long window and crossed the moonlit veranda to lean against a pillow and gaze pensively down into the garden. Why did the mention of Napoleon still affect him that way? It was all over, Austerlitz, Elba, and St. Helena—all history. And yet it was hard to forget those glorious days when he led the advance guard in the escape from Elba.

He closed his eyes and the gay laughter from the dining room faded into oblivion. Old faces and familiar places crowded into his memory. He saw again the Little Corporal's face as he cast his lot in exile with the man who had made him a count and a colonel in the army of France. Then came Waterloo and the abyss. Fame, fortune, even homeland were snatched away from the little band who had been faithful to the end. Even now the thought made him shudder.

The flight to America, Mobile, Demopolis, were no less vivid. Now he could laugh at the enthusiasm with which the gay French officers and their fragile ladies had laid out their "City of the People" and planted the vine and the olive in a New World wilderness. Even those dreary days when he, Count Raoul, ferried rough pioneers across the muddy Tombigbee while his beautiful wife, the former Marchioness of Sinbaldi and lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, cooked flapjacks for them on the shore, were amusing now.

He smiled and another burst of laughter brought his thoughts abruptly back to the party inside. Perhaps those dark days had not been so bad after all; for were they not all united again at Spring Hill, their "City of Ref-

uge"? Fontainebleau they had named it for Napoleon's palace where the Old Guard had met to bid their exiled Emperor farewell.

Count Desnottes was with them now, the same one Napoleon had singled out to embrace for them all on that sad occasion. And so was Cluis, and Chaudron, and the Marquise of Almavaldi. The Baron de Vendel was there, a fugitive of the court of Louis XVI, and Penier was there, who had voted the same Louis' death. De Lage, banished by Louis XVIII, had entertained Lafayette when his grand farewell tour of America brought him this way.

The Little Corporal was gone; Louis Philippe was on the throne. Yes, Spring Hill was as near as they would ever come to Fontainebleau again. He sighed and turned back into the room.

Adolphe was still holding forth upon the virtues of his prize while his discouraged guests gazed helplessly from one to another. But now the Bishop was rising with a twinkle in his eye, and a hush of expentancy fell over the table. In his most solemn manner he addressed his enthusiastic host.

"If I might interrupt, Adolphe," he began, "I would say that the time has come for the dead to bury the dead and the living to save the living from starving." He chuckled gently at his joke and smiled benignly upon the grateful guests. "I am sure that the rest of your speech will keep until tomorrow and that it will be willingly heard then."

In the laughter that followed Raoul arose to offer a toast. A smile played about his lips as he raised the fragile glass. "Then, sons of France," he cried, "starving sons of France, drink to Spring Hill, the City of Refuge; may the future be glorious and may the past never die!"

The Pan-American Conference

By F. Taylor Peck

AN event that may mark the opening of new era in inter-American cooperation and security occurred in Lima, Peru, on December 9, when the eighth Pan-American Conference convened. Unfortunately, it must remain a conjecture, for the nations of South America are not entirely in accord with the political and economic policies of the United States. It is ironical, perhaps, to find that the president of Peru is for all practical purposes as dictatorial in his own ways as his Fascist-models in Europe. President Oscar Benavides is said to be quite an admirer of Signor Mussolini.

However, the governments of South America are not without cause for their hesitancy in cooperating with the policies of the United States. Too often has the United States disregarded the sovereignty and sentiments of those nations, and the implication that Latin-American states were satellites under the sway and direction of this government has aroused no end of resentment and hostility. The United States had long considered that those primitive territories to the south were exclusive fields for American capital and commerce to exploit. Washington felt an unpleasant, not to say sickening, jolt when it began to realize that these primitives were economically potent within themselves. In addition, these prospective customers of North American products were being more and more drawn into trade with European nations whose political philosophies made them doubly dangerous.

Another pillar of American foreign policy that has

cast a deadening shadow on inter-American relations is the much-debated Monroe Doctrine. In the past this doctrine, because of its strict unilateral manifestations, has been an irritating factor in diplomacy. The positions taken in the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by Presidents Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Coolidge differ radically from the "good neighbor" policies of the present administration, and the present conference should see a greater separation between the past and present concepts of the meaning of the Doctrine.

The present flow of world affairs makes the conference at Lima especially interesting and of paramount significance, for that European power which has been and is the disturbing element in Central Europe, is also that country whose aggressiveness in Latin-America has twice led it to attempt an overthrow of the state in Brazil, and whose commercial relations with Mexico, especially in relation to the recently confiscated oil properties, have left the State department shaken and annoyed.

The uncertainty regarding the strength of the government of Brazil and its permanence in office has created a relative insecurity in the policies of her immediate neighbors, especially Argentina, who like Brazil has strong affiliations of a European nature, and cannot enter into any binding alliance that might call for action against Brazil, as her own safety would be endangered. A general alliance, though very impressive at the outset, would probably find itself in the same status as other anti-war pacts when they cease to be of immediate use and threaten danger.

What, then, can be hoped for from this eighth Pan-American Conference at Lima, Peru? Primarily, the most certain of results that will be permanent is the anticipated gradual reduction of tariffs between all the American countries, with the final goal being the abolition of all tariff and an equality of treatment in commerce. This is most desirable as it can bring an increased prosperity to both the North and South American countries, thus hindering to a great extent the oppression-philosophies of Fascism and Naziism, either from Europe or from Asia.

Secondly, an extended program of inter-American cultural and educational exchanges, consisting of literature, art, and the like. Also, an improvement in tourist service,

and a greater exchange of students between the great universities of North and South America. Nothing will hasten the cementing of friendly diplomatic relations as will an understanding of the problems, policies, and people of Latin-American nations.

Thirdly, but by no means the least important, will be a lucid and definite definition of the foreign policy on the part of the United States, regarding inter-American relations. Likewise, it should show that the United States is willing and able to administer this revised policy. Then, if the purposes of our government are understood, and we gain the respect and trust of the neighbors of the South, there shall be some basis for the building of a firm and determined peace in these two Americas.

On Considering The Hazy Future

As I gaze dimly at dark days ahead
And feel the breath of Time upon my heels,
My fearful heart an awesome numbness feels
As if some cool and cruel voice had said:
"O, best to leave mute Fate's tight scroll unread
Lest seeing what the tortured page reveals,
Your half-felt doubts congeal as it unreels
More frightful scenes than ev'ry present dread."
Yet still my soul such numbing doubt disdains
Well knowing things that give me strength to stand
In spite of heart half-sick with future banes.
Faith, hope, and courage, too, shall soothe all pains
Until dread fear shall loose its clammy hand—
But yet, alas, some faint deep doubt remains.

Stockman O'Rourke

Roger Stoddart, C.S.A.

An imaginary correspondence of Civil War days

By David Loveman

Confederate Camp
Outside Nashville, Tenn.
Dec. 26, 1864—Past midnight.

To my dear wife, Lucy Stoddart
Giant Oaks
Murfreesboro—Nashville Pike
Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

My dearest:

God alone knows if this will ever reach you. I pray that it will, and yet, because I **must** pour out my heart to you, I'm loath for you to know the burdens of sorrow and despair that rest upon me.

It is bitterly cold, for we dare not light the fires. The wind sweeps in from the Cumberland and the bare trees against the sickly moon are frightful. We are all a part of a tension that hovers about us like a vulture—black and sinister—and I am filled with dread of the future. We have received word that Thomas will attack from the city at dawn, and I have only a few minutes in which to write before we must draw up our lines and receive our orders. I have just come from a conference with Gen-

eral Hood. There is little but despair left for us. The General is brave but we are hopelessly outnumbered. We have been here too long—nearly two weeks—and now that the crisis is approaching, we have lost confidence and realize our deficiencies. With us lie the fading hopes of the Confederacy. If we retake Nashville, we can still save our country and our honor. If we lose, it is the end of all our hopes and dreams.

But enough of my melancholy.

I am lonesome for you tonight, my love. I was allowed a few moments sleep this afternoon, and I dreamed of you and the first time we met. Do you remember? It was May and I had come to your father's plantation to see your brother Jack. I rode up to the drive and there you were. The sun was on your hair, and there were blue flowers on your dress, and your skirts danced in the breeze. You stood on the upper gallery, your hand on the great white pillar and from that moment I was yours. You were beautiful beyond belief. And you smiled.

You smiled, too, on our wedding day. Your eyes reflected the glow of the candles as you descended the stairs in your white gown and veil, and my heart almost burst with happiness. It seems so long ago—and yet it has been only four years.

Remember our honeymoon in New Orleans and how your great-aunt Myra wept and wept when we arrived? And the ball at the new hotel? Four years! It has been an eternity.

Our new home was ready for us when we returned. I carried you over the threshold, and in the parlor, dim with drawn blinds and evening shadows, we stood alone and planned our future. How lovely the room was! It hurts terribly to know the privations that you must suffer now in that same room. That is the worst of this war—our women must suffer with us. Once life was full and good and now it is empty. You alone remain of all I once loved. Your arms are the only thing left for me when the war is over. We must build our life anew.

How is my baby? Kiss her for her father and may God bless her and you, my faithful and beloved wife.

I must hurry. The first streaks of light are appearing across the river. It will soon be dawn and death and destruction. If God in His infinite mercy grants that I shall

live through it, and if our Cause is victorious, once more I can come home to you as I used to do long ago.

The bugle has sounded. I must go. I shall think of you and our little girl during the fighting. Pray for me—that I shall come home to you and her some day.

Until that day,

ROGER.

* * * *

General Hood's Headquarters,
Confederate Army, stationed
in defeat at Brentwood, Tenn.,
December 28, 1864.

Mrs. Roger Stoddart
Giant Oaks
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Madam:

We regret to inform you that your husband died gallantly in action at 6 A.M., December 27, in the battle of Nashville. He served his Cause—the Cause of us all—bravely and died as a true Confederate soldier.

Our deepest sympathy to you, Madam.

J. B. HOOD, C. S. A.,
Commander, Confederate Forces.

Quatrain: To An Old Love

Our love was not a flickering flame
To be watched and fondly cherished.
It was a sudden lightning flash,
And like the lightning perished.

Stockman O'Rourke

The Negro Muse

By Thomas F. Sweeney

THE majority of white Americans know little of the contribution of the Negro to American literature. We are too prone to look contemptuously upon the Negro as necessarily inferior and to ignore his attempts to burst asunder the fetters we have placed upon his social and intellectual life. Outside of Dunbar, who is usually known only as a name, and a few negro spirituals, there is a belief widespread that the Negro has written nothing worth considering.

But he has definitely accomplished something in this field. The first lispings of the negro muse are past, and the time has come when we cannot but hear his just claims to recognition in the sphere of literature.

Ignoring as inferior the Aframerican poets from Phillis Wheatley in the eighteenth century, who incidently was one of the first feminine poets in America, to Paul Laurence Dunbar in the nineteenth, negro poetry has been mounting steadily towards a high level. Indeed, in that time, negro dialect poetry has given America its only distinctly national poetry.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, who died in 1906 when only thirty-four years of age,

> stands out as the first poet from the Negro race in the United States to show a combined mastery over poetic material and poetic technique to reveal innate literary distinction In what he wrote, and to maintain a high level of performance. He was the first to rise to a height from which he could take a perspective view of his own race. He was the first to see

objectively its humor, its superstitions, its shortcomings; the first to feel sympathetically its heart wounds, its yearnings, its aspirations, and to voice them all in a purely literary form.1

Dunbar's poetry is in large measure written in the negro dialect, by means of which he portrayed accurately the Negro character and psychology. This use of dialect was not from choice, as he remarked to a friend, but because "it's the only way I can get them to listen to me." In this respect James Weldon Johnson points out a comparison between him and Robert Burns: "Burns took the strong dialect of his people and made it classic; Dunbar took the humble speech of his people and in it wrought music." [2]

In "A Death Song," Dunbar expresses a sentiment often found in poetry, namely, the desire to be buried near familiar scenes. If we subdue our natural bias, this poem does not suffer greatly when compared to many others on the same subject:

Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch'll go a-singin' as it pass
    An' w'en I'se a-layin' low,
    I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'." 3

Dunbar is the greatest of the American negro poets of the United States, but in the whole Western World he is surpassed by several Latin American negroes. Among these, Placido, Machado de Assis, Vieux, Durand, and Manzano are internationally known. Placido and Machado de Assis undoubtedly rank as literary masters and their poetry could pass the severest standards.

Placido is most famous for the sonnet, "Farewell to my Mother," written the night before his death. This remarkable work has been translated into every important language. Recently a national radio broadcast dramatized it. Two translations of the poem exist in English, one by William Cullen Bryant, the other by James Weldon Johnson, a Negro. The translation by Bryant is greatly inferior to the accurate re-creation by Johnson.

Placido was deserted by his mother shortly after his birth. His father died a few years later. In 1844, when

1—J. W. Johnson, Book of American Negro Poets (Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1933), p. xxxiii.

2 Ibid., p. xxxv.

3 Ibid., p. 16.

only thirty-three years of age, having produced more than six hundred pages of poetry, he was shot for conspiracy in the Cuban revolt for independence. The night before his execution he penned the sonnet to his mother in the hope that when she heard of his death, it might awaken some grief or sadness. The sextet is deeply moving:

> My lyre before it is forever stilled
> Breathes out to thee its last and dying note.
> A note more scarce than a burden easing sigh,
> Tender and sacred, innocent, sincere—
> Spontaneous and instinctive as the cry
> I gave at birth—And now the hour is here—
> O God Thy mantle of mercy o'er my sins!
> Mother, farewell! The pilgrimage begins.[4]

Among the Aframericans of more recent times, several have been ranked with the outstanding poets of America. Anthologies compiled in recent years include works by Negroes, with no qualifications given nor "colored section assigned." Especially noteworthy are James Weldon Johnson, Claude McKay, Joseph S. Cotter, Jr., and Charles Bertram Johnson.

In general, the modern Negro has discarded dialect as a medium of expression, while the innovations of "Spoon River Anthology" are widely used with much success. Occasionally, exceptionally fine poetry is produced in the traditional forms, such as J. W. Johnson's admirable Petrarchan sonnet, "Mother Night." A few, as W. E. Burghardt Du Bois' "A Litany of Atlanta," are unique creations.

None, however, is a great master of poetic technique, but their poems are perhaps the most sincere. They chafe under the yoke of social injustice and their increasing unrest and resentment are poured forth in bitterest words. They voice the emotions of the masses, singing a sorrowful and proudly resentful strain. It is this spirit that pervades nearly the whole of the modern negro poetry. Sometimes, as in McKay's "To the White Fiends" and "If We Must Die," it is so virulent as to strike terror.

Yet this great problem of the negro race is not always allowed to overshadow the sense of artistry. In J. S. Cotter's poetry we find a delicate poetic sense and a refined imagination. Cotter died of tuberculosis when only

4 Op. cit., p. 206

twenty-four, and his poetic aspirations and technical skill force one to wonder, as with Keats, what his destiny might have been. His poem "Rain Music" is among his best:

On the dusty earth-drum
Beats the falling rain;
Now a whispered murmur,
Now a louder strain

Slender silvery drumsticks,
On an ancient drum,
Beats the mellow music
Bidding life to come. 5

The American Negro has not yet produced a poet who may be classed among the very best, but in the light of his accomplishments in the past fifty years in spite of the obstacles that beset his path, it would not be extravagant to predict that the negro muse will some day attain the Olympian heights. Charles Bertram Johnson sounds the keynote when he says:

Here and there a growing note
Swells from a conscious throat;
Thrilled with message fraught
The pregnant hour is near;
We wait our Lyric Seer . . . 6

5 Op. cit., p. 156
6 Op. cit., "Negro Poets," Page 187.

Interlude: A Vignette

By Stockman O'Rourke

THE insinuating lilt of saxophones rises above the murmurs of the swaying couples on the dance floor. Cigarette smoke floats in diffusive clouds on the atmosphere. The room is stifling hot and scarcely a vagrant breeze finds its way inside. All are absorbed in the mad whirl of the dance, intoxicated by the half-savage rhythms.

A restive couple stops dancing and without speaking moves towards the door. Outside the cool breath of a nocturnal breeze touches their flushed cheeks. The stars look down with a cool beauty reminiscent of diamonds on velvet. Only the scent of pine trees rides on the night air, only the whisper of pine needles. Inside they still dance, but all is cool and quiet here.

All in A Night's Work

By Autry D. Greer

MAX walked rapidly down Eighth Avenue. He buried his hands deeper in his overcoat pockets and bent his head forward into the icy wind that swirled scraps of paper and dust up from the street.

The buildings loomed cold, grey, and bleak in the faint yellow light of the street lamps, and the dingy windows of closed shops stared like the blank eyes of the dead. The street was deserted except for Max and three men who sat in a car parked a half block down.

Max stopped in the doorway of one of the buildings and squinted at the number on the door. It was not the right place. He walked past two more doorways and then stopped at the third. He cupped a match in his hands, and lit a cigarette. After exhaling, he watched the wind waft the blue smoke out into the street.

"It's a nice place for a job, all right—quiet, deserted, and no copper on the beat on a night like this." He stamped his feet to keep the blood circulating. "It's plenty cold. I wonder if everything is O.K." He tapped the revolver in his overcoat pocket to reassure himself.

There were footsteps on the street. Max slid back into the shadows of the doorway. His hand closed on the cold steel of the gun, and he brought it from his pocket. He felt weak and hollow in his stomach, and his hand trembled. Smoke from the cigarette clenched in his lips

temporarily blinded him, and suddenly he felt panicky. He jerked the cigarette from his mouth and ground it out beneath his foot.

"Don't be a fool," he muttered to himself. The steps drew nearer, and then a man walked into view. Max started to grip the trigger, but caught himself. He could tell the man was not Tony; he was too small and walked differently. The footsteps faded down the street.

"I gotta be careful. It won't do to knock just anybody off." Max restored the gun to his pocket and glanced at the illuminated dial of his watch. Tony was due at 12:30; it was only 12:15. "I'd better watch my step. Plenty of people might pass in fifteen minutes. I hope it ain't too dark for me to recognize Tony, but I think I'd know that face anywhere. I wish I was used to this. Guys say the first time you rub one out is bad. I believe it!"

Max looked at his hands. They were still trembling. He had to stop that. He glanced at his watch again; not even a minute had passed. His thoughts drifted to Gus, Eddie, and Al waiting in the car to get him after the job was done. He wondered if they thought he had guts enough to pull it. He particularly wanted to show Al. Al, with his long, white fingers, his tall thin body, and his steely eyes, who killed and made a joke of it. The others didn't matter much; it was Al whom he wanted to impress.

They had had four or five drinks before they left the room, but Max needed another one to give him courage and warmth. Just one more little nip to steady his hand. But he couldn't get it now.

If Tony saw him first, Max knew the game was up. Tony could shoot faster and straighter than he. He, Max, would keep behind the doorway until Tony had passed by, and then plug him in the back. There was no use in taking chances. Tony had it coming to him. He was a rat and should be shot. The dirty wop had double-crossed them.

Max glanced at the door behind him. On it were the numerals 416, and above them there was a rental sign. The boys sure knew how to pull these jobs. They stuck him before an empty joint, and they knew just when Tony would come.

"What time is it?" he asked himself. It was 12:25. "In six minutes I'll have my job done and be on my way." He could just hear the boys grunt with satisfaction as he jumped into the car. They'd probably slip him plenty for this work, and this was only his first.

One more minute! He felt cold again and nauseated from the whisky, and again as he reached for the gun his hand shook. He wished he could have a smoke, but it was too late to take a chance on one now.

The door behind him creaked and was flung open. He wheeled around and saw the dark form of a man. He saw two flashes of fire, and a gun roared in his ear. Then he felt the pain, hot and rending, in his body. He felt bewildered—it was all so impossible! His eyes followed his own gun as it slipped from his hand and clattered to the paving. He felt himself reeling; the buildings seemed to sway, and he turned and fell face down on the sidewalk.

He heard Tony's voice in his ear. It sounded a long way off. "You thought you were pretty smart, kid, but you knew a little too much." Tony's foot cracked into his ribs, and then against his cheek.

A car pulled up to the curb, and Tony got in. Max tried to crawl toward it, but it pulled away before he could reach it. He heard the tires squeal as they turned into Madison street.

"Al! Al! Don't leave me, I'm dying. For God's sake, somebody help me!" Blood formed a little pool beneath Max's mouth as he lay there, and it began to seep through his clothes from the wounds in his chest.

"You done a nice job, Tony," Al said.

"Yeah," Tony replied laconically. "Say, Gus, let's stop somewhere and get a beer and a hamburger; I'm hungry."

Have A Drink?

By Edward Balthrop

COME in. Good morning, how are you? No, don't go. You are in the right room. I know I don't look quite like the type of healthy traveler you expected; but you'll have to take me as I am. And you'll like it, too. You see, I'm a reporter, too; and I know what you have to put up with. Have a drink? No? What's the matter—just started on the job or married? Neither one? Huh! Well, I guess there are decent sorts of people in every line, even reporting. Have a seat. I want to get this over with. I'm not feeling so well. Those damned Russian prisons don't especially make for a person's general health, at least not mine.

Yes, it's a good feeling to get back in the good old U. S. A. You can tell all your dear readers that. And you can tell them I never would have gotten back to their good old U. S. A. if it hadn't been for the combined efforts of the American Embassy in Moscow. They got me out of that rat-hole the damned Communists call a jail. Jail? That's what they called it, but let me tell you, buddy, it was just an elevated cesspool. God knows how I survived it. But I did. So let's forget it.

How did I get out? You know more about that than I do. All I know is one day a guard came and jerked me out of my—what they called—cell and led me to the man in charge. He turned me over to Mr. Laskin, the junior ambassador to Moscow. I passed out then and next morning woke up in a hospital bed. That was six months ago. I'm just getting well now. Not even fully recovered,

yet. You can see that yourself.

How long? They tell me only three months. It seemed like three lifetimes to me. I couldn't have caught all the diseases I caught in three months. But they say three months; so three months it must be. For myself, I can say I lost all track of time. Every day meant just that much longer misery. I'm telling you, man, I was so sick I was afraid I wouldn't die.

Laugh. Go ahead, smile. You can if you want to. But you don't know. You've never been in a Russian jail. And, by God, for your sake I hope you never are. You might not be as lucky as I was.

How did I happen to get thrown into jail? Now, you're getting better. I can answer that. I remember it more clearly, I should. I had three long months—so they say—to think it over. It seemed more like three centuries, but they say only three months, so three months it is. I had three months to think it over.

I'm sorry. I'm telling you how I got thrown into that stink-hole they call a jail—why, in official diplomatic language, the unfortunate fellow was incarcerated. But I've digressed. And I'm digressing again. But I'll get there pretty soon. You see I've lost all the characteristics of a good newspaper man. Those three months took everything out of me that I ever had. You don't understand, I know. You can't because you never were in a Russian jail. But I was and I know.

Three months of that hell took out all my spirit and it would have taken out yours, too, buddy; believe me.

Thank God this is America that I'm talking in now. Because in almost any other country we'd both be shot for having this interview. You'll have to take that on my word, too. Smile if you want to, but you'll have to believe it on my word. You'll have to, because I was there and you weren't. Take that on faith. You'll need it and more when you hear what's coming.

Why was I thrown into jail or, as the diplomatic bulletin said, incarcerated? Frankly, I don't know. All I can do is tell you what happened up to the time I was imprisoned and let you figure out for yourself why. That's it, get set; it's coming fast now.

Eleven months ago I was in New York just as you are

now, a reporter. I did just what you do now. I covered my beat, got my news stories and occasionally did a little interviewing of famous people, every now and then catching some disgusting job such as you have now in interviewing me. No, don't protest. I'm a reporter too, don't forget. And I have your side as well as mine to look at. Where was I—oh, yes. But before I begin let me digress again and ask you to take a drink. You may need it.

No? O. K. You're an obstinate cuss, aren't you? But I guess if you don't want a drink, you don't. And if you don't want a drink, you won't take one. Some philosophy, huh? Just a hangover from my college days. Don't mind it. But don't forget, you took it on yourself not to drink. If you regret it, don't blame me.

Now that that's over, I'll begin again. Eleven months ago I was a New York newspaperman and like all New York newspapermen I wanted to get up in the world, All I wanted was a chance—only half a chance.

Eleven months ago my chance came. Or at least I thought it did. Our paper was sending a new man to Russia to write feature articles about the conditions in that country. He wasn't to be a correspondent, just a feature writer to travel around and write about general conditions. Volunteers were requested. Like the over-ambitious, unlucky fool I was, I volunteered. You see I was dumb, ignorant, and plain stupid. I was totally ignorant of how things were run over there, and, if I had known, it wouldn't have mattered. I would have volunteered anyway.

My cursed good luck was with me. I got the job. The managing editor called me in one day, congratulated me, gave me instructions, money and a good pep talk, and sent me on my way.

Of course all this was done with the consent, even approval, of the Russian government. It had given its consent to my paper and to prove its enthusiasm gave me a guide to take me over the country and act as companion and interpreter. Also he was, without my knowledge, to censor my articles.

His name was Litkov, but I was promptly informed by him he was to be known as Comrade. I, too, would be Comrade to him. He had been to school outside his country but his mind was too Russian and too communistic to have anything else but this. So Comrade was he and

so was I.

My comrade was thoroughly Russian as I said before. But his schooling had made him a perfect gentleman. As a host he has never had his equal; and his good will was not ephemeral. For two months he showed me the best time I ever had in my life. Nothing was too good for me. The full use of government authority was given him to use in my behalf and he didn't spare it a tittle.

For two months we wandered over Russia at random, going hither and yon wherever fancy dictated. Always it was the same. Russian after Russian groveled before the distinguished visitor and did all he could to help him. My articles were easily gathered, written, and cabled off. Everything was so easy I was afraid I might soon be recalled. I wanted to stay there the rest of my life. That's how pleasant they can make things when they want to. But, oh, when they don't want to! And that's what I'm coming to now.

Everything had been covered then—in my articles—except the one big thing, Moscow. To Moscow we went, my comrade and I—I to enjoy myself and to write several articles concerning the high efficiency of the government and he to entertain me and make sure my articles were complimentary. Oh, no, I didn't know it then. I didn't find out he was checking up on me till later. Then it didn't matter.

Moscow was, in good old American slang, hot stuff. It was the crowning point of my journey thus far. My work was made easier and my stay was made more, though it seems hardly possible, pleasant.

Don't rush me, please. I'll get to it in time. All this I'm saying is important.

Every morning we, Comrade and I, went around to different places, gathering material for my stories. He took me to just the places where I could get dope without too much trouble and without too much truth. Everything was so easy I should have been suspicious, but I wasn't.

There things were. I was having the time of my life, my paper was getting stories and Russia was getting good propaganda. It was too sweet. Something had to break.

And it did.

The second week of our stay in Moscow, Comrade came to my hotel a little earlier than usual and rushed up to

my room without being announced.

I remember that meeting as if it were yesterday. I should. I had three months to think it over. I was foggy-headed and bleary-eyed from the night before but his agitation soon cleared me up.

"Comrade, comrade," he said, when I was sufficiently awake, "I've come to say good-bye."

"Why," I protested, "you are supposed to stay with me till my job is over. I have two more weeks yet. You can't leave yet."

He smiled pityingly, yet fondly. "I know. But important business is on. Two spies have been arrested and convicted and I have been given the honor of executing them."

He meant it. To him it was an honor. But I was still desirous of his company.

"Why can't you have the execution here and then continue on as my escort?" I queried.

Again he smiled pityingly, this time at my ignorance.

"Comrade, my comrade," he soothed, "don't you know such an honor as I have received means further promotion? Immediately after the execution I report to the Commissar for the assignment. So, you see, it is goodbye."

"Goodbye it is, then," I replied. "But still I can be with you a little longer. Besides, it will make a good story. I will go with you to the execution."

He looked dubious. "Visitors are not allowed." Then he encouraged. "But perhaps it can be arranged. Come, let us go."

On the way to the prison, I confided in him my wonder at the pleasure he took in being appointed executioner.

"We Russians are truly nationalistic," came the answer, "and are only too glad to do anything in defense of our country. Killing spies is part of that defense. Consequently killing spies is a duty and an honor."

It sounded logical—too damned logical.

Then came the execution itself. Comrade and I were waiting in a courtyard inside the prison. Please listen carefully now for this is the most important part of my story. We were facing a wall. Presently an old man and a young girl walked up and with amazing self-possession placed themselves against the wall. The woman's beauty was incredible. I looked at her closely.

She and Comrade faltered and started toward each other at the same time. But she composed herself and he froze up. The blindfolds were put on and the two spies prepared for death.

Comrade's sword went up. At the top of its arc, it wavered hesitatingly. Then it descended.

Shots shattered the oppressive stillness and two corpses crumbled to the ground.

Somehow or other I wanted to ridicule Litkov and all he stood for. I don't know what made me do it, but I did.

He stood—pale and agitated—in the same place where he had let fall his sword. I spoke ironically. "Comrade, killing spies for your country is an honor; indeed it is, that is, until a beautiful girl enters the picture."

He looked up. There were tears welling up in his eyes. Yes, even Russian army officers can cry.

When he spoke, his voice broke. "Comrade, an officer in the Russian army is hardened to a lot, in fact, to most of things. But he still has a little sentiment. Permit me to repeat: killing spies for my country is an honor, even when that spy happens to be my own daughter."

His daughter! It hit me like a thunderbolt. I opened my mouth to speak, but I was too late.

He wheeled and left me. The next day I was arrested. Why, I don't know. I never was told. You can tell from the—say, buddy, you look shaky. Have a drink. There. I thought you'd do better with it.

The Church and Democracy

By Stockman O'Rourke

IN a pastoral letter made public in November the Catholic hierarchy of the United States proclaimed a crusade to spread the ideals of Christian Democracy throughout the Catholic school system. It is the response to the Pope's plea for a constructive program of social action and the challenge to the subversive forces which seek to "destroy all that is just and ennobling in liberty-loving America."

It does not mean that the Catholic Church has neglected this activity in the past. The Church has always taught in her schools the doctrines which underlie the spirit of American democracy. The dignity and liberty of the human personality, love of country, justice to all men, the sovereignity of the people, and political equality—all these fundamental principles find their firmest support in the precepts of the natural law as promulgated by the Church. However, it does mean that the Church will make definite and determined efforts to systematize and to emphasize the teaching of the rights and duties of citizens under the American form of government. Attacks are being made upon democratic principles and institutions. The Catholic Church has decided that the best defense against these attacks is a strong offense.

Now that the Church comes forward as a protector of democratic government it may seem to many that she is playing a new role—that she is, perhaps, adapting her teachings to the press of circumstances. This view is far from true. The Church from her very beginning has

taught, defended, and practiced the principles of Christian Democracy. Though many Catholics and non-Catholics may be ignorant of the fact, democracy owes an incalculable debt to Catholicism. Even a cursory examination of Catholic contributions to democracy will vouch for this statement.

When Catholicism first appeared the two greatest evils besetting humanity were slavery and the degraded condition of women—conditions which controvert the narrowest defiinition of democracy. The Church immediately set about the task of ameliorating the conditions of the slaves, educating them for their new condition, and emancipating them. The earliest Fathers spoke out strongly for the principle that was to become the first "self-evident" truth of American democracy. Said St. Paul in the first century: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bound nor free, there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus." Nor did the Church hesitate to carry out her theories in practice. Among her saints, her priests, and her popes were numbered many of the humble and despised, many of the poor, yes, and many of the slaves. By elevating marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, the Church in one stroke raised the position of women from the degraded level of paganism to the honored and venerated level of the Christian concept.

In the Middle Ages—the age of Catholicism—many of the constituent principles of Christian Democracy had their beginnings. Under the guild system the rights and liberties of the workingmen were established and protected. Conditions which trade unions now strive desperately to attain were regarded as a matter of course by mediaeval workers. Regulated salaries and hours of work, opportunities for rest and recreation, compensation for the aged, the sick, and for widows and orphans, opportunities for advancement—all these the guilds provided under the influence of Catholicism. The Magna Carta, so long honored in English history as declaration of political rights, was nothing more than a list of the rights that the Church had long held as inviolable and which were now restored by King John through the efforts of a body of Catholic freemen headed by their Archbishop. In this way the Catholic Church brought about the firm establishment of the great democratic ideals of trial by jury, due

process of law, and property right of inheritance of widows and children, and representative government.

One of the greatest contributions of the Catholic Church to Christian Democracy is the system of Scholastic Philosophy. All the great principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution stem directly or indirectly from this system. The democratic origin of civil power, the duty of governments to protect the natural rights of man, the injustice of laws violating these rights, and the rights of active and passive resistance to unjust laws were all taught by Catholicism long before the existence of the New World was even suspected.

In modern times the Church has continued to spread the great gospel of democracy. Without advocating a particular form of government, she has insisted upon a society governed by the Christian principles of justice and charity. The Church gazes upon in sorrow and attacks with vigor modern states in which the worth of the human personality is disregarded. Once more she takes up the fight against those who attempt to trample the rights of man. This is no new fight for her and it is not surprising, therefore, to find her once more at its head.

. . . That Mark Our Place

A Play in One Act

By F. Taylor Peck

Dialogue

The scene is one of the American cemeteries in France for the war dead. The rows of white crosses stretch off into the distance. On a bench to one side sits an aging man, resting his chin on his cane, and looking intently at the second figure, a young man. The young man is standing a few paces off watching the sun sink behind the farthest crosses. The elderly man, who is so continental in appearance, speaks with an American accent. We soon see that they have been conversing for quite a time, and are in the throes of an emotional silence.

* * *

ELDER (sighing and shaking his head). You shouldn't be so bitter against the world. Such cynicism doesn't become one so young.

YOUTH (whirling and facing the elder with angry tears in his voice). What right have you to judge? Is your father buried somewhere (indicates the fields) out there, somewhere you don't know and can't find?

ELDER (mildly). I don't know whether my father is dead or not.

YOUTH (startled into momentary silence). You . . . don't . . . know? Don't you care?

ELDER. Naturally, I care.

YOUTH. Then why—

ELDER. I am a prodigal son who did not return. I ran away, knocked about the world, and then the war came to America. And here I am still.

YOUTH. Still—

ELDER. My going was no loss. My return would be no gain.

YOUTH. And yet what has the world done for you that you are still so generous toward it? Has it ever given you a moment's happiness that it didn't ask an hour's suffering?

ELDER. No, what you say is quite true, but such suffering only makes me enjoy more fully the moments of peace and happiness when they do come. What more could you ask?

YOUTH. Plenty! What would you ask if all you could learn about your father is, "missing since December 24, 1917; believed to have deserted to the enemy"?

ELDER (drops his cane in amazement.) What? Believed to have deserted to the enemy! Why didn't you tell me this before?

YOUTH. Can you blame me for not doing so?

ELDER (in considerable confusion). Yes . . . er . . . no! It cannot be. My God, it cannot be. (Buries his head in his hands.)

YOUTH (seating himself beside the elder, he speaks less harshly). Say, I didn't mean to give you such a shock. But you see how I feel, now.

ELDER. Yes, yes. I can see how you feel, now. But I thought you said your father was dead among the unknown.

YOUTH. I did say that. That's what my mother thought. In fact, so did I until two years ago when I found this registered letter from the War Department to my family. It was among mother's things.

ELDER. Among your mother's things?

YOUTH. It was with her letters, and when she died (the elder stiffens to rigidity, as if to leap into the sunset. His head bows, and his body droops forlornly. The youth keeps talking, rising and looking again into the distance) I came across it. What I could never understand is why she hadn't burnt it.

ELDER (in a profound voice). My son, there are some things we mortals cannot destroy or erase. Such things as this end only in eternity. You, too, must bear the burden of your father's mistake.

YOUTH (rather disturbed at the elder's tone). You sound as if you believed that my father, MY FATHER, could have done such a thing. Sir, my father was a respected man, honest, and a leading citizen of our town!

ELDER. Greater men than he have fallen.

YOUTH (enraged). Sir! I—

ELDER (brings his cane crashing down on the bench, and says in equal anger). Silence, young man! You of the younger generation have the unpardonable trait of judging where the facts are unknown. Would it influence you any to know that I knew your father?

YOUTH (left wordless by this). You—

ELDER. Yes, I knew your father.

YOUTH. Then why didn't you say so sooner? All this—

ELDER. Forget it. I wanted to see what kind of boy you were before I told you. If you had been less bitter, less soured against world and man, I would have told you sooner, but as it is—(shrugs).

YOUTH (falling on his knees before the elder.) Please tell me all you know of him. It's a torture to have the answer so near yet so inaccessible. How could I ever thank and repay you for such a service! Tell me, did he die in action? (There is a long silence, in which the elder seems to gather himself for a tremendous struggle. When he speaks it is in a dull, toneless voice, his eyes looking straight in front of him, not at the youth.)

ELDER. Your father . . . a member of my company . . . was blown—was killed by the explosion of a mine on the Hindenburg Line. His body was never recovered, so you won't find his grave.

YOUTH. How do you know all this?

ELDER. Does it matter? I was his friend. Now will you give up this useless search for that which isn't, this bitterness against the world? Won't you forget this mighty hate and these cringing fears for his sake?

YOUTH. Yes, I will change now, for I'm satisfied. I am certain of his guiltlessness. If mother might have known! (Rises, and turns again to the horizon.)

ELDER. Your mother knew the truth!

YOUTH. Yes, she must have known. (Turns to the elder and extends his hand.) How can I ever thank you for what you have done for me. If there is any way at all I might be of service—

ELDER. There is nothing, my boy, nothing. Go on your way through the world, but remember this time to find those moments of happiness it offers.

YOUTH. I will! I will! (He turns and walks away from

the elder, who is standing tensely erect now, but he turns abruptly.) Did you ever hear my father say this?

Play me not a mournful tune,
Not notes that sound of tears,
No ballad of a mighty hate,
Nor those of cringing fears.

It was in the only letter of his that I could find. Were you there when he wrote it?

ELDER (hesitating, then in vigorous denial). No, I have never listened to that poem. Is that the only verse?

YOUTH. No, there is another, but I must hurry to the station. Goodbye, monsieur, and thank you again. (Exit, humming happily to himself.)

ELDER (sinks slowly to the bench, his gaze fixed on the retreating figure. He says softly but distinctly):

Rather my listening heart
With fantasies of song
That soar to joyous, ringing heights
And linger ever long.

My God! MY SON! (He collapses, sobbing on the bench.)

Curtain

To A Flirt

A translation of Horace's Ad Pyrrham

What perfumed youth embraces you in yon tow'r?
O Pyrrha, in your rose garden there
For whom do you bind back your blonde hair,
Simplicity giving its beauty power?
Alas, how he will regret his faithful hour
And like a sailor marvel at the air,
At once grown wild and filling him with care.
Knowing you only as you seem to be,
Hoping (vainly) that you will ever be free,
He believes your love as strong as a tower—
O wretched men, dazzled by what you see!
Now, as a sailor, who freed from the gale,
Give thanks to the pow'rs of the deep,
So do I, freed of your heart of mail.

Stockman O'Rourke

Press Gleanings

CASES of mistaken identity are common . . . In New York a throng of women lustily cheered the former English minister of foreign affairs in the mistaken belief that he was either Robert Taylor or Clark Gable . . . Slumber has drawbacks and advantages . . . In Omaha a man, forgetting he left a pot of stew over a gas fire, went to sleep and woke up to find firemen bursting into his apartment to douse the burnt stew . . . But a traveling salesman in Philadelphia refused to let a conflagration disturb him and continued his slumbers even though forcibly removed in the bed's blanket from his burning house.

The wave of crime continues unabated . . . In San Francisco a thief, nonplussed by three suitcases in a parked car, unwittingly chose the one that contained an assortment of diapers . . . A WPA connoisseur of fine viands was arrested in Ohio for stealing two big cheeses. Grilled the prisoner glibly admitted other burglaries of tasty foods . . . Coast guard planes are now used to ferret out illicit stills . . . A resident of Philadelphia foiled a bandit by luring him to a taproom where the arrest was made.

Justice was defeated when a Kentucky jury reprieved two canines accused of maiming a turkey. Kentucky law executes dogs convicted of killing or maiming livestock . . . And a magistrate in Philadelphia held that bidding a lady good night did not constitute sufficient reason for issuing an overtime parking summons . . . Justice prevailed, however, when a Mobile judge ruled a police third-degree ample punishment for a charge of disorderly conduct and resisting arrest . . . In New Orleans three men were given federal sentences for defacing WPA project buildings with creosote.

Domestic tangles continue to plague the courts . . . In Cleveland an eye-blackened wife vainly pleaded with a judge to free her divorce-seeking spouse of a six months' sojourn in the workhouse . . . A Chicago judge granted a

divorce to a woman whose erstwhile mate jazzed up classic opera on the piano . . . A strangled corpse, attired in women's apparel and makeup, fooled hardened Illinois cops until a mortician disclosed the cadaver to be a man.

The aged entered the spotlight momentarily . . . In Mississippi a county poorhouse was caught slowly starving aged inmates to death. Moreover, the accommodating authorities were thoughtfully providing hogs and chickens as roommates for the aged . . . In Pennsylvania an aged man pinioned by the thumb to a wrecked car, calmly hacked off the digit with his penknife . . . An eighty four-year-old Cleveland woman pleaded with city hospital authorities to keep her job so that she might continue to support her fifty-four-year-old son. The request was granted.

Animals are always good copy . . . In Saskatchewan a huge herd of caribou held up a train twenty-four hours while they crossed the tracks . . . In Indiana a bird hound gained a new lease of retrieving when a gold crown was affixed to a tooth . . . A Michigan farmer sentenced his prize bull to the yoke of a plow after he tired of being chased all over the pasture by the said bovine . . . A Wisconsin bull, not to be outdone, tore up a porch and door to get at a citizen, diverted his attention to arriving deputies, and then docilely followed his master homeward . . . A fox, disturbed in an Iowa chicken yard, slipped through an open kitchen door and devoured a platter of buckwheat cakes until discovered and shot . . . The pig sty landing of a model gas plane so frightened the pigs that it took them days to recover their equilibrium . . . Airlines are equipping their transport planes with duck deflectors to prevent neighborly ducks from crashing through the cockpit to visit the pilots . . . A Montana grizzly frightened two women out of their wits when he fell off a hillside on top of their car. No damage was done except to Bruin who lumbered dazedly away . . . Oak Park, Ill.'s phantom scare was nothing more exciting than a big green parrot whose choice of language shocked even the sophisticated police . . . As penalty for letting his pet rattlesnake bite him, a California mother compelled her menagerie-collecting son to sell the snake to pay hospital bills . . . After investing in six frying chickens, a Kentucky restauranteur pried one open and found

a five-dollar gold tooth.

Even universities are vexed by housing problems . . . In Cleveland the faculty of John Carroll University solved the problem by parking their apparel on laboratory skeletons and specimen jars and sleeping under dissecting tables.

The afflicted sometimes put the able-bodied to shame. . . . In Ohio an armless man so successfully demonstrated his ability to drive a car with his feet that he will probably be awarded a motorist's license . . . Many leap blindly in the dark, but it took a blind Pittsburgh freshman to make the University track team as a high jumper.

Suits continue to be pressed . . . In California a woman won a judgment for absorbing the force of a wet sponge that plunged six stories atop her head . . . In New Orleans a seaman sued a steamship company for bruises sustained by the repercussion of a gun-shooting life line.

Accidents happen even in the best of families . . . In Alabama a sleeping parent accidently killed his infant son by rolling over him in bed . . . A Boston man, carrying a sack of coal on his back, climbed twelve steps of a building without mishap. As he reached the thirteenth he toppled backwards and fractured his skull . . . Two men in a car escaped unscathed after their machine hurdled two ditches, an embankment and a creek before landing wrecked on the road it left . . . A bolt of lightning set off a New York railroad fire siren that screeched forty minutes before repairs could be made . . . Violence occasionally prevails when gentler methods fail . . . In Illinois a farmers' milk cooperative brought local dairy companies to terms by beating up milk truck drivers and spilling their loads.

Stranger things have happened . . . Iowa state liquor permit books so closely resemble bank books that many a man has unknowingly tried to enter his deposits in them . . . A purse lost eight years ago in an Illinois hotel was found recently on the upper ledge of a window.

The police make the headlines in more ways than one. . . . Tennessee has a deputy sheriff whose 465 pounds makes him the biggest cop in the state. He used to weigh 700 before he began to diet . . . The New York City police department is offering former college football stars special inducements to join the force.

American exports thus far this year exceed imports . . . But gustatory appetites are still whetted by foreign cheeses, vegetables, nuts and fruits in ever increasing quantities . . . Investigations prove that the millions American women invest in silk hose purchase little more than an ounce of silk in each pair or eleven cents out of every eighty-five cents worth of silk hosiery.

Spice international enters the day's news . . . Great Britain will welcome Mr. and Mrs. Edward Windsor if the madam is not accorded the rank and position of the wives of Edward's ducal brothers . . . Chinese strategists pulled a fast one on the Japanese. Pseudo deserters lured a Jap military expedition to a village in interior Amoy where at midnight a withering blast of gun-fire disorganized the invaders who fled pellmell after the loss of 400 men . . . Nazi Germany took British criticism of the anti-Jewish purges very neighborly until the British prime minister suggested that Tanganyika, formerly German East Africa, be converted into a haven for German Jews. . . . Japan has decreed that phonographic recordings of "hot" music are detrimental to public morals. At the same time the Nipponese are agitating against bobbed hair for their women on the grounds that it produces baldness . . . Family tanks have replaced family cars in Soviet Russia. The idea has been spread, too, to family war planes and family machine gun units.

The realm of sports is not to be outdone . . . In New York a football fan dislocated her jaw while cheering for her team . . . In an Ohio college a football trainer this season used twenty-four miles of adhesive tape and a hundred gallons of alcohol on his charges . . . Barefoot football is in vogue on the sandlots of Hawaii . . . One wrestler, probably taking his tossing and squirming in the ring to heart, specializes in collecting (non-pink) snakes . . . An idea that's worth cultivating on college campuses was introduced in New York . . . The coach of a professional football team pays ten dollars for each intercepted pass or blocked punt that leads to a touchdown.

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The Aftermath

The sweep of snow, the power of eternity are blended;
mystic, tragic night and all the nocturnal things
find comfort in the magnitude of my futility.
The gambler who has lost! The suicide!
I am despicable—the essence of hopelessness. I am
a refugee from life
seeking solace in my selfishness.
My inner consciousness awakes and threatens to engulf
    me.
Remorse! No! I am cynical. My armor that I forged
of bitterness and aching heart,
my sword of ego endorse my craftsmanship.
Within myself I would withdraw.
Whither?
Like the shadow of the fleeing bird in the forest of the
    night
I cloak myself in obscurity against the world.

The attainment of what I seek is superfluous,
for the conquest of the process marks my achievement.

My selfishness is uncontrollable.
It motiates my existence.
It seeks to destroy me.
My journey lies within a valley devoid of light.
The atmosphere reeks of vanity,
of self-pity.

Is it destruction I would know?
Wherein do I seek to destroy?
Life?
Long since I have stripped myself
of worth, of happiness, of promise by my greed.
My life is no longer mine to destroy.
It is the foil of my avarice and passions.
Beauty?
It echoes emptiness for me. It has,
since the beginning, been irrevocably lost.
Myself?
Response cannot come from a thing so soiled
to contradict this knowledge of despair.
It is inevitable.
My soul is dead.

—DAVID LOVEMAN.

Why Federal Deficit Spending?

● **John L. Bacon**

IN the closing days of the first month of this year Congress set the appropriation for WPA at $725,000,-000, to be extended over the period from February 7 through June 30. The final appropriation approved by the Congress was $150,000,000 lower than that asked by President Roosevelt, and the cut was effected only after prolonged and stubbornly contested debate in both Houses. Naturally, details of the debate found their way to the front pages of all newspapers, and set most of us wondering just why the government deemed it expedient to expend an average of $3,000,000,000 a year for the purposes, as it called them, of "Recovery and Relief."

All of us realized that much of the money went to the direct relief of the distress of the unemployed. Most of us realized, in a rather vague way, generally, that it had another end, the bringing about of natural recovery. But just how it operates to effect this end is a point most of us are unfamiliar with.

In this article, an attempt is made to explain the theory and practice of what we may call "Federal Business Stimulation Spending," or, as it is more commonly known, pump-priming. As far as possible, the treatment is objective; it is intended to be a factual outline of the theory of pump-priming, how that theory works in practice, and what the general results of the present Administration's business stimulation efforts have been.

By the name, "pump-priming," is meant, most briefly, that program or system of spending public funds by which the government hopes to stimulate the lagging economic machine. "Government spending is like a catalytic agent which is used to awake dormant forces to become active in the performance of their . . . functions."[1]

So pump-priming, as the word indicates, is intended as an antidote to depression. And on this theory there are two schools of thought. One, the so-called "pump-priming" group, strictly, advocates a large increase in public spending during depression, without a corresponding decrease during times of prosperity and recovery.

The other, and the one with which we are concerned, since its principles are followed by the present Federal government in its pump-priming program, may be called the "balance-wheel" school of depression spending. The economists of this group maintain that the total amount of public works expenditures during a business cycle

should not be greater than the amount that would ordinarily be spent over a similar period of normal years, but that the amount spent **annually** should be increased during depression, and decreased correspondingly during recovery and prosperity. "Briefly, the theory is that public works construction, (construction under public jurisdiction), expenditures for which are controlled by legislation, should be withheld in prosperous times and released during the periods of depression to reduce the influence of depression."[2]

Since depression is invariably characterized by decreased business activity and withholding of new funds for investment and the necessary acceleration of business activity, the problem is to encourage business to resume its ordinary pace. And by these Federal expenditures, it is hoped to create direct and indirect employment and increase production, until this quickening of the business pulse inspires private enterprise to take over its normal activities. Further, the system of increased spending in depression, when business activity is subnormal, and decreased spending in prosperous times, when business activity is frequently abnormal, is designed to act as a balancing weight on the fluctuations of the business cycle, making the downswing less acute and checking a too steep and unsound prosperity climb. "The effect should be a tendency to check profits in periods of prosperity and therefore to moderate the upward swing. During depressions, on the other hand, their expenditures should help maintain the general level of consumption."[3]

Under the present system of pump-priming pursued by the Federal government, three principal methods are employed to bring about the hoped-for business recovery: direct relief, public works and financial manipulation, chiefly through Reconstruction Finance Corporation credit.

In the first of these, relief, government funds are given directly to the unemployed working on various so-called "manicuring projects," i.e., work that is "created" for the particular end of giving employment to the unemployed.[4]

The economic effect of this relief, in relation to the national economy as a whole, is chiefly to maintain purchasing power, since about 80 per cent of all relief expenditures falls directly into the hands of the workers on relief.

The second type, public works, consists in the erection and construction of permanent public buildings, improvement projects, such as flood-control systems, and all pub-

lic construction whose direct end is the stimulation of business. It is distinguished from relief by several factors: the permanency and utility, generally, of the work done, the employment of qualified workmen, and the higher percentage of expenditures for material. 54.9 per cent of expenditures going to cost of materials used.

Since over half of the expenditures for Public Works goes for the products of industry, particularly the capital-goods industries, public works' stimulatory stress is on the revival of the capital-goods industries, which are not directly affected by the increased purchasing-power given by relief money, most of which goes into consumption purchases.

The third of the measures taken by the government to stimulate business was the extension of credit through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, in the form of loans to public authorities and public works enterprises of municipalities and to private enterprise.

The budget of the RFC for 1934, which may be used as typical, showed that the great bulk of RFC loans are to private enterprise. Of total expenditures of $1,691,478,000, $67,431,000 went to state and municipal public works projects, while the great bulk, $1,624,047,000, went to private enterprise. But these loans to private enterprise were not directly for the stimulation of productive enterprise; the entire $1,624,047,000 went to financial institutions, in the form of direct loans and the purchase of their securities.

So the effect of RFC activities in their relation to the general program of business stimulation may be said to consist chiefly in the stimulation of credit activities, loosening of credit rigidity, and strengthening of the financial structure.

A typical year's deficit spending was that of 1938; in that year the Federal government spent about $3,000,000,000 for what it terms "Recovery and Relief." Of the $3,000,000,000 earmarked "Recovery and Relief," one and a half billion went for the present relief programs, and the rest for public works and any expansion of the relief program that was necessary.

The economic effects of pump-priming are manifested, in general, in four ways: increased consumption purchasing, and, therefore, increased activities in the consumers' goods industries, increased capital-goods activity, increased investment, and, as a result of these three, a general increase in business activity.

Before discussing each of these factors, it would be well to pause and point out a fundamental characteristic

of all government pump-priming systems, namely, the insignificance, in terms of physical quantity, of the sums expended by public authority in relation to total national income. In 1936, at the peak of Federal deficit spending, public works contributed $3,200,000,000 to a total national income of $63,800,000,000. The effectiveness of public spending, therefore, is not dependent on mere quantity, but on other factors, the most important of which is proper timing. The opinion of economists on just what stage of the depression is the proper one for the application of Federal spending is divided, according to the individual's theories about the business cycle and depressions. Those who maintain that depressions form a useful function in purging the economic system of unhealthy conditions would wait until the upswing has commenced and then accelerate it by increased spending. Those, on the other hand, who believe that depressions are not self-corrective and are harmful to the economy would start the pump-priming early in the depression. In this latter group are the economists who guide the present Administration's policies.

Further, the ultimate effectiveness of such a program must depend on the restoration of business confidence and willingness to expand its activities. Since such an insignificant portion of the national income as pump-priming contributes in sheer quantity cannot be expected to carry the business trend upwards on its size alone, it must have the effect of giving business confidence in the future to such a degree that business itself will take over, as explained before.

Undoubtedly, Federal deficit spending increases consumption purchases, since it directly contributes between a billion and a billion and a half dollars yearly to the consumption incomes of the United States. And, more important, these purchases hearten the retail dealers, who in turn hire more men, thus relieving unemployment and increasing the purchasing power of these new employees, who in turn purchase and continue the cycle, like the ring of ripples widening around a stone cast into a stagnant pool. How far those ripples of business activity will extend, however, is dependent, as previously emphasized, on the increase in confidence on the part of business men themselves. Income has been increased considerably by this program, total income of wage earners in 1933, the year of the inception of Federal pump-priming, being $29,296,000,000, and in 1936, $41,250,000,000. Work-relief contributed, directly, 3.3 per cent

of the 1936 income; indirect computation, of course, being impossible.

Consumption purchases, however, are not the most important part of depression recovery. All through American economic history, it has been the pace of activity in the capital-goods industry which has been the index of economic prosperity. Permanent recovery comes only with real recovery in the capital-goods industries, with their high labor factor in relation to the small labor factor in many of the more heavily mechanized lines of consumption goods production and their large share of the total industrial capitalization of the national economy. Further, it is in the heavy industries that the greatest unemployment exists. And, as we noted before, capital-goods production is not directly affected by increased consumption goods purchases. Therefore, relief expenditures do not, alone, contribute sufficiently to total business stimulation to bring about genuine recovery. It is through public works activities, with their direct stimulatory effect on the capital-goods industries, that final recovery must be effected.

The question of pump-priming's stimulation of the capital-goods industries is a question of degree, not of fact, since it undoubtedly does stimulate it to some extent. The general result of pump-priming, increased business activity, must make itself felt in the capital-goods industries. Further, the fact that pump-priming in the form of public-works contributes about half of its $1,500,000,000 annual expenditures to the direct purchase of the products of the capital-goods industries materially aids those industries.

But the chief need of the capital-goods industries, with their relatively low turnover and high fixed-capital charges, is new investment. Whether pump-priming meets this need, or whether, in fact, it may not defeat its own end by hindering investment in certain fields, is best discussed in its proper place, with the discussion of the effect of pump-priming on investment. It is worth noting, however, before going on, that, **de facto,** capital-goods activity has not been restored to its normal place in the national economy. In 1937, with industrial production at the same level as that of 1928, capital-goods purchases were 20 per cent below the level of 1928.

The vital point, for our study, is this: has government pump-priming favored and stimulated investment, particularly in the capital-goods and utilities industries? First, there are the plain facts, unadorned by any analysis of the casual interplay behind them. Investment has

increased since 1933, the natal year of pump-priming. In 1933, total corporate issues were $381,600,000. In 1936, they were $4,631,900,000. In 1929, however, they were $11,592,200,000. In 1928, industrial production was at 100 per cent, and new capital securities total $7,818,-000,000. In 1935, industrial production was at 98 per cent, new private capital issues at $2,267,400,000, only one-third of 1928's new issues. And, according to David Jordan, in his **Investments**, the average annual demand for new capital is between ten and fifteen billion dollars.[5]

So it may be safely stated that, no matter what pump-priming has done to stimulate consumers' purchases and re-employment, it has failed to strengthen and encourage the investment market that is so vital to industrial enterprise. The capital-goods industries and the utilities, vitally dependent on investment, have not been benefited to the extent that the consumers' goods industries have been.

Several factors may be cited to explain this failure of investment to keep stride with other phases of American business.

The first one, although by far not the first in importance, is the simple physical fact that less than one-fourth of the government's expenditures have gone to the direct aid of the industries needing investment. Of the $3,000,-000,000 spent annually on business stimulation, $1,500,-000,000, or one-half, goes to purchases of consumer's goods, and of the remaining one-half, only $750,000,000, or one-fourth of the entire total, goes to the purchase of the goods of the heavy industries. So they are not strengthened by the increase in business activity; their financial position, not being materially aided, does not warrant any great increase in the issuance of new securities, and consequently, the assumption of new liabilities.

The chief reason, in the opinion of many authorities, for the failure of pump-priming to restore investment activity is that the confidence of business in the security and opportunity of the future has not been restored. There is, on the part of a great group of investors, a fear of the basic soundness of the Federal government, if the present fiscal policies are to be pursued in the future. They fear inflation when the steadily mounting debt comes due, and are uncertain of the future of the monetary policy. And of course, debt burdens on industry are increasing steadily each year, even though $34,000,000,-000 of the government's present $36,000,000,000 debt is in long term obligations. Debt service on this sum alone amounts to $1,000,000,000 annually, however.

A very definite indication of the existence of this fear was given in the behavior of the securities market last November, when stocks and bonds reached the highest peak of activity in several years immediately following the considerable Republican gains in the November elections.

Pump-priming, of course, is not the sole cause of the uncertainty and fear, but it is, probably, the major cause, because it contributes the greatest portion of the annual deficit. For 1937, for instance, the Federal government received $5,294,000,000 in receipts and spent $8,446,-000,000. Of this total expenditure, the item of "Relief and Recovery" composed $3,077,000,000, practically the entire deficit.

A third important factor which has contributed to the failure of pump-priming to restore private corporate investment to its normal level is the competition offered by government bonds, which, tax-exempt, and the highest grade security in the country, have a tremendous appeal to rich investors, who are benefited by the tax-free position when buying in large quantities, as they do. And the rich investors comprise the chief market for securities; 2.3 per cent of the families of the United States, those having yearly incomes of over $10,000.00, contributed over two-thirds of the total savings of the country.

So, as H. G. Moulton has pointed out, "a large portion of the savings of individuals and business corporations has gone to finance government deficits."[6] In 1928, total corporate issues amounted to $7,817,800,000 and total Federal government issues to $63,900,000. The 1936 total corporate issues declined to $4,632,000,000, while government issues made the tremendous leap to $1,120,700,-000, one-fourth of the issues of that year.

So it is plain that, as we noted originally, pump-priming has, to some extent, increased investment. But a further analysis of this fact has indicated that it has not restored it to its normal pre-depression relationship to the rest of the economy, and may, perhaps, have actually hindered it in various ways.

The fourth effect of Federal business stimulation spending, increased business activity, is the natural sequence of the operation of the three primary results, i.e., increased consumption purchases, increased capital-goods activities, and increased investment. The general relationship of pump-priming to business activity is shown in Table I.

TABLE I

Relationship of Pump-Priming to the Business Index

(Add 000,000 in money figures)

	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937
Business Week Business Index ----------	68	73	85	104	111
Total funds spent for Recovery and Relief ----	$1,276	$4,002	$3,656	$3,290	$2,846

From this table it can be seen that the business index has risen in proportion to Federal spending. The low initial response in 1934 to the 1933 spending was remedied by the favorable response in 1935 to 1934's greatly expanded rush of government funds. From then until the spring of 1937, the index gradually rose, while Federal expenditures were gradually decreased. Although the table does not reflect it, since its 1937 average is high owing to early gains, in the summer of that year, the government decreased its expenditures by $40,000,000 a month, maintaining that level until December, 1937. And from July, 1937, the date of the decrease, until December, 1937, the business index dropped steadily, tumbling from 122 to 83 over the six months period, a 45 point drop. With the resumption of pump-priming at 500 million a month, in July, 1938, the index immediately began to rise again, remaining today in the 90s. Certainly this intimate co-relation of spending and business activity indicates a casual relationship between the two.

In summary, we have seen that Federal deficit spending for the purpose of stimulating business is intended as an antidote to depressions; that it hopes to stimulate business, not by sheer quantity expenditures, but by spending these sums when private business fears to expand, hoping by this policy of releasing new money to increase purchases of consumer's goods and activity in the capital-goods industries, and that this increased activity will result in private business finding new confidence and assuming itself the burden of recovery.

The two chief types of spending, that through relief and that through public works, have the double effect of stimulating consumption purchases and capital-goods activity. The first, relief, has been effective to a great extent, as the increase in wage-earners income and general business activity indicates. But permanent relief can come only through genuine recovery in the capital-goods field, and this recovery is helped by public-works expenditures. However, investment is the chief need of the capital-goods industries, and investment has failed to recover to

the extent that the rest of the economy has. And until investment and capital-goods activity do recover fully, recovery itself will not be complete or sound.

1 Arthur M. Lamport, in an address to the New York State Chamber of Commerce, Congressional Record, vol. 83, p. 3986.

2 Construction Expenditures and Unemployment, 1925-1936, Works Progress Administration, 1938, p. 1.

3 Arthur Gayer, Public Works in Prosperity and Depression, p. 319.

4 McCabe and Lester, Labor and Social Organization, pp. 258-262.

5 Lavid Jordan, Jordan on Investments, p. 3.

6 H. G. Moulton, The Formation of Capital, pp. 136-137.

Holiday

● Autry D. Greer

IT was spring. The early morning was warm, and the air smelled clean and fresh, and sweet with the odor of newly turned earth and fruit trees in bloom. A mild wind rustled leaves that were still damp with dew, and the sunlight, as it filtered through the leaves and branches of giant, moss-draped oaks, formed quivering shadows on the white sandy road. Beneath these oaks, crickets droned in a treble key from the grass and thicket jutting the road from the freshly plowed farmland, and an occasional thrush rustled the foliage of the thicket in search of food.

To the west, hills loomed through a blue mist, and showed jagged scars where fire had raked the wooded slopes.

As the two of them walked, George kicked up the loose, white sand of the road and watched the myriad, glistening particles fall back to earth.

"It's a fine morning, isn't it?"

"It surely is," said Ellen smiling.

"Just think, we'll be at the top of the big one in the middle by noon," George said as he pointed to the hills.

They walked on in silence for a while and George glanced at Ellen beside him. She was small, but well-built. The sun rays made little lights play in her taffy-colored hair, and without makeup, her long slender face was clean and shiny.

Ellen looked again at the hills.

"Are we really going to walk all the way to Evans' Point, George?"

"Sure, why not? We've got plenty of time."

"But we haven't any lunch."

"We can get some food at the little store near the top, and eat it by the lake. It'll be fun."

"Let's just walk to the foot of the hill, George. It is nearly seven miles to the top of that place."

"Why do you mind, we've got all day. If you had something else to do, you should have stayed at home and not come this far."

"Let's not fuss, George."

"Okay, but I don't get many holidays, and when I do get one, I like to do something worthwhile. Besides, it'll be fine exercise."

"Yes, I know, but I'm not used to walking fourteen miles in one day," Ellen said.

An automobile horn blew and George pulled Ellen to the side of the road.

"Don't be so rough," she said.

"I'm sorry, I just wanted to get you out of danger."

A Model T sputtered by. It was driven by an old man wearing a battered, stained felt hat and overalls; two small boys sat in the back seat. All three looked at George and Ellen as they passed, and the boys said something to them they couldn't understand. The couple got back in the center of the road.

"The Duchess is in a high temper this morning, I believe," George said, looking askance at her.

"No, I'm not, you just didn't have to grab me that way."

"I repeat, the Duchess' cup of bitterness runneth over on this lovely morn."

Ellen flushed: "George, I'm not mad, and please stop calling me that horrible name."

"If the Duchess was not in a high temper, methinks the Duchess is now," George said, smiling to himself.

Ellen stopped walking and faced him: "George, if you are going to act this way, I'm going back now."

"All right, Sweet, we'll be friends, I was only jesting with you."

The road wound through patches of scrub oak and pine. It sank down into a small wooded valley and at the bottom of this declivity was a stream crossed by a rickety, wooden bridge. In quiet pools near the banks of the stream, green lily pads floated; some with blossoms shaped like spear points, white at the base and saffron tipped. Bay and laurel trees leaned over the dark, sinewy water and cast still darker shadows on the surface. The stream moved swiftly at the middle, and where it eddied over roots and logs, gurgling, silver bubbles were formed. In the shallows, the sandy bottom could be seen, and light through the water gave the sand beneath a golden hue.

"I'm thirsty. Let's drink some," George said.

"It looks too black and nasty, I don't want any."

George grunted at this remark. He left the bridge and carefully slipped down the clay slope and knelt at the water's edge. He scooped the cool water to his lips with cupped hands. It tasted clean and was refreshing.

He felt that she was looking at him. He turned: "Don't you want some?" he asked. She looked away but did not answer. George drank again and then walked back up on the bridge. He put his arm around Ellen's waist and felt her body stiffen as he pulled her to him.

"How about a kiss, Sweet," he said.

"No," she said, turning her head.

"We aren't doing so hot, are we?"

"Let's go," Ellen said, as George released her.

"Maybe, you'd really like to go home," he said, looking at her.

"I think I would."

"Well, why don't you?"

Ellen hesitated and then looked up into his face: "Do you want me to go back by myself?" she asked.

"I don't mind."

"All right, I will."

She turned and walked back along the road. When she had gone some distance, George started to call her back. He could see that she was crying.

"Goodbye," he called.

Ellen didn't answer. He watched her climb the slope until the grove of oaks hid her from sight. George walked to the rail of the bridge and looked at the water. He picked up a lump of clay left by an automobile tire on the bridge, and tossed it into the water. Particles of it dissolved and followed the current, but the large nucleus sank unevenly to the bottom. Then George started on towards Evans' Point.

"This isn't quite the day I'd planned," he said aloud. "I hope I didn't hurt her too badly—they are certainly strange creatures!"

Act of Contrition

A sonnet translation of Ignatius Loyola's "Acto de Contricion"

The heav'n above which You have promised, God,
Does not inspire the love I have for Thee;
Nor does that fearful Hell, my fate to be
Should I trespass, upon my conscience trod.
But You alone can bow me to the sod—
You and Your murder on the fateful tree;
Your body, torn and bleeding, is to me
A sign: for us You welcomed death and rod.
And last, Your love for me would force return
Though Heav'n never were; and even if no Hell
Existed, fear of You I'd have to learn;
I need no spur—unfed my fire would burn;
And though the hope I hope has heard its knell,
My heart with love burns on; it cannot spurn.

—Edward Balthrop.

Propaganda

●**F. Taylor Peck**

EVE was the first propagandist. When she talked the unwilling Adam into eating the forbidden fruit, she set in motion a movement that has come down to us with all the accumulated means, manners, and methods of the ages. Today men are so propaganda-conscious and so conscious of propaganda that one dares not lift a dissenting voice, nay, even a critical voice, and remain free from the stigma of "Propagandist!"

In the broadest and most inclusive sense propaganda is the deliberate attempt of a person or persons to influence or mold individual, national, or international opinion to conform with his own ends. In a democratic state propaganda has a definite social function. It is a democratic essential that voters reach deliberate and intelligent decisions on matters of public concern, and this is accomplished only after lengthy deliberation, debate, and time. To this end all means of communication are utilized. Political opponents air their respective views, experts comment on the situations, and newspapers carry the issues before the people. The results of this propaganda is generally shown in the election reports.

Nevertheless, most people are prone to think of anything the next-door neighbor tells them is propaganda as subversive and worthy of nothing less than immediate annihilation. It is this very disinterestedness that has made this nation the especially fertile field for propagandists that it is today. The difficulty will not be solved by the mere division of propaganda into good and evil. Many times the evidence is insufficient to warrant a decision one way or another, but it is possible to learn, in a small part at least, the nature of several types of propaganda that fill the air about us, thus assisting in the establishment of a cautious attitude, if nothing else.

The most common medium for propaganda is talk. Everybody talks. Everybody has the right to express his opinion, but it is not the talking that is paramount. Very few people are immensely impressed by plain facts. Rather it is the tendency to search for illusive, recondite threats, and obscure insinuations. Things are very often seen as the seeing would like to see them, and thus the purpose behind modern propaganda is to get the public unconsciously believing, then burst forth with the violent, repressive, and destructive type that means death to all opposition.

At opposite ends of the scale of war propaganda, the chief type of interest today and by far the most influential are found the super-militaristic organs of the totalitarian states and the defeatist "peace-at-any-price" attitude of those utopian, unrealistic persons. Not that peace is not most desirable nor even unattainable, but its intrinsic weakness and indecision lend greater opportunities for aggression. When this attitude appears in the leaders of a nation, it may be a screen to hide the fact that these leaders have no real solutions to offer to problems. The thought that the country might be "sold-down-the-river" is not exactly a sedative for national nerves. For an example of the heated, emotional and demanding language of the super-militarist, just tune in Europe on your radio.

Another type of propaganda that lends itself to the creation of international uncertainty and one that strikes very close to home, is the variety characterized by sudden, complete, and illogical reverses in opinion. Our national foreign policy, if one can hold it long enough in passing to name it, is not only most confusing to the people at home, but it is positively demoralizing in its effects upon European politics. European dictatorships prosper on the fact that our indecision leaves European democracies with hands tied. Isolationism is a most pleasing theory. Internationalism is a most disappointing and costly one. European propaganda would drag us in on one hand and keep us out on the other. The same is true of the propagandists at home. Consequently, we are always wondering just where we have been, and where we will end up next.

Therefore, with these main and general types of propaganda before us, we may make some sort of guiding classification system under which we catalogue the various opinions to which we are subjected. By no means should there be the general doubt regarding everything that is heard or read, but neither is it desirable that we continue to regard all that is read and heard as fact. It has been said before that it is one thing to desire deception, and another thing to desire something that will involve deception. Hence, let the byword be, "Remember Eve!"

Again There Is Laughter

● David Loveman

IN the procession of years that had been his life Peter Semmes had grown hard and cynical. He had known suffering and death, bitterness and despair so often that his knowledge of rampant disappointments had formed a shell about his heart. He was not old in years, yet his age was beyond conception. He had lived before his time, and the screaming fall of a plane had sent him home from the war blind, and sick, too, with the realization of the hopelessness and futility of his future.

He wrote poetry. It served as a mirror of his inner-being, reflecting in its polished meter and flowing smoothness heartfelt agony and despair. Each day, after dictating to his secretary, he would sit for an hour or so in his garden, blind to the successive springs and summers and the falls and winters that blanketed the world about him.

One day he sat alone and the wind bent the poplars and a bird flew across the evening sky.

"Peter!" The voice came with the wind—soft and low. "Peter, I am here."

"Mary! Is it you?"

"Of course, my dear. Who else?"

"But Mary, how long it's been. How long!"

"Yes, Peter. It has been years since we talked together, since you held me that night and said 'I love you.' Do you remember, Peter?"

"Don't!" He rose and his voice was hard and cold. "I can't stand it. I've made myself forget. I won't remember."

"You must, my dear, you must. Listen to me and remember that night so long ago. The moon was on the sea and we stood alone—together . . . "

* * *

It was their last night. Tomorrow, he would leave for France and the front. Only a few hours in which to live a lifetime! How swiftly they were gone! And yet, the parting was not so bad. They were young, and war was romantic, and life promised so much. At the ship, she kissed him goodbye and was lost in the crowd. There were letters and pictures to make the ocean that separated them as nothing. But one letter was not in her hand and he felt a fear steal into his heart that the guns and shells and gas had failed to arouse. She was gone. She

would not be at the dock to meet him when he returned. She was dead. Machine guns rattled and a lone star blinked through the darkness.

Later he went up in his plane and the rush of air past his face was cool and sweet but they could not brush away the tears that filled his eyes. And through his tears, he could not see the planes of the enemy that swooped down upon him. A flash! A stab of pain! A whirling darkness! For him, the war was over. His eyes could see no more.

* * *

"I remember, Mary. The years have come back again. And the memory is not hard. It was the effort to forget that has cost me my youth and my laughter."

"You will laugh again now, Peter. We will laugh again, together."

"Yes, Mary. Give me your hand. It is dark. I cannot see."

He felt a hand in his that was cool and strong and comforting. He moved and his eyes were opened and he saw her before him, just as he had done on that night by the sea.

They walked into the evening.

And within the house, the secretary heard the sound of laughter, gay and free and filled with happiness, and wondered at the sound.

* * *

They found Peter the next day, deep in the woods. The leaves had fallen to cover him where he lay and his eyes were open as if he saw. He was smiling.

Concerning Conversation

● Stockman O'Rourke

" . . . if I was to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should certainly be such as laboured no further than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended and would have patience and curiosity to understand me."—Steele.

FEW people have really savored the joys of true conversation. This, obviously, is a statement that requires considerable proof. It may come as something of a shock to those who are accustomed to regarding all the talking they do with their friends and acquaintances as conversation. This, I submit, is not only a serious fallacy but a regrettable delusion—a delusion, by the way, which is all too common.

Nothing is further from true conversation than the talk of certain windy individuals (I do not mean windy in the sense of something broad and sweeping like a trade wind but something narrow and gusty like a draft) who are interested only in what they have to say and regard the occasional responses of their companions as something to be merely tolerated as one of the necessary evils of social life. Such a one spends the time during which he is theoretically listening in preparing new verbal ammunition. When two such persons meet, the result is not a conversation but what may be called, for want of a better term, a double monologue.

Included in the aforementioned class are those who consider conversation as a sort of secular confessional. Their talk is a complexus of long drawn out trials and petty tribulations. Many long-suffering listeners have nominated them as the worst of those who have turned the pleasant art of conversation to their own morose ends. Away with them, say I; and let them be anathema. Their cries for mercy are drowned in the reverberating echoes of their own perpetual laments.

Related to this first class of individuals is that pale and wishy-washy person known as the "good listener." I say he is related because it is he who gives aid and comfort to our windy friend, the monologist. The "good listener" considers that he has discharged his whole conversational duty if he has started his companion on the latter's favorite topic. Once this is done, all he need do is lean back in his chair and listen (or at least seem to listen). This is all well and good in its way and it has many advantages, not the least of which is the opportunity it provides of enjoying a good nap with a droning monotonal accom-

paniment. Of course it must be only a gentle doze for it is entirely possible (I shall not say probable) that the speaker will eventually exhaust even his favorite topic. Seriously, however, this is not conversation. The "good listener" encourages one of the worst of conversational vices. He is himself a parasite upon the conversational tree sapping its vitality, stunting its growth, and preventing it from blossoming forth.

Having shown by examples what true conversation is not, I may now not unreasonably be expected to show what true conversation is. For a preliminary idea on this subject I refer the reader to the aforementioned quotation from Steele, a man of sound common sense. However, with all due respect to the good Sir Richard, I hope I may be permitted to enlarge upon this notion a bit. In so doing, I take it as a maxim that the underlying factor of true conversation is a meeting of minds. Therefore, we must not only express our own thoughts but we must give careful consideration to the thoughts of our companion. Further, the true conversationalist does not enter into a conversation with an unshakable determination to present a fixed train of ideas. He adapts himself to the drift and mood of the conversation. He considers his companion, not as a passive target for his conversational darts, but as a foil upon which to test his own weapon. Far from enjoying a mere personified affirmative as a conversational partner, he seeks out those who have enough backbone to defend their own ideas and challenge his. This is important for in true conversation there must be repartee. We must strike the flint of our minds upon the steel of our friend's mind. But there must be moderation withal. Conversation is not warfare.

Now out of these disjointed reflections there comes to me a thought of how the art of conversation has a bearing upon the serious affairs of this world. Are not many of the misunderstandings of this world due to the fact that we either do not listen to what our opponents have to say or else we read into his utterances the meaning most agreeable to ourselves? I believe so, and therefore I insist upon the importance of careful and sympathetic listening. Failing to weigh carefully and patiently the words of others, we are gravely unjust. We are guilty not only of intellectual laziness but of something more serious, intellectual dishonesty. The true conversationalist is never guilty of this. He is both a good listener and a good talker with a dash of something else besides. He is a gentleman.

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VIVA IL PAPA

On March 2, the tolling of bells from 550 churches in the Eternal City announced to the world that a new Pope of the Catholic Church had been elected. On that day His Eminence Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli became the 262nd Pope and began his reign under the chosen name of Pius XII. The wide coverage given this event throughout the world by means of radio, newspapers, and moving pictures attests to the interest which the world gives to it. The whole world, and especially the Catholic portion, knows the wise guidance that they can expect from the seat of Saint Peter.

The new Pope comes to his office after a career distinguished not only by long and brilliant diplomatic service but also by great priestly qualities. He is distinguished for his scholarly attainments speaking half a dozen languages fluently. As papal Nuncio to Germany during the trying and perilous days following the World War he did great service, and the concordats that were signed mainly through his personal efforts did much to increase the prestige and influence of the Church in Germany. His service as Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs was assiduous and highly successful. As Papal Secretary of State under Pope Pius XI, he did eminent work in carrying out the policies of the Supreme Pontiff. In spite of his arduous duties he found time for preaching and hearing confessions in the colleges and institutes in and around Rome.

Pope Pius XII had a great devotion to both the person and policies of Pius XI, and he may be expected to continue along the same lines as the late Pope. His selection of Pius as a name is an indication of this. The fight for a Christian peace based upon the principles of justice and charity will go on with unabated zeal. Projects which had their start under Pius XI will be carried to fulfillment under Pius XII. The enemies of Christ need expect no relaxing in the vigilance of their opponents. The friends of Christ need fear no lack of guidance. Another Pius is ready to lead them.

POPE PIUS XI

On February 10 there departed from this life a great and holy man—Pope Pius XI. For seventeen years, with all the strength and zeal of one endowed with an indomitable will and supported by the grace of God, he labored for his Church. Now he goes to his everlasting reward.

Pius XI was a lover of justice, he had a keen intellect combined with a deep knowledge of human nature, and he had a fatherly affection for his flock. The annals of his life are one long record of service to his beloved Church. He was born in 1857 and spent the first sixty-one years of his life in obscurity as a parish priest and Vatican librarian. Then in 1918 he entered upon a period which in four years brought him to the papacy. Assuming for his own the name which signifies "peace," he spent the evening of his life in carrying out the exacting and responsible duties of his office. His reign was truly a great one.

The world had forgotten Christ and without Him nothing was possible. Pius made it his supreme task to restore Christ to the world and the world to

Christ. He established the Feast of Christ the King. He wrote his great encyclicals on Christian education, Christian marriage, and the Christian social order. Under him, the missions of the Church were extended more widely than ever. He gave new life to the movement toward spiritual retreats for laymen. All these things were not mere theories and doctrines with the Pope. He took active steps to see that they became realities. His first desire was to make practicable the Christian ideals.

Probably his greatest achievement was in the promotion of the doctrine and practice of Catholic Action. Through this he secured the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the Hierarchy. He was ever anxious for the laymen to take a greater part in the spiritual life of the Church. Pius was truly the shepherd of his flock, the father of his children.

The world now mourns and will continue to mourn for many a long day the passing of the late Pope. It is very proper that the world should mourn his death, but it would have been better if the world had listened more closely to the living voice of the Holy See. If it had, the peace of Christ would reign in the world, and the evils of these times would not be so grievous.

PEACE IN SPAIN

News dispatches bring the happy news of an early end to the war in Spain. Matters have reached a state where the Leftists have only the alternatives of continuing their futile resistance or immediately surrendering. The bloodshed and destruction are now practically over and the war has been brought to a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

In 1936 the newly "elected" Red government was failing miserably in the promotion of the common good. Spain was headed for the chaos of Marxism. Subversive doctrines dominated the government and the Spanish people were denied their religious and political rights. At that moment Franco and his followers rose against the frenzied hate and blood lust of the Reds. They proceeded to wage a just war against the atheistic Communism which threatened Spain.

During the course of this war the forces of Franco failed to receive in many countries the support which upholders of law and order and religion might expect to receive. In the United States propaganda for the Reds and against the Nationalists disguised the true motives of the conflict and distorted the news from the battlefields. This same propaganda was silent about the assassination of innocent priests, nuns, and laymen by the so-called Loyalists. Fictional accounts of atrocities said to have been committed by the Nationalists were foisted upon the American public while the outrages of mobs under the direction of the Communist International went unreported. Only the Catholic press remained staunch against this flow of malicious propaganda.

Now that the end of the war is at hand it is to be hoped that the world will come to realize the real issues back of the war in Spain. It is to be hoped, too, that it will give sympathetic cooperation in the rebuilding of Spain. Then there can come into being, as Franco says, "a fraternal Spain, an industrious and working Spain, where parasites can find no lodging. A Spain without chains and tyrannies: a nation without Marxism and Communism; a State for the people and not a people for the State."

STATE STOCK LAW

The legislative session now sitting at Montgomery conveniently shelved a state wide stock law that would have empowered the state highway commission to enclose all state roads not already fenced.

The gentlemen from the open-range counties at Montgomery do not seem to realize that their action has injured the reputation of the State of Alabama. They do not seem to know that serious accidents have happened as the result of livestock wandering aimlessly along the highways. Vehicles have been wrecked and lives snuffed out all needlessly because rural legislators fear their constituents. It is convenient to plead the poverty of their constituents, even if the excuse were reasonable. But stock laws in the North and West, and even in the South, have not forced stockmen to the wall. Indeed the only real hardship worked on the stockman is a little inconvenience and the expenditure of a few paltry dollars spent on a few strands of barbed wire fastened with staples on fence posts that may be cut from local timber.

The situation is anomalous. Not only are cattle, sheep, horses, mules, goats, hogs, and fowl allowed the right of way with impunity, but the motorist who already has been taxed for the construction and upkeep of the highways, is also made responsible for damages done to livestock. Is this reasonable and just?

Singing River

Still waters run deep,
They say, and yet
How seldom do we know
How deep; how rarely
Do we probe beneath the surface
And explore.
Too oft still waters run unnoticed,
And their depths
Hide romance long unknown.

Down by the Gulf the Pascagoula
Runs unnoticed;
And in its depths
There is romance.
For long ago when the land was free
And the Indian ruled supreme
It was the home
Of a proud and honored people.

Their tepees by the Gulf
Knew only peace, and the Pascagoulas
Were content.
Then in the night
With the stealth of a fox
The fierce Biloxis came
And took them as they slept.

The braves died fighting for their homes
And all they loved;
But as they passed
They left behind them greater misery.
Their wives and daughters,
Left alone, became the slaves
Of men who knew no honor.

But as they marched before their captors
They sang, and in their song
They raised the war-chant of their tribe
And swore in oath
That they would die
Before they lived as slaves.

Then as they came to the river
And their chant was raised to a scream
Each woman caught up a child
And plunged, still singing, in
To sink until her chant
Was drowned with her and fell
At last into the depths.

Now when the surface is ruffled
And the wind is low
Sometimes you can hear
The chant, like a ghost
Wandering over the water
And haunting the river Pascagoula;
Lingering to mark the spot
Where still waters flow
And time forgets the Singing River.

Caldwell Delaney.

Bad History Makes Good Verse

●Thomas F. Sweeney

JUDGE the other of his sonnets as you will, Milton's "On the Late Massacre at Piedmont" stands for all time a literary monument. If the prime test of a poet is his ability to write a great sonnet, as Hilaire Belloc asserts, then Milton has with one mighty blast of his trumpet dispelled any doubt as to his poetic genius. From the first rising surge of "Avenge, O Lord!" to the breaking crest of "Early may fly the Babylonian woe" the sonnet sweeps on with a mighty roll of poetry.

Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt sticks and stones,
Forget not: In Thy book record their groans
Whe were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their groans
The vale redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

What a mighty roll of verse is this! No wonder that Wordsworth says of the sonnets of Milton that "in his hands the thing became a trumpet whence he blew soul animating strains." It would be difficult to find in any language a sonnet that vibrates as much power. The poem lives. We know immediately it is great poetry.

However much we may admire this piece of verse, in all justice we cannot overlook its occasion without comment. The incident behind the sonnet is the massacre of the Vaudois, or Waldenses, by the Duke of Savoy because of their refusal to abide his command either to give up their religion and return to the Church, or leave the country.

The massacre did take place. It was bloody. In the history of mankind it was a regrettable event. All this cannot be denied. Yet prejudiced critics have so harped upon the incident and have so stretched it out of proportion, calling it typical of that Anti-Christ, the pope, that an explanation is in order.

It was commonly held at the time that the Vaudois, or Waldenses, were primitive Christians converted by Paul on his journey through the Alps. They were thought to

have kept the primitive faith through the ages while the Church of the Popes grew worldly and "worshipt sticks and stones."

The legend is entirely unsubstantiated. Peter Waldes, in the twelfth century, after reading the New Testament, decided to heed Christ's command to be perfect. He sold all his goods and donated the proceeds to his relatives. His action drew about him followers, mostly poor men, who with him began to practice apostolic poverty. All this was laudatory. But Waldes and his disciples began almost immediately to preach, and having had no previous theological training, naturally infused error into their teachings. It was inevitable that the Church excommunicate them.

The Waldenses lapsed more and more into error, and embraced many dogmas of Manicheism. They became in reality the last vestige of the great heresy that rocked the Middle Ages, and from which the Christian world was just recuperating.

Infected with an old sore the Waldenses were hated and suppressed by their Catholic neighbors who desired no more of this dreaded heresy. Besides, much friction already existed between the Waldensian handful in the Alpine uplands and the Catholics further downstream.

In the seventeenth century the ruling lord, tardily realizing the disorder in his province, finally took action. Merging politics with religion, a proceeding all too common in his time, he issued an order to the Waldenses to abjure their heresy and return to Catholicism or else leave the country. He enforced his decree by dispatching troops to the Alps where they massacred and spread terror among the Waldenses.

Impartial critics are inclined to view the Duke of Savoy's action as not entirely unjustified or altogether too severe. It was a time when the Thirty Years' War, so long and bitterly fought, was just sputtering out. The incident in the Alps was seized upon by both sides of the controversy, Protestants as well as Catholics, as a point of honor. The massacre was appropriate to the period, and from the Duke's viewpoint, a necessary one.

An illustration focuses the point clearly. Suppose Communism had been ravishing this nation for centuries, causing untold misery and bloodshed, and only lately had been stamped out. Since we were only now recovering from the effects of Communism who would blame the nation's ruler when, hearing of a fresh disturbance by a smouldering ember, he order it extinguished?

When news of the massacre reached London, the Puritan populace was shocked. Pamphlets flooded the city, describing the massacre in minute details; illustrations were drawn depicting the bloody scene. Cromwell ordered a general fast to collect money for the Vaudois. Milton, Latin secretary of the Cromwellian regime, wrote an official protest to the Duke of Savoy. The massacre was the talk of the city.

The official protest written by Milton is surprisingly mild compared with his sonnet on the subject. The Latin protest was the State's objection, the sonnet was his own. His personal anger seems to have been increased by the general furore. He was much affected by the pamphlets and illustrations circulated in London as the references in the sonnet indicate. It was in this mood that he composed one of the most powerful bits of poetry ever written.

Yet there is nothing in the thought, or imagery, or wording that strikes us so deeply as the humble material Milton used, and that in a plain, outspoken way. He used but one thought based on a frayed quotation from Tertullian, "Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum."[1]

What is the appeal of this sonnet? It lacks the felicitous expression of "Lycidas" or "Comus," nor has it the massive goldwork of the "variously drawn out verse" of "Paradise Lost." A few hazy images and a succession of hackneyed biblical phrases pass in review, but these are mediocre and defects which the poem swallows up in its greatness.

"The splendor of this piece of verse," writes Hilaire Belloc, "lies in its sound." This is the prime reason. "It is the rolling of an organ, sustained, modulated, appealing, overawing from the first line to the last." The swelling of omega upon omega are the "soul animating strains" that Wordsworth speaks of. The succession of such words as "moans," groans," "old," "bones," and "soul," "woe," and the images these words conjure up are the things that "give the notes to glory."[2]

Yet Belloc does not give the poem its just due in making sound its only attraction. Sound alone, no matter how excellent it is, must be supported by something else. The poem must have a substance, something that sustains the sound. "On the Late Massacre at Piedmont" really has this needed substance. It has something more than

1. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.
2. H. Belloc, **Selected Essays**, Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co., 1936, p. 147.

mere sound to commend it. Into this sonnet Milton breathed an angry breath, and the lines have recaptured the vibrant emotion.

Although both the idea behind the poem and the biblical phrases are stale, they are blended into a background for the emotion and lend it the tone of a page from the Old Testament. We are unconsciously reminded of the Hebrew summoning the Lord to take "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The stern Puritan with an angry voice calls upon the God of Justice to avenge the bloody massacre of His sheep. Without knowing why, we are led to sympathize with his righteous wrath against the "Babylonian woe." Though based on distorted facts, bad history does make good verse.

"On the Late Massacre at Piedmont" does attract by the vibrant passion of anger expressed restrainedly with a biblical sonorousness. With Mark Pattison we say that

> From this sonnet we may learn that the poetry of a poem is lodged elsewhere than in its matter, or its imagery, or in its words. Our heart is here taken by storm, but not by any of these things. The poet has breathed on us, and we have received his inspiration. In this sonnet is realized Wordsworth's definition of poetry: "The spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling."[3]

3. M. Pattison, Sonnets of Milton, New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1896, p. 59.

She Knew Him Best

● **Louis J. Maloof**

IT would seem rather superfluous for anyone to try to add anything more to the thousands—one could even say millions—of tributes that have already been spoken and written to the happy memory of the late Holy Father. Truly Pope Pius XI was a great man—so great, in fact, so universally loved and venerated, that never before in civilization's history had the globe draped her axis, from pole to pole, with the crepe of sorrow, and shed tears of regret as she did when she knelt at the bier of that tired, weary, little old man of Vatican City.

The world knew and loved Pope Pius from the time His Holiness first donned the tiara of the Holy Roman Church and blessed humanity with the Apostolic Benediction. But there is one who knew him best. There is one who loved him most. You might have seen her—that is, of course, had you ever been in Rome when the Pontiff was celebrating Mass in Saint Peter's Basilica, or when His Holiness had chosen to add to the solemnity of some great occasion with his presence.

But perhaps in the concourse you probably would not have paid any particular attention to her, for she is not very unlike the many other little Italian women, heads draped with silk and lace mantillas, that one meets in and out of the various holy shrines. Yet, if it just happened that you were near by when this little old woman entered the doors of the basilica, you would notice that the church attendants always gave her a knowing nod, and you would see the native women's faces brighten as she passed them. You would somehow feel that they were going to curtsy to her as though she were a queen.

There is much to know about this little old woman. She moved to Rome soon after Damien Achille Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, was elevated to the Papacy on February 6, 1922. She is of sturdy, Lombardy peasant stock; yet there is something about her that makes one think of nobility. The one interest that she had on earth was Pope Pius. She had known the Pontiff all his life: as a boy in Desio, in northern Italy; as a student at Saint Peter the Martyr and the Lombard seminary at Rome. She was present on that happy day, December 20, 1879, when, unknowingly to that joyful congregation, a future occupant of the Chair of Saint Peter was ordained to the Holy Priesthood. When later Father Ratti became

head of the Ambrosian, and subsequently the Vatican, libraries, she visited him frequently.

This little woman reached, as she then believed, the acme of her joys when, after serving nobly as Apostolic Nuncio to Poland since October 28, 1918, her prelate was called to Rome and on June 13, 1921, created Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan. Little did she know then that in less than nine months the one occupying the warmest spot in her heart would be elected Pope, and on February 12, 1922, be crowned as the 261st successor to Saint Peter and Vicar of Jesus Christ. The deafening cries that arose from the multitude on that memorable occasion, eternally engraved on the flesh of her heart and unstifled by time and space, are still echoing in her ears: **"Viva il Papa! Viva il Santo Padre!"**

It now seemed to this little woman that she lived in another world. Nothing that the Pope said or did ever escaped her attention. When he was sad, she was sad; when he wept, her heart was broken; when he seemed tired and weary in his constant battle against evil, she cried herself to sleep as she fingered her rosary beads for him. But it is said, too, she would never be so happy as when she would see the Pope surrounded by the great and small, all looking to him for guidance, for spiritual leadership.

She often came to chat with the Pope. She was always at his side when he needed her. She called him "Your Holiness." No one ever refused her admittance. The Vatican guards all knew her. They would step aside to let her pass even at times when high prelates would not be admitted. Often, too, the guards would seem to salute her officially.

It was now Friday, February 10, 1939. Rome, the eternal city, was yet at rest. The winter sun was slowly beginning to creep from beyond the hills, seemingly in response to the chimes of the Angelus. As she recited her prayers, this little **old** woman must have thought there was something peaceful about the atmosphere—that certain peacefulness that somehow seemed to tell of rest after a long and weary night.

Hastily, someone knocked at the door. **"Mi perdoni!** You are wanted at the Vatican at once, **Signorina!"** Suddenly, the great bells of Saint Peter's began to toll.

The scene now changes to the Papal Palace. Still standing, some kneeling, around the simple bed of the dead Pope were those who but an hour before had received the Holy Father's last blessing. Present were the Cardinal

Camerlengo, Monsignors Diego Venini and Carlo Confalonieri, papal secretaries; and several others, among whom were Vatican physicians, two faithful monks who had nursed the Pope during his illness, and two Swiss guards, one on each side of the Pontiff's bed.

Quietly the door of the dimly lighted death chamber opened. Silently this little old woman entered. She paused but did not survey the room as was customary. Quickly she focused her attention on one person—but he was dead. She stepped forward. One of the Pope's secretaries approached to sustain her steps. She reached the bedside. Emotion overtook her. No one tried to restrain her. Tears streaming down her cheeks, she fell to her knees, sobbing, praying, and devoutly kissing now his hands, now his feet. "She was," the newspapers tell us, "the most grief stricken of all who knew him."

Slowly, a bit hesitantly, a Cardinal approached the little woman, already his eyes heavy from weeping. Gently, he tapped her on the shoulder.

"Donna!" he called softly.

Respectfully, though not turning her head away from the dead Pontiff, still sobbing, she nodded assent.

The Cardinal leaned over to assist her to rise; but as he did so, once more she kissed the dead Pontiff's hands and feet. As His Eminence gently lifted her to her feet and led her from the room, she was heard to whisper between sobs: **"Adio, Damiano Achille, mio fratello!"**

She was Donna Camilla Ratti. The Pope was her brother.

Second Dream

●**Jack T. Halladay**

"FLORENCE! Florence Lane!" The young man's voice was filled with surprise as he rushed toward the girl standing at the toy counter. She turned towards him, stood for a moment with a blank look, then suddenly extended her hands as her eyes lighted up:

"John! Johnny Roger!"

They both fumbled for each other's hands, somewhat hampered by a huge Teddy Bear she had bought, the hat in his hand, the pleased confusion of sudden reunion after a long separation.

Roger stumbled for words while Miss Lane spoke rapidly: "I recognized you by your voice, but it's changed from treble since I last saw you! You've grown so tall—and your hair's darker. Gee, it's good to see you!"

"It's good to see you, Florence," Roger answered, and then added: "I'd recognize you anywhere, even though you're a grown up lady now. You walk the same, your nose has its same tilt—you're nearly the same now as when you were eleven. You're 19 now, aren't you?"

"Yes, it's been that long." Miss Lane looked at him wonderingly. "We seem to remember each other well not to have seen each other for eight years. And we only knew each other as kids."

"Yes, but what kids!" laughed Roger. "Remember how we parted?"

A sudden coloring crossed her face, as if she were both loathe and pleased to have the subject mentioned. Miss Lane was suddenly aware of the fact that a handsome, brown-headed young man stood before her instead of the tow-headed childhood playmate.

"Come on, Flo, let's go to a restaurant and recall old times. This calls for some kind of a celebration. Got time?"

She replaced a toy she had nervously picked up, smiled into his face and took his arm. A few minutes later they were together in a booth, letting food get cold as they recalled with warmth the days of their childhood.

Roger frankly remarked, "I had the prettiest girl of any boy in the gang." For the first time in years Miss Lane felt coy and silly. The feeling crept into words:

"We were silly, weren't we?"

"Oh, I was desparately in love with you," Roger said. "You know, you were the only childhood sweetheart I

ever had. At twelve I thought I would be grown at sixteen, and of course I was going to marry you on my sixteenth birthday."

Miss Lane burst out with uproarious laughter, and all the restraint of eight years separation slipped away. The stranger before her became an ardent, brown-eyed boy. "Marry me at sixteen?" she mocked. "You weren't particularly averse to marriage at twelve!"

It was Roger's time to flush. "I was awfully serious at the time, wasn't I? Your family was moving away and I couldn't bear to see you go. It was New Year's Eve . . . "

" . . . and we were going to be married at midnight!"

" . . . I had never stayed awake until midnight before!"

" . . . and I had never heard the New Year's bells!"

Their eyes were shining and both laughed loudly. The rest of the cafe was forgotten. "It was a swell romance, wasn't it?" John said.

"So sweet and silly. We were so serious. We waited on the living room couch, and talked of the future, and watched the hands of the clock."

"From nine until nine-thirty was the longest half hour I ever spent," said the young man. "The prospect of marriage and the New Year weren't enough to keep me awake."

"No, they weren't," Florence smiled sweetly. "Mother waked us up at one. "No marriage, no New Year's bells, no wedding bells. I thought it had been a dream."

"It did seem like a dream. I was hardly awake—my mother was telephoning franticly about me, and your mother was scolding you for staying up so late when the family was moving the next day." Roger laughed ruefully, as if he still felt his childhood tragedy. "Speaking of dreams, that was the worst part of it. Remember what you said when we were saying good-bye the next morning?"

"That was mean of me, Johnny. I was all excited about going to another city, a big city, and I suddenly felt so grown up."

"You said, 'Forget what we dreamed last night.' " The faintest trace of a rueful boyish smile crossed his ruddy, shaven face. "You were on the furniture truck—smiling as you rode out of town."

There was a pause. "What are you doing tomorrow?" Roger asked.

Miss Lane smiled again. "Shopping. Only three days to Christmas, you know."

"Mind if I help you?"

"I suppose my ex-fiance deserves that much attention."

"Even jilted people have some rights," Roger replied.

Christmas arrived in a swirl of snowflakes, of red and green bundles.

Three days of shopping, tying packages and decorating the Lane Christmas tree fled by as only the days before Christmas can. So busy were Roger and Miss Lane that eight years were scarcely discussed because of the greater importance of toys and presents.

Christmas came and went, with the sweethearts of childhood constantly together. Christmas Week presented a gay round of events—a ball the day after Christmas, a hockey game, a skating party, luncheon together, another trip to an ice resort, another Christmas Week dance.

It was at this last dance, one of the last of the old year, that found Johnny and Flo talking more and more about each other—about his law studies, about her possibilities of having a singing career, about the future and the past.

"Johnny, this has been the happiest Christmas of my life," Florence said. "We've done so many things together, had so much fun."

"It's been the pleasantest Christmas vacation I ever had. It's like the week we spent at Uncle John's with swimming and watermelons every day."

"Oh, it's even more fun. We couldn't have swum then as much as we have skated and danced this week."

"I'll hate to go back to law school," Roger said. "It's like a second separation."

"Oh, we'll see each other often," Florence said but watched his face earnestly.

"I don't know," he replied glumly. "Me in college and you expecting that radio job. It'll take us to different cities . . . "

"Let's wind up the vacation in grand style, then, Johnny. Let's go to the New Year's Eve dance over in Parker."

The pleasant prospect erased the seriousness from Roger's face.

Florence continued: "Besides, I don't have to accept that radio job, even if I get it. A career would be nice, but . . . "

Roger cupped Miss Lane's face in his hands: "That New Year's dance will be swell."

The dance, as gay as any welcoming the New Year, was up to their expectations. Florence was radiant in white satin and John looked ridiculous in his conical hat which made him look seven feet tall.

"It's New Year's Eve, Florence," Roger whispered.

"It's our anniversary, John," she answered.

They whirled across the floor in silence.

"Are you dead set on being a radio star, Flo?"

"I'd like to, but I should have gotten an answer from my audition by now."

"You know I graduate in June, Flo."

"Yes, John."

John faltered in his dancing. Suddenly the orchestra started to play an old tune, which had been revived for the swing age.

"That tune, Flo—how old is it?"

"About eight years."

"Everything is conspiring against us, Florence."

Miss Lane began to laugh. "I'm a willing victim, Johnny."

Mr. Roger took several amazing steps across the floor, lifting her bodily. Then he stopped dead still:

"It would be a perfect ending, wouldn't it?"

"Perfect, Johnny."

It was a proposal and an acceptance, felt by both, but scarcely put into words.

They finished the dance with sailing hearts.

"Grab your things, honey. It's an hour to midnight!"

"Think we'll make it?" Florence asked.

"If we drive across the state line to the 'Marryin' Justice.' It's a 20-minute drive."

"I'll even consent to being married by the 'Marryin' Justice' just to be married on this night," Florence laughed, her eyes glistening.

"You're in wedding white now," Johnny said. "A Church wedding couldn't have a prettier bride."

"Let's drop by my house, get a few things, and then we can drive right on to Laneau for a honeymoon. It's five days before you go back to college."

For assent John grabbed her arm and they dashed for the car. Ten minutes later the auto was purring towards the state line.

"I only got a toothbrush and nightgown," Florence said, half serious and half giggling. "I wrote a note for mother. From what she has said these last few days, I think she was expecting this."

"Think she'll like her new son-in-law?"

"Of course she will. Boy and man, you have had access to her cookie jar! She left me a note also, but I didn't take time to read it."

"Read it in the morning. With this one arm driving and a justice of the peace to wake up, we've got plenty to do!"

"We'll be hearing the midnight bells soon—our bells.

They'll always mean more to us than just New Year's bells."

Her gay laughter was stopped short by a loud report and the car began to bump along the road. They looked at each other with sinking feelings.

"Never mind, darling. I'll have it fixed by midnight," John said. He got out of the car and then let out a loud groan: "The tire is ripped wide open."

"Put on your spare, John."

"A college jalopy never has a spare, Flo," he replied glumly. He climbed back into the car. "No spare, no traffic to flag—honey, it looks like our midnight marriage is stymied."

"Darling, eight years ago we didn't worry about a parson. Our imagination was enough then. Let's pretend we are being married when the bells ring out."

"And promptly go to sleep," said John bitterly.

They sank back into silence. In the distance bells were dimly heard—joyful bells which had an air of sadness as they were heard from afar.

"Relax until morning, Johnny. It won't be the first time we slept through the time of our wedding vows."

Their talk grew quieter. Somehow the flat had taken the wind out of their sails. They did not know when they ceased to talk about the morrow, but they were awakened with the sun in their faces, and looked at each other in surprise.

They sat for a while in silence, except for a sweet good morning. John's tie was awry; there was a tear in Florence's white satin dress. It seemed that at any moment Florence's mother would shake them awake and tell them they had slept into the New Year on the famliy's living room couch.

Florence's upswept coiffure was astray like her braided hair on that morning eight years ago. The sun showed boyish freckles on John's face.

I hear a horn, darling. Maybe I can flag a ride for us."

He clambered out of the car and waved vigorously. A load of furniture was driven resolutely by. Johnny watched it disappear down the road.

When he returned to the car Florence was reading a note. She handed it to him. It was from her mother:

> **"Florence, the radio station called and you have landed the job. You start your singing January 4."**

John searched her face. Finally he spoke:

"Moving again, huh?"

"Yes, honey, I think you had better forget the second dream."

Press Gleanings

Intrigue, sabotage and rumors of war litter news stories, columns and editorials, so it is rather refreshing to pore over items that do not disturb peace of body and mind . . . An Arabian king, owner of 250 wives, has a 200-room palace equipped with bath and electrical appliances minus the running water and electricity . . . Four truckloads of men without a country deserted Red Spain's international brigade to seek service in the French Foreign Legion with a view to a change of climate and lodging . . . English convicts at Dartmoor study foreign languages to carry on (perhaps) correspondence with lifers abroad . . . A man condemned to be guillotined gained a temporary stay when Paris' official executioner succumbed to old age . . . An emergency operation performed on an Indian prince by a London surgeon flown to Bombay for the occasion cost His Excellency £50,000 . . . Moscow decrees death to all its vagabonds . . . Well, that's one way of disposing of unfortunate bums . . . Catalonian officers fleeing Spain with pockets and suitcases crammed with purloined jewelry and gold were arrested as they crossed the French frontier . . . A 250-pound giant has become a thorn in the side to the Italian army of occupation in Ethiopia. The dark leader is the commander of one of Ethiopia's strongest rebel units.

The cheapest thief in St. Louis trice passed plugged quarters on a blind newsboy in one day . . . A Mobile Negro, stabbed eighteen times, managed to stop his assailant by a well placed leg bullet . . . In Los Angeles a police marksman's warning bullet went through the ears of two automobile-propelled suspects . . . The residents of a Catskills' hamlet faced possible eviction as their town was put on the block.

Crime prevailed in several instances . . . Santa Monica (Calif.) jaywalkers have so baffled police that the guardians of the law have abandoned their anti-jaywalking campaign . . . It costs 35 cents to arrest a man in St. Louis, but $633 will not convict him . . . A Cleveland burglary specialist steals nothing but shoes . . . Officers of the law were taken to task when two Oklohoma highway patrolmen discovered they were guilty of the misdemeanor they stopped a motorist for—only one headlight was working . . . Mobile is afflicted by an epidemic of purse snatching . . . But crime doesn't always pay . . . A New Jersey police captain arrested his son for part in

a hold-up . . . G-men are now employed to ferret out cattle rustlers and horse thieves . . . The victims of an attempted hold-up in Mobile frustrated the stick-up artists by slamming a door in their faces . . . Trapped by his pants caught in a door an Omaha burglar ripped off the offending members and fled into the sub-zero night . . . A Mobile burglar caught in the act of taking a bath leaped out of a window to safety.

Publicity is still given marital tangles . . . A California labor leader, gaoled twenty-two years, decided to dispense with a faithful wife as soon as he was freed . . . A New York woman, kept waiting two hours on a street corner, slashed her admirer with a razor when he finally appeared . . . An Alabama matron filed suit for divorce on the grounds that her husband kept a vicious rattler as a pet . . . Another woman won a divorce when she testified her erstwhile mate accused her of entertaining when one of the strings he tied around their porch was broken . . . Montana, greedy for a share of divorce money, passed a bill to grant divorce after thirty-days' residence . . . Because thrill seekers packed his court to hear the woes of domestic tangles a Cleveland judge put up a "standing room only" sign after removing spectators' chairs.

Experiments occasionally have drawbacks . . . A young Indianapolis woman developed a red nose when she transferred vaccine by scratching a vaccinated arm to an abrased nose by the same process . . . Laboratory rats at the University of North Carolina got drunk after breathing in alcoholic fumes . . . On the other hand Yale biologists report that women can stand hot and cold temperatures much better than men.

When Tommy plays with your heirlooms and trinkets something is bound to happen . . . In Evanston (Ill.) a small boy started a plumbers' probe of the water system to discover just where the youngster dropped a $4,000 wrist watch . . . Children broke into the headlines in more than one way . . . In Vermont's state capitol a children's lobby awed state legislators into voting down a bill that would demand licenses for bicycles and play-vehicles . . . Fearing to go to school with his lessons unprepared a Maryland schoolboy committed suicide . . . In Arkansas a farm boy murdered his grandmother because she criticized his family . . . In Pennsylvania another youngster hopped a freight for Florida and ended up in an airtight box car at Peabody (Mass.).

Oddities even affect the world of sports . . . While Spring Hill was losing a close decision to the Fairhope

Legionaires two Mobile girls' team engaged in an 84 to 1 game . . . A mouse broke up another girls' basketball game in North Carolina . . . Two Missouri high schools played a basketball game in a snowstorm . . . In a small Ohio college two co-eds made the varsity fencing team.

Death comes to every man in some way or other . . . A Kansas City man, having lost his taste buds, killed himself because he could no longer enjoy his food . . . Two Coloradans, trying to thaw out dynamite, were killed when it exploded . . . A Texan, forgetting he had rubbed his rheumatic body with kerosene, expired as he lit his pipe.

Odds and ends . . . A strong wind stopped Milwaukee's City Hall clock . . . San Quentin convicts went on strike when the prison's menu didn't satisfy them . . . Maryland matrons object to jury duty on the grounds that their husbands will protest if they are locked in a room with male jurors . . . Wandering away from Jersey City's stockyards a peace-loving bull entered a boiler factory where he went berserk until hogtied by a Jersey cop . . . The well dressed woman requires twenty pairs of hosiery a year . . . A mental lapse cost an Arkansas inkeeper several five dollar bills. He had stored them in a shotgun barrel and blew them to smithereens as he fired at a stray dog . . . New Orleans' new Charity Hospital unaccountably sank nine inches since its construction . . . WPA artists will decorate New York's subways with murals and sculptures, provided their modernistic art does not include pink elephants . . . Alabama will change its State Seal because it was designed by a Yankee major in 1868 . . . A rattlesnake, submerged eighteen hours in alcohol, awakened and bit his Oklahoma "preserveress." . . . One South Carolina farmer discovered that he couldn't grow a field of tobacco sown with mustard seed . . . A shotgun-toting policeman protects from rattlers and alligators a Baton Rouge golf club proprietor as he seeks errant balls in the palmettos.

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Dregs

Being some vernacular observations in alleged free verse

Decision:
    The telephone
    Is a queer thing;
    It makes people who have been friends all their lives
    Speak like total strangers.

Exasperation:
    One never knows
    How many things there are
    Floating around the house
    Looking for some place to light
    Until he sets up
    A card table
    For some overnight work.

Pity:
    There is no other pain so poignant
    As that
    Which is felt by the owner
    Of a new Easter hat
    When she arrives late
    And is forced to sit
    In the gallery.

Apostate thrust:
    Young men
    So gaily debonnaire
    Always succeed
    In getting in my hair.

Last straw:

(Also apostate, but beyond suppression)

To A Portrait In Oils

Anemic lady so patrician
All lavender and lace
A little workout in the kitchen
Would add some color to your face.

● **Caldwell Delaney**

Never Trust a Blonde

● **Stockman O'Rourke**

MAYBE you've seen Chez Antoine. That's a pretty ritzy name for a nice little eating joint just off Canal Street in New Orleans. I always eat breakfast there myself on the way down to the track.

I am in there one morning not long ago dawdling over a cup of coffee and gassing with Antoine about the chances of Show Girl romping home in the first race. Since this race is not being run until 10 and it is only 8:30 now, I have plenty of time to waste.

I am telling Antoine, who has a few C's to put on the ponies, that it is time for the filly to blow one after four straight firsts when a late customer comes in, and he has to leave. I am just putting my nose back into a tip sheet I am reading (which personally, being a bookie, myself, I don't put much stock in) when the said customer parks himself at my table. Looking up, who should I see but my old pal, Fred Bender.

Now, Fred and I have been buddies from 'way, 'way back seeing as how we grew up in the same neighborhood and are now in the same business—well, nearly the same. He plays the stock market and I play the ponies. We haven't seen each other for several months, so I order another cup of java, and we have a nice talk about horses, dames, and the stock market.

Fred tells me about a killing he is going to make in Amalgamated Gas Pipe, and I tell him about the new way I have of doping out the races so that the ponies will run the way I pick 'em. But I can see that he isn't listening, so I figure he has something else on his mind.

Suddenly he says, "Say, Joe, how're you getting along with the dames these days?" Well, I've been knowing Fred long enough to know that he isn't asking me this because he really wants to know, so I answer:

"Oh, so-so. How 'bout you? Have you met your soul mate, yet." Right then I can see that something's up. That dreamy look that comes into his eyes isn't put there by the sight of Antoine's special breakfast of hash and fried eggs.

"Listen, Joe," he breathes, "I've met the most wonderful girl. She's a blonde and . . . "

"Wait a minute," I interrupt, "Don't tell me you're getting serious over some girl?" Of course, I know the answer.

"I was never more serious, Joe. We're going to be married."

"M-married! You're not going to be a sucker and let some girl make you do inside loops around her little finger, are you?"

"Aw, now, this girl is different. If you think . . . "

"Sure, sure, she's different. She's sweet and simple and unkissed. Yeah, I know, and a dray horse is going to win the Kentucky Derby." You may be surprised that I talk to my pal like this, but I know women and want to do him a favor. So I say, "Now, listen, Fred, don't you put any trust in a dame—especially a blonde. Let me tell you a pretty little story. Joey meets blonde. Blonde falls for Joe. Joe falls for blonde. Love in bloom. Joe loses dough. Blonde loses interest. Goodbye, Joe. That's the way it happens, Fred. That girl swore she'd love me forever and a day. But when I dropped my ten G's at the track, she faded like a nag with a lame ankle. Don't be a sap, Fred. All any dame wants is your dough. That's the way the game is, and you can't beat it." Naturally, I feel like a heel telling Fred this, but I am only trying to save him a lot of grief. Imagine my surprise when he gets up from the table and pats me on the shoulder.

"Thanks for the advice," he says, grinning, "but, if you don't mind, I won't pay a bit of attention to it. Joe, you're just cynical because your romance went sour."

"O.K. But don't say I didn't tell you," I splutter. "You just . . . "

"Well, I gotta get going," he interrupts, "Amalgamated Gas Pipe is probably 'raring to line my pockets right now. So long. I'll invite you to the wedding."

That is the last I see of Fred for nearly two weeks. During that time a lot of things happen to me. My luck with the ponies begins to get better by leaps and bounds. From the day I picked They're Off to beat Show Girl, my roll begins to take on sizeable proportions again. But, something better than that happens. Mary Lou—that's my girl friend—and I make up. Of course, when she first calls me on the 'phone, I think the fact that I have recovered most of my ten G's may have something to do with her sudden friendliness. But, when she explains that she left me just to teach me not to be so careless with my dough, I realize how silly this idea is. Funny how a guy can be so cynical about women.

Well, it isn't long before Mary Lou and I are just as sweet on each other as ever. We take in all the races together. We even begin to look at furniture together which will give you a pretty good idea how things are going.

One morning I am sitting in Chez Antoine's waiting for Mary Lou to meet me for breakfast. Even with ten G's salted away, I like to gas with Antoine and eat his special

breakfast of hash and fried eggs. So there I am reading my tip sheet (which I like to read although I never follow it) when who should pop in but Fred Bender. Fred is not quite so chipper and it's easy to see that things are not so rosy as when I last saw him.

After the usual talk about the weather and the European situation, I decide to see if I can't find out what's eating Fred. Thinking maybe he has taken my advice about women and ditched his girl friend and feeling pretty remorseful about the whole thing, I say, "Listen, Fred, I want to tell you something. I was wrong about women. My girl . . . " Before I can finish, he snaps me up in a cynical voice.

"Oh, no, you weren't wrong! You were never more right. I've lost everything on Amalgamated Gas Pipe, and my girl left me. All she wanted was my money. And I thought you were cynical." I can see he is pretty broken up over the affair and, to tell the truth I am plenty surprised to hear the way things have turned out myself. But remembering how I was mistaken about women, I think maybe he has gotten the wrong slant on this dame. So I say:

"Fred, don't take it so hard. Maybe you're mistaken about this girl. Maybe she's got some other reason for leaving you. Say, she'll come back to you just the way my girl did. Wait till you see my girl. She'll be here in a few minutes and you'll see how sweet she is." But he isn't listening to me. He is staring at something over my shoulder. I turn around and look, but I can't see why he should be staring because it turns out to be Mary Lou coming into Chez Antoine.

"What's the matter?" I ask him.

"Let's get out of here," he mutters, "I don't want to be in the same room with that gold digging . . . "

"What the devil!" I gasp. "That's my girl, Mary Lou."

And then I get it.

American Domestic Architecture East of the Mississippi

F. Taylor Peck

WHEN man first realized the necessity for sheltering himself from the violence of nature, domestic architecture had its inception. The first crude dwelling began the immense movement of such a varied structure that is known to us today as domestic architecture. Ancient of the most ancient, it is concerned primarily with the needs of mankind for shelter, and in this way it is the source most readily available and most easily cognizant to the student of the customs and manners of the ordinary life of a people. In similar manner it illustrates the influence that climate and geographical conditions exercise upon national temperament.

We in the United States are unusually fortunate in being able to scan the entire field of domestic architecture with a relatively unbiased eye and thereby are able to discern more clearly the interplay of styles, periods, and traditions that have filled the histories of the world about us.

Yet it is, perhaps, this very advantage, combined with our close technical scrutiny of the means and methods of the architecture of other nations, that has blinded many writers and critics to the evolution of native American domestic architecture. Another factor which may cause those who search for a distinctly national style to lament American imitation of European periods in domestic architecture, is that there have developed several architectural types which are distinctly American, and which, although they are derived ultimately from European traditions, have no European prototype. These styles have developed organically with the nation and manifest such characteristics as to establish them original to this continent. They have been built with native materials; they show evident climatic influences; and their structural form, ornamentation, and planning, though based ultimately on the European, exemplify naive and charming originality on the part of the builders.

Regardless of how unified our States may be politically, the United States is a land peopled by many races, and it is only natural to expect that each group would employ as much as possible the architectural traditions of their homeland. These peoples are still in the process of fusion. It is probable that this mingling of races will never

be complete; therefore, we must expect to see the development of several individual, distinctly American architectural traditions.

In addition to this variety of racial influences, it is impossible to assert just what conditions are typical of this vast land. What climate, what landscape, what tradition, what culture—what can be called typical of America? Evidently, the answer to these questions must be negative. How can we expect, then, a style which is in itself typical of the entire country to emerge, even after two hundred years, and which will surplant both European forms and tradition, the sources of American art? It is natural, therefore, for several American styles to rise, based on our European heritage it is true, but which depend essentially and foremost upon the section of the country and the cultural background of the people inhabiting it. Please remember the relative size of the United States and Europe.

Probably the first section of this country to achieve any extensive architectural individuality was New England. In this section of the small farm and the town meeting, the influence of both Tudor and Jacobean architecture is evident at the beginning of the development, but as the first years of the eighteenth century passed, the classic fashion (Georgian) penetrated the tastes of the people until the older Tudor and Jacobean traditions became completely dominated by the classic influence of Georgian. Out of the admixture of these, plus the influence of climate and native materials, evolved architectural forms which have become associated inseparably with New England. Three of these which are especially adaptable to use in modern (contemporary) domestic use, are the "salt-box," the Cape Cod cottage, and the traditional New England Farmhouse, this last having numerous subdivisions in itself. These three have no prototypes in English domestic architecture, and the closest sources of derivation are found in provincial English architecture. The rigors of the New England climate account for the use of central fireplaces, to preserve all the heat possible; steep gabled roofs, because of heavy snows and consequent moisture; and the unusually sturdy construction in beaming in order to withstand the storms that come in off the Atlantic. In the early houses the builders used half-timber construction and an overhang in the second story. Both these English derivations disappear in the later houses, because the colonists found the overhang unnecessary in this country where land was so plentiful, and the half-timber construction gave way to the full wood frame and clapboard or shingle, since the latter was simpler and less expensive.

When the New England coast grew prosperous in the

latter years of the eighteenth century, skilled craftsmen became more numerous and wielded a consequent influence upon the tastes of the period. It was through these men many of the classical influences made themselves felt in the United States. Originally, these influences were expressed only in exterior ornamentation. But as the wealth grew, so did the native desire for luxury. The great mansions of the merchants and sea-captains reared themselves in excellent taste along the elm-shaded avenues of towns until Georgian if not George, ruled.

A greater immediate variety of races settled in the Middle Atlantic states than in any other section of the country, especially in such a relatively confined area. Each people tried to reproduce as nearly as possible the houses of the old country, and in this way their national backgrounds exerted an individual influence upon the architecture of their states. Some succeeded in establishing a tradition in America; some did not. All of their attempts are interesting and deserve study, but necessity demands that we restrict ourselves to two types that have found special favor, because of their flexibility and appropriateness.

Dutch Colonial, the first product, is characterized as a low building, given both height and grace by the long sweep of the high gambrel roof. Since this type has become an instrument of domestic architecture, dormer windows have been added in the roof to provide light and air for additional rooms under the eaves, a space used by Dutch builders as a loft. The second important development in domestic architecture of these states is traceable to possible Welsh origins and is known to us as the more or less non-committal "Pennsylvania." These houses are built of stone found in convenient ledges which minimized quarrying. A white wood trim around windows and doors is accentuated by the irregular stonework, held by wide layers of mortar between stones. There is no particular standard when it comes to size and shape of these Pennsylvania houses. They may have none of the symmetrical, box-like quality of many of the New England houses, or they may be rigidly formal in character. They may be small houses or mansions with many wings and variety of roof line. The whims and the necessities of the builder generally decided this.

When we enter the Southern Atlantic States, we meet what many consider to be the peak of the development of American domestic architecture. This architecture is Georgian in its essentials, but the great freedom and individuality in its use by the cultured landowners of the Southern colonies has engraved upon it the perfect seal

of American nationalism. The movement had its beginnings in pre-Revolutionary times and continued in popularity until after the war of 1812 when our hostility to England turned our eyes toward France and the Empire for architectural inspiration. It is astonishing the manner in which these pre-Revolutionary planters lavished wealth and workmanship upon these mansions of unequaled Georgian dignity and elegant taste. Beside this quiet dignity and stately elegance of the colonial aristocrats, the palaces of Europe seem displays of lavish gaudiness. By these men were laid the foundations of the aristocracy of the South, its vast landholdings and its immense wealth and luxury. Through them passed the architectural traditions that led eventually to the Graeco-Roman revival.

Men of wealth from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico found a new style in which to display their wealth and culture. Given impetus by the Empire period in Europe, the revival found ready adherents in new Amecira. It undoubtedly began as one of the many fadish movements in architecture that have swept the United States, but what distinguishes it from the others is that it found permanent place in the architectural traditions. What is more, they were suited to the climate and temperament of the builders of those times. And lastly, unlike the other fads, it has adaptability for modern uses. Above the Ohio River the designs of the initiators were followed more closely, and the general form of the buildings are more formal and rigid in style, and more superficial and artificial in ornamentation than in the South. In the Southern States climatic conditions demanded high ceilings and much shade. The Greek devices suited these purposes excellently, for the portico screened the unusual height of the houses, and the many galleries softened the heat of the sun, filling the interior of the houses with cool shade. Therefore the Graeco-Roman modes were turned to new and more elastic uses, connected in an organic way with the architectural unity and necessities of the plantation. The revival succeeded where the following age failed, because it lent itself more readily to the uses and devices of the individual craftsman, to modify and expand as he saw fit, thus escaping the curse of mere archaeological imitation.

The decline of the Greek revival at the end of the Civil War left the United States in an artistic vacuum, especially in regard to architecture. In England we saw the harking back to the Medieval and the Gothic. The Victorian influence was at its peak. Our colonial traditions were beneath the consideration of the new wealth of the North, and therefore were well dead. Unfortunately, the jig-saw had been developed, and this instrument led us

into an era of monumental bad taste and monstrous ugliness. There were undoubtedly some good things in the Age of Horror, but there were many bad things, and the bad, from this writer's view at least, completely obscured the good.

The social ambitious American turned all shades of green in envy of the European and his culture, and worst of all, he tried to hide it behind a Gargantua of plate glass, plush, cast iron, ginger bread, cat-tails, brownstone, and multitudes of absolutely useless junk. Mansard roofs are charming. Fieldstone towers are romantic. Half-timber English is picturesque. Italian tiles are distinctive. Normandy turrets and Gothic windows are elegant. But when these are thrown together with several lightning rods and oxblood wall-paper, what do you have? A picturesque Victorian Villa!

I thoroughly dislike to end on a sour note, but it seems that it will be unavoidable. Nothing of architectural importance has occurred in relation with the topic under discussion, except possibly the use of pseudo-Renaissance forms in many of the larger resorts along the Atlantic coast, until we reach the early thirties of this century. It was then that once again American architects began to realize the great traditions and styles that lay at their disposal in the colonial developments in domestic architecture. This subject is worthy of a separate treatment, and I had intended to discuss to the best of my ability some of the theories that have arisen in these past years in relation to domestic architecture. But the views of contemporaries on the contemporary are always hazardous, so we will let well enough alone. Also I have written in my notes a discussion of American architectural needs, as I see them, but they too must remain for some future time. Finally, the last word of conclusion, I have intentionally omitted any reference to Creole architecture on the Gulf Coast, because of another paper on that allied subject. Thus we end a general discussion of the rise and development of the American tradition in domestic architecture, from the earliest forms in New England to the close of the Victorian Age, east of the Mississippi.

Theism: a Basis of Moral Civilization

● By Stockman O'Rourke

IN these days when men are wont to gaze at one another in wild surmise and declare that the very foundation of modern civilization is threatened, it is well to ask ourselves just what this foundation is. War clouds hover angrily on the horizon, might treads heavily upon right, refugees roam homeless through the world, and virtue has been swept to the scrap-heap of mediaeval illusions. It is evident then that the complicated structure which we call civilization shows signs of decay and is in danger of an all too imminent collapse. We, as wise architects, must look first to the foundation, which has lain neglected so long that many have forgotten what it is. Once this foundation has been examined and renewed, we can then turn our efforts to repairing the superstructure.

The thesis of this article can be stated briefly thus: Theism is the best, nay the only solid foundation of moral civilization. Upon this belief in the existence of a Supreme Being rest all orderly and stable societies. Upon it rest the permanent distinction between right and wrong, the respect for individual rights, and the true brotherhood of men. We shall examine the several theories which have been offered as a substitute for Theism and, having seen wherein they fail in their object, we shall show how Theism fulfills this purpose sweetly and thoroughly.

Prominent among the theories which seek to replace Theism as the basis of moral civilization is the utilitarianism of such men as Jeremy Bentham and James Mill. These men and their disciples place the end of morality in "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." According to this theory, man seeks the well-being of his fellow men in order that he may find his own happiness. Since it is natural to man to value his own life most and to seek his own happiness first, it is natural that he should follow that course which will result in his own aggrandizement. However, being a social being, man cannot find his fullest "self-realization" in himself, so he must seek it in cooperation with others. Therefore, in seeking the development of humanity in general, man achieves his own development.

This, then, is the utilitarian answer to the problem of morality. What a noble conception we have here! Man is friend to man because he cleverly foresees future advantage. Where is the obligation here? In its most altruistic form this philosophy is based upon mere sentiment or feeling and in its most egotistic form on calculating poli-

cy. In neither case does utilitarianism satisfy the idea of obligation or duty which is the only proper meaning of morality.

At the door of Auguste Comte must be laid the blame for one of the most pernicious systems of morality. Under the name of Humanitarianism, it has spread widely and rapidly through the influence of such writers as Spencer, Huxley and Wells. It is, in its barest essentials, a deification of man, and a turning of men from their final end to this world as an end in itself. The answer of Humanitarianism to the question of "Why should I be moral?" is "For the sake of Humanity." It lays emphasis upon the brotherhood of man and pure altruism.

In spite of the beautiful sentiments mouthed by these philosophers, they have nothing sound to offer as a basis of morality. Under what obligation am I to be good for the sake of Humanity? What absolute or obligatory value can Humanity give to morality isolated from religion? These irreligionists are powerless to enforce what they perceive to be necessary. Their "morality," moreover, being confined within the narrow limits of space and time, is stripped of all permanent value. Humanitarians cannot even offer us a serious inducement, much less an obgation, to lead a moral life.

Kantian idealism offers a substitute for Theism which, on its face, seems rather plausible. Its norm of moral conduct may be stated thus: Perform only those acts which can be adopted as a universal law. This norm is imperative and unconditioned; and it speaks to us immediately, for we are conscious of its commands. It rests not on any external motive or on speculative reasoning but on its own autonomous authority. Through it we come to an immediate realization of our obligation to strive towards the highest perfection which our mind is capable of conceiving. In the face of this categorical imperative, as Kant termed it, we must waive all argument and render implicit obedience.

As a practical criterion for determining modes of action, this categorical imperative has its importance but as a fundamental basis of morality it utterly fails in its object. It may seem imperative to Kant and a few other devotees of transcendental thought, but who contends that it will seem so to the universality of mankind? Even if men in general should conceive such an idea, they could easily dismiss it as a mental illusion. No mere mental state exerts authority over mankind in general. Finally, Kant's norm still leaves us confronting the ultimate "why" of morality.

We may dismiss without discussion the evolutionary theory of morality since, by denying free will, it destroys

all notion of morality. Turning to another theory of ethics, we come to one known variously as Sentimentalism, Moral Sensism, and Intuitionalism. According to this system, there is in man a special faculty, distinct from intellect or reason, for the perception of good and evil. This faculty intuitively distinguishes right from wrong almost in the same manner as the ear distinguishes loud and soft sounds and the taste distinguishes sweet from sour. Therefore, the morality of an action depends upon whether it is agreeable to this moral sense.

A criticism to this system resolves itself into the answers to the following questions: Is there such a moral faculty? Could such a faculty operate as an ultimate norm of morality? The answer to the first question is that there is no evidence to show that man is endowed with any such special faculty. To pretend that we have a sense that reacts to evils as the ear to cacophonous sounds is to perpetuate an unfounded fiction. Moreover, (and here we see the answer to the second question) even if we had such a faculty, it could not oblige us to follow its dictates since as only one of my faculties it could be overruled with perfect justice by my other faculties. Free will might stand up to it and overthrow it. Once again we feel the fatal lack of obligation in this norm.

One important system of normative ethics remains to be discussed. This is the system proposed by the jurists who maintain that morality is based upon a mutual respect among men for each other's rights. Recognizing our own rights to such things as self-preservation and self-realization. we demand that these rights be respected and thus implicitly bind ourselves to respect these rights in others. The weakness of this theory lies in its failure to prove the rights it mentions. Until those rights have been proven, no obligation or duty can be admitted.

Having seen the various theories offered as a substitute for Theism as a basis of moral civilization, we turn now with a certain sense of relief to the original proposition. i.e., Theism is the only sound basis of morality. By Theism is meant the belief in a Somebody Who is inexpressibly superior to ourselves. the Author of our existence. the absolute embodiment of perfection, a Person of intellect and will. Who has imposed upon us the obligation of reflecting His righteousness and Who had made it possible for us to do this by stamping His law of righteousness so clearly upon our minds that it has become imbedded in our very natures. Through a study of this nature. we become aware of the specific laws He has imposed upon us and we come to realize that He will reward or punish us insofar as we obey or disobey these obligations.

Theism offers a solid rational basis for morality. It explains why we should avoid evil and why we should do good. It tells us that in God alone can we find the principle of moral obligation. Through it, our moral actions gain an absolute and eternal value. Through it, we come to understand that man is not an independent being but a being intimately dependent upon God. We understand, too, that this God has equipped man with an intellect and a will so wonderfully designed that he may follow the path to Heaven or to Hell.

Theism provides a sound basis for our moral obligations toward our neighbors, toward ourselves, and toward God. In the first place, we must respect the rights of our fellow men because in encroaching upon them we encroach upon the dominion of God. In the second place, we have a duty to use our faculties in the quest of truth and goodness since they were given to us for this purpose. Finally, we are bound to reverence and obey God because He is the Author of everything we are or hope to be.

Theism, then, seems to be the only sound basis of moral civilization. It presents a system which answers all the facts of consciousness and experience. However, it would be interesting to glance briefly over the history of civilization and examine the effects of acceptance or rejection of this morality. Surely a group of human beings which believes generally and firmly that good or evildoing in this life are followed by corresponding consequences after death, that the individual soul is immortal, that God is the Father of all, will behave in one way and a group which rejects such ideas will behave in another. It is our purpose now to see what effect these ideas have had upon civilization in ancient and modern times.

A thousand years before the birth of Christ, Greece was the glory of the ancient world. In art, literature, and philosophy she rivaled the best efforts of the modern mind and hand. She had everything that was necessary for a truly great and permanent civilization except one thing. The Greeks were without a sound basis of morality. They adored a great variety of gods and goddesses, subject to human frailities and low passions. Religion had no influence upon the moral conduct of man. Philosophers taught a lofty morality, and a few nobler characters practiced a certain degree of natural virtue. But the bulk of the people were given to an almost inconceivable immorality. The chief motive for right conduct, as far as it went, was a certain admiration, based on natural motives, for moderation and temperance. Here there is a morality, without a basis in Theism, succumbing to the pride and passion of man.

Similarly Rome resembles Greece. Having lost faith in even the pagan deities of earlier times, the Romans sank

to the very depths of iniquity. Brutal gladiatorial games were the most popular sport of the time. Marriage, being divorced from religion, became a mere civil contract which might be dissolved almost at will. Euthanasia, homosexuality, incest, adultery—such were the common evils of the day. Slavery in its most cruel and degrading form was the economic basis of Roman society. Worst of all, despair was in the hearts of men. A sense of futility, of the darkness of human life, began to dominate the thoughts of men. And this despair was not to be banished until the coming of the supreme Theism of Christianity.

Having seen the dire effects which accompany the divorcing of civilization from Theism, let us turn now to an age when morality was rooted in its true base. The Middle Ages in Europe was a period of grand faith in the ideas which accompany Theism in its best form. In that time man came nearer to the rule of justice on earth than at anytime before or since. In that time all temporal affairs were looked at in the light of eternity.

Individual and social rights were fostered through the gild system. Conditions which trade unions now strive desperately to attain were regarded as a matter of couse by mediaeval workers. Regulated salaries and hours of work, opportunities for rest and recreation, compensation for the aged, the sick, and for widows and orphans, opportunities for advancement—all these were built upon the solid foundation of Theism.

The moral tone of life in the Middle Ages was its highest glory. Such evils as suicide, birth control, euthanasia, and divorce were non-existent or so rare that they hardly affected society in general. The society of the Middle Ages was not without its defects but with moral universality it recognized religion as the source of the moral, social and political order.

Modern times are not without their lesson in regard to Theism as a basis of moral civilization. Three of the much discussed "isms" which dominate civilization in Europe and which threaten to extend their control to the other continents are all fundamentally a denial of the true basis of ethics. Communism regards religion as the "opium of the people." With such an attitude, openly professed and assiduously fostered, it is no wonder that moral civilization has reached a low ebb in the countries dominated by this philosophy. In the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics the family has no legal status, divorce is unrestricted, and sexual relationships are uncontrolled. Earthly happiness is offered as the ultimate goal of mankind. In spite of its cry of human equality, Communism has no respect for individual rights. In spite of its claim of offering an earthly paradise to man, Communism can offer nothing that really satisfies the human heart. Man

has an insatiable thirst for truth and beauty which nothing less than God can satisfy. Cut man off from God and moral decay is inevitable.

Fascism and Nazism are both cut from the same cloth. Both have substituted the State for God and both recognize in the State no duties, only rights. The State as conceived by Fascism and Nazism has no duties towards individuals. It recognizes no laws except those made by itself. Neither does this State respect the rights of the family. Since the State is its own end, marriage and the functions of parents are directed to the uses of the State. Though religion may receive the reluctant protection of such a State, it is only as a matter of policy because the State denies religion any real control over social and individual activities. Fascism and Nazism have forgotten the lesson of history which shows only too plainly that no law is immutable except the divine law, and that to build on current sentiment instead of on God and reason is to build on quicksand.

In this country, though we are relatively free of the baleful influence of Communism, Fascism and Nazism, we have seen the results of a weakening of faith in God as the ultimate Author, Legislator, Rewarder and Punisher of humanity. Our educational system has completely divorced itself from the idea of God and our obligations to Him. In our own time we have seen the results of this divorce. Many of the evils which contributed to the downfall of the ancient civilizations are much too common in American society. Suicide, divorce, crime, insanity and venereal diseases are so widespread that the cheeriest optimist will find it difficult to survey current society without some misgivings. Progress in things material has not been accompanied by a progress in things spiritual. God will not be mocked—we have seen and we know!

Men of many beliefs have come to recognize the fundamental cause of all these evils. The brutal facts have turned men's minds back to God. There they see a sure bulwark for the crumbling edifice of moral civilization. There they behold the surest safeguard of individual rights. There they observe the strongest inducement to the fulfillment of man's duties to himself, his neighbors and to God. Only through Theism will man be restored to moral soundness, for it is only through Theism that man is formed to the image of God.

End of Yesterday

● **David Loveman**

WE had fared much better than most homes in Tennessee during that unusually hot summer of 1864, for we had managed to retain a small stock of provisions and even a few luxuries, while the house servants and several of the field hands had remained with us. And November found us a contented lot, despite the general conditions of the country.

With November, the news of the pillaging and burning of Atlanta took us by surprise. Mother came out on the upper gallery where I was sitting, watching the leaves falling from the trees in a golden snowstorm, and told me about it. When she had finished she was a little quieter than usual and, I thought, a little sad. I took her hand when she came to wrap the quilt closer around my leg. She patted my head, just as she did when I was a small boy and sick.

"Heard from Dad?"

"No, Kayel," she answered, "not lately." In the pause that followed, I felt the full meaning of her words. Father had been stationed with Hood in Atlanta.

"You're pretty brave, Mom," was all I could say. I knew she understood what I meant.

"Brave!" she repeated, her hand growing heavy upon my forehead. "Not any more. All my bravery has been placed in you and your father. You need my strength to recover from the Yankee bullet in your leg. Your father needs my courage and determination to come to us again. I just need patience."

But Mother was wrong. She was not only brave, but the pillar of strength that kept the house running as near its regular schedule as possible. We were not bothered much by the Yankees or by movements of our own gray-clad soldiers as we were too far off the beaten path between Murfreesboro and Nashville. Since the battle on Stone's River in '63, our neighborhood had been comparatively quiet. Only a few Confederate stragglers visited us in search of food or lodging on their way home to heal their wounds; or occasionally a small band of Yankee foragers came our way, but after a careful search departed empty handed.

Mother had taken care of everything. She was constantly on the alert to keep one step ahead. All the valuable silver and china and laces she stored in the secret cellar beneath the west wing of the house. This cellar was impregnable even if discovered, which was unlikely. Two

miles from the house, in the woods across the river, she had the field hands raise a summer garden which supplied ample fresh vegetables for the summer and yielded potatoes and other reliable dishes for winter storage. We had two cows, several horses and an old sow and her litter in pens across the river, and so there was little chance of us ever starving.

November passed monotonously as the previous months. My leg healed slowly and by the latter part of November I was able to hobble about painfully with the help of Joppy, our stable boy, and a cane. Father sent a brief message telling us of his safety and future plans. Practically nothing was left of Atlanta. Mother was alarmed, but I hastened to reassure her that there would be no fighting near Nashville. The Union forces there were too strong for Hood to venture an attack. Left to my own counsels, I was not so sure.

One cold and grey afternoon as the wind whistled 'round the corners of the house I sat before the sparse fire that burned half-heartedly in the iron grate of the library, feeling dully the pain in my leg and brooding just as dully over the war. In the sewing room above I heard the faint rustling of Mother's skirts as she passed to and fro. I was almost asleep.

Suddenly into the stillness there stole the faint and then louder sounds of an approaching horse and buggy. I could hear the gravel crunch under the wheels. The doctor? No, his visits were so few nowadays and he never used a buggy.

Mother had evidently heard too for there came the dim creaking of the stairs as she descended. Damn, this leg! It could not possibly be the Yankees, and yet no one else ever came this way.

The hinges of the front door squeaked as it swung open. The horse drew to a halt. Voices, laughter echoed back to me, and then they were beside me, Mother and our cousins from Atlanta. They were almost strangers to me it had been so long since I had seen them, but soon I was able to say: "Yes, this is Cousin Nevada and little Philissia." Little Philissia! Yet she was merely a small girl in lace pantaloons when last I had seen her. She laughed gaily at the recollection, and I marvelled at the sound of her voice.

She was not beautiful, this rather pale, laughing girl who stood before me, but about her was such a spirit of youth, of gay abandon, that I was caught in the swirl of it and looked deep into her eyes to catch the gladness of her being. She was younger than I, scarcely seventeen; yet her figure was full and, despite the drabness of her dress, which had once been fine, she bore a charming stateliness that I found almost humorous.

Philissia laughed, but Cousin Nevada was a bundle of nerves and frequently broke into pitiful sobs.

"And our lovely home!" she would say. "Gone. Everything's gone. We are the most unfortunate of people."

"But, Mother," Philissia smiled pathetically, "that's absurd. Thousands were less fortunate than we. We escaped with our lives, and we do have such lovely relatives in Tennessee, distant cousins at that, who were kind enough to take us in."

But she was not to be consoled.

So perfectly did they fit into our way of living that it seemed almost impossible they had not always been there. Now there was company for Mother as she went about the household tasks, and best of all there was laughter in the cold, drab rooms.

The fighting continued under the light falls of snow and the grey skies of winter. Occasionally across the stillness of late evening, we could hear the roar of distant guns. But mostly we were uninterested. The war was not new to us. It had long ago lost the romantic notions it had at first inspired. It had gone on too long, and taken too much from us to arouse ever again anything but hatred. For countless months I had felt its bitter hand as it struck upon the lines of gray. I knew the despair, the pain, the hunger, the thirst of battle. Out on a gory field I had vomited the first time I slew a man. Thank God, that Yankee bullet had wormed its way into my leg! Even though I never walk again, it would be better than walking across a field of corpses, each one cold and white in the moonlight. Thank God, for that bullet! Thank God!

Wherever I was, Philissia was there. She would bring me my breakfast in the morning, urging me to eat that my strength would return. She would place an extra pillow under my leg or behind my back. When I wanted a drink, she was there, smiling when I looked surprised. She was present when there was death in the slave quarters, she saw that the cattle were properly fed, and often visited the storeroom to see that all was aright. She gave Mother a chance to rest.

"You've done so much for us, Philissia," I said to her one day as we sat together on the back terrace. "It's really been our good fortune that you came."

She only smiled, just as she always did when we mentioned her work. Setting there on the stone step in the sun, she seemed almost golden. Her head was bare, and her light curls, touched with the faintest tinge of brown, radiated the sunlight. Marigold must have looked just as she, when her father transformed her into a golden statue.

"Warm enough?" she asked. She had insisted that I be placed in the sun, so that I could get a little fresh air. "You'll never get well if you spend the rest of your life indoors. 'Nother pillow?"

"No, thanks, I'm fine."

She was silent for a moment, while the sun whisked behind a cloud, and the shadows of the barren trees faded away into the frozen ground. A stiff wind bent the lighter trees in the garden almost double. The heavy wool of her skirt whipped against her ankles. The sun reappeared and the wind became quiet.

"I've been thinking, Kayel," she finally said.

"Thinking? What?"

"It will soon be Christmas and a New Year. What's to become of us? Once we were a happy people, secure in our homes, and slaves, our cotton or tobacco fields, our balls and our barbecues, our oak trees and our flower gardens. Life was full and pleasant. Where is it now?

"Our boys marched away as we laughed and cried and waved flags. Each one was so proud of his new gray uniform. Those who have returned were ragged and dirty. They smelled of sweat and blood and their bodies were caked with filth. These men aren't the strong, handsome boys we sent away. Where are they?

"We sent a soldier away too, Mother and I. He kissed us goodbye, and when the war was over he would return. We were to wait for him. But we've waited so long, and he hasn't returned. Where is our soldier?"

Philissia never spoke of the war again nor of the father she had lost, but often I could detect traces of tears on her cheeks, and knew she was thinking of him.

The days grew colder and the food scarcer. Mother kept saying that we must be more careful if we did not wish to starve before the winter ended. Several of the field hands died and a few left, but Joppy, his wife Louise, Tellie, one of the maids, the cook and a few enfeebled old Negroes who were to weak to move, remained. Although we carefully meted out our supply of coffee, it was exhausted before Christmas so that we were forced to prepare a brew of okra seed, wheat or barley, which served as a tolerable substitute. At least it could be heated and was useful as a stimulant on cold December mornings. Then, too, the salt gave out, and so the walls, barrels, and even the dirt of the smokehouse were carefully scraped for the few grains that had fallen from the salted meat that had been hung there to dry in days gone by.

Mother, Cousin Nevada and Philissia, with the assistance of Tellie and Cook, were kept busy giving the old clothes we wore at least a hint of decency. Yet for some reason the hardest pang of all came when I saw Mother take out her carefully wrapped ball dress, and strip the

dainty ruffles from it, so that the lovely satin of the voluminous skirt could be used as a petticoat to ward off the cold. I could not keep back the tears.

And once Mother had worn that very dress at a ball in this house. How lovely she had been as she greeted each guest at the foot of the winding staircase. Father was there beside her, so straight and tall in his new uniform with each glittering button gleaming in the candlelight. Had there actually been a ball in this still, old house? Did these walls, now grim and silent, once look down upon a body of dancers? That had been before the outbreak of the war. Almost four years ago! My God, how long since then!

I was just fifteen and it was my first real, grown-up ball. How I enjoyed watching the fun! All night long they danced; all night long the ruffles of new ball dresses heaved and swayed in perfect rhythm with the music. The flexible hoops that made each dress a perfect circle of lace and ribbons, bent and swirled a thousand times, fitting themselves close to each slender body when a uniformed partner took one in his arms; bobbing gaily up and down as they turned and skipped in the breathtaking steps of the polka; waving in the graceful turns of the waltz. It was a happy, colorful sight; one I shall always remember.

Several times during the month important officers of the Confederate army always were near our home as a halt was called, and the sight of gray soldier boys camping in our tobacco fields became customary. Mother pretended to be delighted that they honored us with their company, but secretly I knew she was wondering whether to bring forth the last of the fresh meat, or to set out one of the few remaining bottles of wine. Once at dinner, one of the servants mentioned the pens in the woods, and upon careful inspection the next day the Captain, after thanking us profusely for our hospitality, announced politely that our horses would be conscripted for use in the army. Our own soldiers became more a nuisance than the Yankees.

Suddenly one day, as she stood with us in the drawing room, Cousin Nevada became desparately ill. She grew worse and we were powerless to help her. We sent Joppy into Nashville with a pearl necklace in lieu of money to get a doctor or at least some medicine, but it was useless. He returned empty handed. Yankee soldiers had taken the necklace for his safe passage through the city.

For several weeks, as my leg had become worse and gave me increasing pain, I had been sleeping on the sofa in the drawing room. Once near midnight I was awakened by the sound of movement in the yard and a sharp knock on the door.

"Who's there?" I called.

A voice came in out of the night. "You'll hafta leave; there's gonna be a battle here." Retreating footsteps, the sound of hooves flying, and silence!

As simple as that. "—there's gonna be a battle!" There would be guns and soldiers and fighting. Shells would fly through the night. Perhaps our home would escape, perhaps not.

But what could **we** do? Upstairs lay three sleeping women. One was sick, maybe dying. Here alone in the room was I, my leg wounded and throbbing with pain. A few feet away in the dining room, asleep on a pallet, lay Joppy. That was all and the house was dark and still. But outside, there was movement and excitement. Voices echoed through the night and the rumble of artillery swept across the lawn, louder and louder, until the air was fit to burst with the chaos.

With my cane, I knocked upon the floor for Joppy, and when he finally stood beside me, spoke softly, my brain resounding without. But it was loud only to me, for Joppy knew nothing of the preparations. He stood and blinked stupidly, his eyes dull with sleep.

My hand clutched his arm in the darkness, and I said: "Go quietly up to Miss Philissia's room. Tell her to come at once. Make no noise and above all say nothing to Mother. Do you understand?"

I heard his bare feet shuffling across the floor and the stairs creaked softly beneath his weight. It would not do to show any light, but I lighted a candle and placed it on the floor beside the sofa. The glow was dim and feeble and the blinds were drawn.

It seemed as if scarcely a moment passed before Philissia stood within the circle of candlelight. For a moment I was startled. Her approach had been noiseless and as I glanced up she stood there, her hair as soft and radiant about her face as a halo. Her gown, a film of whiteness, hung loose and full about her body. I thought she was an angel. I almost screamed with the pain in my leg.

"Kneel down beside me," I said, and as she did, I blew out the candle. I felt the pressure of her breasts on my arm. Her breath came slowly. She trembled and I threw a blanket about her shoulders. The fire had burned into embers in the grate and the room was cold.

I told her of the coming battle and heard her catch her breath. Her fingers clutched my arm. I waited for her to speak, and in the interval of silence, the sound of running feet crept into the room.

"But," she whispered, "Mother is too ill to be moved. And your leg! It would be madness to leave." She arose and crossed to the window but in an instant was back again. "There are men camped in the bottom pasture. And

there are signal lights flashing back and forth across the meadows. That's all I could see. They'll begin any moment." Suddenly her head was on my chest, her hair soft and sweet in my face. "Oh, God!" she sobbed. "What's to become of us?"

The silence was maddening. The quiet before the storm. I patted her head.

"We must wait and see," I said. "Just wait and see."

Yet it was not as bad as we feared. The skirmish was light and most of the shots passed harmlessly to the right. We felt the shock of the battle in little ways: the noise of the guns, the rattling of windows, or the quivering of the earth as a cannon fired and bit the ground. By morning it was over. Only a few dead marked the slaughter of the night.

Soon Phillissia smiled again and we were contented. Several times Father secured a pass and spent a few hours with us. His visits were replete with stirring tales of the siege. For nearly two weeks they had been laying siege to Nashville, but Thomas, secure within the city, did not answer their challenge. There were reports that Grant himself was on his way to Tennessee. Mother was always loath to let him return but he smiled away her fears—" . . . and when we retake Nashville, I'll return for good." He was so confident that Mother and I believed him. But Nashville was never retaken; for on the fifteenth of December, 1864, Thomas appeared from behind his entrenchments. For two days we could hear the roar of the battle, like the beating of a thousand drums in the distance.

Through the long night of the fifteenth and sixteenth Mother prayed. She prayed for the safety of her husband, caring little whether the Confederacy was victorious. I watched her kneeling in the candlelight with her little golden crucifix clasped against her breast. Her lips moved unceasingly during the long night and at each angry muttering that rolled across the darkness, she trembled and grew paler. Finally she fell asleep by her chair.

For several days we knew nothing but the awful fear in our hearts. But then we learned the truth. The Confederate Army of Tennessee was stationed in defeat at Brentwood. Hood had asked to be relieved of his command. But all that mattered was that Father lived. We scarcely believed it. All we could do was to thank God. Father was sent to join Johnston and life at home went on as usual—patching clothes, eating scraps of food, watching snow cover the frozen fields and the darkness fall at the end of each passing day.

Christmas dawned gray and depressing, with a little flurry of snow towards noon. Philissia with Joppy's assistance had brought in a little cedar tree, and placed it

in the corner of the drawing room; but it did not blaze with candles as our trees in other years and the little attempt made to give it color were almost pitiful. Scraps of gay cloth, red and green, were scattered over the bristly limbs and here and there a string of glass beads sparkled in the firelight. Beneath the branches Philissia had placed her presents for each one. Mother cried over the shawl that she received, and I felt a lump in my throat as I recognized in the socks she gave me the blue yarn she had unraveled from a sweater I had often seen her wearing.

Dinner was cheerless and unpleasant. The long dining room, with the crystal chandelier that had looked down on so many scenes of festivity before the war, was chill and dark and unusually empty. The damask draperies, once so rich and fine, hung faded and limp against the cracking walls. Tiny flakes of snow spattered dully upon the window panes. Even the age-old bottle of wine long imprisoned in the cellar, failed to restore us to our usual good cheer.

Yet that Christmas Day shall never pass from my memory, for it was then, in the dusk of early evening, that I met Maleen. Mother had known her father; she had promised to care for his daughter when he died—he had been buried the day before Christmas Eve.

Maleen stepped from the old buggy she must have hired to bring her from Nashville, and I saw only a bundle of furs, not worn and patched as those I had lately seen, but soft and velvety.

Mother greeted her warmly at the door, yet her eyes were troubled as she brought her in to see me. "And this is my son, Kayel," she said. "Kayel, this is Maleen."

"Maleen," I repeated and looked up at the tall and commanding figure beside my chair. Her wrap had fallen from her shoulders and I saw her dress of soft green cashmere. Her hair, parted in the middle with a cascade of curls that fell upon her neck, was extremely dark, and her skin was as pale and beautiful as the magnolia blossoms that smile from the trees in the garden. I gazed into eyes still and dark and deep, and for a moment I was frightened, yet fascinated, just as I had when, as a child, I looked down into the bottomless depths of our well.

Her voice flowed as smooth as honey pouring from the pitcher onto my hot cakes. "I do hope we shall be friends." She said no more, but I felt strangely elated and comforted, as though a cooling cloth had been placed on my fevered cheek. I could only smile in reply.

As the days sped by and the first of the new year had come and gone, I began to feel as if I really knew and understood Maleen. Somehow the rest of the family did not seem so favorably impressed with this quiet, lovely young woman, who was silent and melancholy whenever

they were present. But with me she was a different person. She would talk for hours of the books and music for which we had a mutual liking or of the many little things that interested us. I found her agreeable, well read and extremely fascinating. Soon I was falling in love with her and was powerless to do otherwise.

Sometimes I fancied that Mother and even Philissia resented her presence. Once I found them watching her with displeasure as she chatted and laughed with a Confederate officer who dropped in for dinner. So deeply had I fallen beneath her charms that I found myself taking her part against the rest. Often she would be gone for hours at a time and, upon her return, would offer no explanation for her absence.

"You must remember," I told Mother, "that she is a stranger here. She does not know us well enough to feel at home. It is only natural for her to want to be alone and away from us for awhile, and we must not force ourselves into her privacy unless she wishes it." Secretly I was worried, not only because she left us for such long intervals, but for her health. As the days passed she grew pale and would tremble at the slightest noise. Stark terror entered her eyes when she heard the sound of approaching hooves or the distant rumble of the guns that echoed only faintly.

One evening we were seated in the upstairs sitting room. A fire burned weakly on the hearth and the andirons glowed from the flame. It was early, but Mother, complaining of a headache, had gone to her room; Philissia was with her mother. Maleen and I were alone in the room. She was facing the fire and the light of the blaze caught and glimmered in the folds of her dress. The faint sound of the fire and the rustle of the leaves of my book alone disturbed the silence. Suddenly she rose and, standing at the window, gazen intently out into the night. A shutter flapped against the house. "I'm frightened," she said.

I looked up as she turned slowly to face me. I held out my hands and she took them, desperately as a drowning man would clutch at a rope. I pulled her gently to the sofa beside me. "Frightened?" I repeated. "There's nothing to fear."

"Oh, but there is; and it's grabbing at me. Sometimes I wake at night and can't breathe. I can feel it all around me wherever I turn. It's out there in the dark. It's in this very room."

"Poor little one! But you are safe. You are among those who love you."

"Those who love me?" Her tone was incredulous.

How I longed to take her in my arms and kiss away her fears! It was anguish to see her suffering. Could I

offer her anything? Could I lessen that awful terror in her eyes?

"Oh, Kayel," she cried, "say it again, and again; say it forever."

"I love you. Could you not tell it? It has been in my face, in my voice. Oh, my darling, I love you so much that no matter what happens—"

She leaned down slowly and touched the edge of my hair with the tips of her fingers. Her hand was cool and tender and her lips as they met mine were beyond description. I saw her eyelids flutter and close, shutting out everything but our love for each other.

"And I love you," she muttered, "forever and ever and ever."

"We'll be married right away, and when the war is over—"

"No." She rose and stood facing the fire. I could see the orange and crimson shadows play over her face. My breath came slowly. Was this the blank wall—this one word—towards which all my dreams had led? Was I to hold her in my arms and then watch helplessly as she walked away?

"You mean—? But you said—"

"I know. I said I love you." Her voice was cool and low and yet it filled the room. "But I can never marry you."

"I don't understand."

"Some day you will. You'll thank me then, when the war is over."

"I can't live without you." There was something pressing within my heart. The fire was almost gone and the deepening shadows fell heavily on my soul. "And the war will soon be over. Our lives will go on then, just as they did before. The guns and battles won't touch us then. We'll rest secure and happy together."

"No," and she was sobbing pitifully now. "No, Kayel. I'm sorry." She drew away and focused her eyes on the last of the dying embers. "Forgive me."

And she was gone. The door closed softly behind her and the rustle of her dress sounded dimly in the hall and was gone. I was alone in the darkness.

The days now dragged slowly. Maleen avoided me and we spoke no more of our love. She was gone more often and stayed away longer than before. I could not bear to think of her exposed in enemy infested territory. Yet she always returned.

One day, when Maleen was gone, Philissia came into my room. "I don't like her, Kayel," she said. "She doesn't seem to fit into our world; our bitter, mean world of poverty and heartbreak. Perhaps I'm wrong; if so, I'm sorry. I would like to like her." She looked steadily at me. "She is very beautiful."

I returned her gaze a little uneasily. I wondered if she knew my secret. Her eyes wandered from my face.

"You love her."

My wall of secrecy was broken. I could only nod. She was on her knees beside me as she had been that night so long ago when we listened to the guns in the darkness.

"And she loves you?" The countless yards of her dress swirled about her like a turbulent sea of green.

"I don't know," I replied.

Her voice was a monotone. The collar heaved on her bosom. "She does. I know she does. It's funny you love her so much and can't see she loves you. It's funny the way things turn out, isn't it, Kayel. But she can't, Kayel, she can't love you as much as I—"

She was frightened now of what she had said. Her hand was at her mouth to recapture the works that had already stolen from her. She rose and walked across the room, a blur of green before my eyes, and I was powerless to call her back. At the door she turned, her head resting against the panel, her hand clutching the knob.

"I'm sorry, Kayel. Forgive me." She did not look back as she closed the door.

Somehow we went on, living there together—Philissia, Maleen and I. We saw each other every day and each day was heavy with unspoken words.

Joppy, returning from Nashville, brought us the news that the Union forces were battering at the gates of Richmond. Thousands upon thousands lay on the fields as our armies retreated. How long would it last? How long **could** it last?

We woke one morning to find ourselves practically hemmed in by snow. The fields were covered with a white blanket, though here and there a straggly tree loomed above the white drifts. Winter seldom brought such a snowfall to the South and were it not for the added misery it brought, we would have enjoyed the beauty of white fields and the low sculptured hills fading into a sky of limitless gray.

Maleen made countless trips to the windows, peering out into the wintry day as if to melt the snow by her gaze. It was plain she was annoyed. Seated at table her fingers drummed a nervous tattoo on its edge. She spoke sparsely and ate almost nothing. I was decidedly puzzled.

Towards evening as she stood by the window, I saw her stiffen suddenly, though I gave her no inkling I had noticed as she turned towards me. Her face was pasty white and her hands gripped the curtains as if to steady herself. After a moment, she left the window and, taking the chair nearest me, picked up her book.

For a brief moment no one spoke, and in the silence of the room the sound of a fist hammering on the door spread brazenly through the house. Mother rose to her feet. Maleen was breathing fast. Her lower lip bled from the pressure of her teeth.

"Who on earth could that be? Soldiers I suppose," Mother's voice was faintly excited. I knew she was thinking of Dad.

From the hall the cadence of low pitched voices echoed vaguely through the closed door.

"Howdy do, Ma-am. I hate to bother you-all, but I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to let us stay here for awhile."

"It will be no trouble at all, Captain Summers," Mother answered. "We haven't so much to offer, but it's all yours."

"Thank you, Ma'am. There's only two of us, Sergeant Woodlawn and I. We'll try to make our stay as brief as possible. We're on a secret mission from General Lee. Your husband told us we could make our headquarters here. We'll be needing a private room, if you please."

"Of course. How is my husband? You've seen him recently? Now, if you'll just come this way, Captain, I'll show you to your room—" Her voice trailed off as she mounted the stairs. The sharp click of spurs and the rattle of a sword followed.

The faint glimmer of the firelight revealed the relief on Maleen's face. Her eyes met mine, and she smiled almost joyfully. How beautiful she was!

It did not take long for Mother to return. She was worried. "What shall we feed them, Kayel? There's very little left in the storeroom."

"Would it be possible for me to go into Nashville?" Maleen volunteered. "Perhaps—"

"No!" Mother's voice was almost cutting in its sharpness. "Captain Summers made it plain that we could not leave the house. Their business is so important that they cannot risk any chance of the Federals learning of it."

I learned later from Captain Summers that we would all have to remain within the house and garden until their work was done and they had returned to the army. He explained they could take no chances as the fate of the Confederacy might hang in the balance of their success or failure.

He could do nothing but comply with his orders. The days were long and dreary, the nights cold and bitter. We were caught in the ebb tide of the war; caught and forced to drift more and more away from the anchorage of peace and joyful living we once knew. Resistance was useless. We could do nothing but keep our heads barely above the

muddy swirl and watch helplessly the shattered remnants of a fear-swept land float by in ruins.

Towards evening of one of those rain-soaked days, Joppy burst into the library where I was sitting. He was unusually excited. The sweat glistened on his face in spite of the cold.

"Oh, Lawd, Mist' Kayel, Ah done seed him, de Massa!"

"Father?"

Joppy nodded vigorously and his eyes were wide and unbelieving. My heart pounded within me. Father in Nashville! I could see him wounded, perhaps dying in some prison camp.

"He is mighty sick, he is. Dey tooken him to de Cap'tol."

The door swung open, and as I turned Mother stood there. Her hand clutched the knob and her face was paler than the white trimmings on her faded lavender dress. She had come down suddenly from Cousin Nevada's sick room and had heard the news that Joppy had intended only for me. As she turned to me I could see the same look in her eyes as a wounded animal at bay, pain and sorrow and bewilderment.

"Joppy," she said, and her voice rustled as faintly as the evening breeze in the maple leaves, "go upstairs and get my bonnet and cloak. Then bring the carriage around to the front. We are going to Nashville."

"Lawdy, Ma'am, dat howse ain' able to make no trip to de city. She plum wore out and ain' had nothin' to eat fo' a long time."

"Do as I tell you," she cried, and as he retreated to carry out her orders, she crossed to me.

"What must I do, Kayel? The capitol is so horrible since the Yankees made it into a prison. It's dirty and smelly and the walls are covered with lice, Joppy says. And he's sick and weak and will be so uncomfortable there. Do you think they will allow me to bring his home? They could watch him just as well here and he would be so much better off."

"Mother," I answered, "have you forgotten Captain Summers? We're not supposed to leave the house, and even if you are allowed to see Father, it would be impossible for him to stay here with Yankee soldiers hanging around to watch him. And Lincoln has ordered no exchange of prisoners. I'm afraid it would not do any good for you to go. They would hardly let you see him and, too, Captain Summers has so definitely ordered that we—"

She turned away quickly. Joppy stood beside her and she snatched the bonnet and wrap from him.

"Captain Summers!" she cried. "What do I care for

Captain Summers and his orders? What do I care for the Confederacy? That's all I've heard. What do I care if it falls to pieces, when your father is lying sick in some Yankee prison! Let them try to stop me. Joppy and I are going to Nashville."

I could scarcely picture the Nashville Mother must have found. How different from the busy little pre-war city, bustling with pride and steaming with activity! Now, as Mother hastened through the rain swept streets, the houses and offices, the residential and business blocks would be empty or partially filled with blue-coated Yankees. Blank windows would stare insolently out at the passing carriage as if resenting its presence in a city of phantom memories. The Maxwell House, that was to have been the pride of the South, would now only echo the laughter that drunken soldiers tossed out from its half completed walls. All that the city had once stood for was gone. Only empty shells remained to testify that here once basked, in the sunshine of the South, a landmark of the Confederacy.

From the time Mother left the hours dragged heavily. Captain Summers accepted Mother's absence as unavoidable, though it caused him great alarm. After a few remarks about the importance of his work to the success of the Confederate Army, he retired once more to his room, relying on the Negroes posted as sentries to warn him of the approach of Union troops, whereupon he and his companion were to retire to the secret chamber in the cellar.

Later, lying on the sofa, with the house silent except for the rain beating on the window panes, I tried to sleep. But the burden on my mind and the intense pain in my leg gave me no respite, and I could only lie still and peer into the darkness. I tried to pray as Mother had taught me long ago, but the words of each prayer became blurred within me and I could remember no particular prayer. I thought of Maleen and my love for her. I thought of Philissia and her kindness to us. I thought of Cousin Nevada lying ill upstairs, and of Mother driving through the rain to Dad. Yet I could think of no escape from the rushing whirlpool towards which we were being dragged, against which resistance was futile.

It was well past midnight when I was startled by a slight noise that seemed to come from the upper hall at the head of the stairs. I listened closely and soon distinguished the faint swish of skirts and tiny footfalls. I knew at once it was Maleen. Had I not heard the dainty sound of her step countless times? Had I not memorized each rustle of her skirts as she passed? But why was she stirring at this time of night? The fall of each step came dimly to me as she descended the stairs. Possibly she was lifting her dress so that she might slip down unnoticed.

Soon, outlined against the far window of the room, her silhouette passed me. Even in the dark I could tell she wore her bonnet and furs. She was dressed to go out into the night. As she turned her head I knew she was looking at me, thinking, I supposed, that I was asleep.

"Maleen," I called softly.

She was startled. With her skirts lifted in one hand, she stopped near the door. I fumbled about and lighted the little stump of a candle that stood near. In its feeble glow she seemed distant and almost a stranger. But her voice was as soothing and beautiful as ever.

"What is it, Kayel?"

"Are you leaving?"

"Please, Kayel, I—" She faltered and lowered her eyes. Her dark curls trembled as she stepped backwards.

"But it is raining and cold outside. You'll catch your death of cold. And Captain Summers will be displeased."

In an instant she was beside me, her eyes eager and her lips quivering as she said: "I shall be back before morning. He need never know that I am gone unless—"

"But," I cried, "suppose he sees you. And you can't get by the Yankees this time of night. You know that."

"I **must** go."

"No! I won't let you. It's too dangerous—the night and the Yankees."

"Nothing will happen. I shall be safe." Tears glistened in her eyes. "Oh, Kayel, why must you try to stop me?"

"Because I love you."

"If you loved me you would let me go."

"No."

"Please! You don't know what you are doing to me. Do you think I want to go out into that black rain? It is only because I must. I **must.** Once I asked you to believe in me; said that the war was keeping me from you. Oh, Kayel, it still is. Don't make it any harder for me. Let me go."

"What are you hiding from me, Maleen? Let me help you. Tell me. It will make no difference. Oh, my darling—"

"I must go now, Kayel."

"I won't let you go," I said as I grasped her wrists and pulled her down beside me. "I can't let you go."

She stared down at me for a moment and twisted her arms to free herself but I only held her the tighter. There was fear in her eyes as I took her in my arms. She seemed afraid and her lips were cool and unresponsive. My heart ached dully as she drew away from me and tried with the fingers of one hand to loosen the grip upon the other.

"You're hurting me."

I looked into her eyes again and as I did I almost caught my breath I was so startled; for the fear I had seen was

gone and in its stead I beheld a smouldering fire of bitterness. Her gaze went through me, searing me as a flame that sweeps through a field of wheat and leaves nothing in its wake but charred ashes.

Her eyes dropped to her free hand and as I followed I caught the gleam of a pistol in the light of the candle. It pointed at me from a hand that was strong and unwavering.

"Turn me loose," she demanded and her voice was as cold and relentless as the chilling rains that swept the countryside, "or I shall kill you."

My fingers were powerless to release her arm. For a brief moment that seemed an indeterminate lifetime, I was stupified. My mind refused to work; my strength was gone; I could not grasp the situation.

Then suddenly I awakened; awakened to the realization that I had lain sleeping too long. The gleaming muzzle of the pistol wavered before my eyes and as I watched the vivid flashes I leaped to the full meaning of what had happened.

In profusion, there arose before me a panorama of little things that pricked my memory—those furs—her aloofness and mystery—Mother's bewilderment as she gazed on this stranger in our home—Joppy's words. "Ah seen Miss Maleen in de garden speakin' to sum men an' when Ah come up dey sees me and run off in de dark, an' Miss Maleen, she 'tends she was out walkin' but Ah knows diffunt"—a room in the dim light of a dying fire and other words: "I'm frightened . . . the war . . . it's holding me . . . I can never marry you"—long periods of absence—her distress at being snowbound—and always that awful fear in her lovely eyes. Now there were other things—Maleen stealing down the stairs—"I must go"—"I can't tell you"—and a gleaming pistol behind which were eyes, fierce with determination and bitterness.

Now at last there was the truth—the plain, naked truth. Maleen was a Federal spy! How could I have been blind for so long? It was so evident. This girl accepted the hospitality of our home and rewarded us by betraying the very cause for which my father had been fighting, perhaps dying—betraying from his house the ideal for which we stood. And yet—and yet—she was the girl I loved.

"Do you hear me, Kayel? I shall kill you if you do not turn me loose."

"Maleen, I love you."

"I shall kill you."

"And I know you love me. I have seen it in your eyes. You've told me so. Remember?"

The rage had gone from her eyes. Her hand trembled as she held the gun. Her voice no more was bitter but pleading. "Turn me loose, Kayel. Turn me loose."

"I shall never turn you loose. You're mine forever."

The pistol clattered to the floor. She leaned over me and touched my lips with the tips of her fingers. In the soft yellow radiance of the candle she was more lovely than I had ever seen her. Her touch erased from me every hurt that I had ever suffered, even her position in my home, the detestable things for which she stood, the harm she had done my country, all vanished beneath the magic of her finger tips.

"But," I cried, "we can forget the past. We can build our love on these very ruins."

She shook her head slowly. A tear rolled down her cheek and splashed onto my hand. She looked into my eyes, read there the unspoken hopes, and smiled. It was a pathetic little smile, touching and piercing my heart. As her eyes left mine and saw beyond me, there remained for us but a trace of that smile, and it too slowly died on her lips. Her hand tightened in mine.

"I give you my word, Kayel, I shan't leave this house tonight."

Her hand slipped away and she backed slowly from me. At the door she turned and whispered, "Good night, Kayel."

I could say nothing for the awful, burning pain in my throat. She was right. Our love could never be. We could never start life in a broken land—I, who was breaking with it, and she, who was breaking it.

Shortly afterwards, I fell asleep.

The succeeding days were like a hideous nightmare or a grotesque tale from the "Arabian Nights." They were days that stretched nerves already taut to the breaking point. Mother returned with word that Dad was dying, and left almost immediately for Nashville. Cousin Nevada, without doctors or nurses, required Philissia's constant nursing. Maleen remained in her room, and although no more than a closed door separated us, it might have been a range of impenetrable mountains or the depths of the sea. A pall of silence and depression, of bitterness and heartache, of sickness and death, settled over the household. Only Captain Summers, working frantically over dispatches in the far bedroom, possessed any semblance of normality. It was a house that was still and despairing in the bitter March winds.

But one bleak afternoon the last attachment to the olden days was severed and the once fine house could no longer offer hospitality to its guests. That day Captain Summers and his companion departed in defeat, yet so high were their heads and so proud their carriage that I

thought as I watched them ride away between rows of Federal troops, that with such men as these serving her, the Confederacy could never die, for such memories of courage and heroism would perpetuate her name and vaunt her glory forever.

It had happened so quickly, so unexpectedly that it was over and done before we realized what was happening. A few minutes earlier, Joppy had scurried into the house from the fields, screaming the one word that wrought terror in so many hearts, "Yankees!"

Even before the alert Captain could gather his papers, a Union officer boldly flung open the front door. Behind him countless troops, who quickly and noisily filled the lower floor. Heedless of our useless lies, they mounted the stairs. A sharp exchange of shots echoed through the still house and silence settled down once more. Soon Captain Summers descended with his captors, his bleeding hand clutched tight against his breast as fragments of charred paper that would never reveal their secrets fluttered down beside him. As the line of mounted men disappeared beyond the orchard, the rain set in again in a blinding fury that blotted out the landscape and retreating figures into gray nothingness.

I was puzzled and confused. Something was wrong. Something was missing in the turmoil that encircled us. Suddenly I knew what I should have known from the beginning. Maleen had not rushed down the steps, as had Philissia, at the first sound of approaching horsemen. She had not stood beside me as the soldiers swept through the room. She had not lent her voice to the denials to protect the men above. Maleen had not stood at the window to watch the last straggling lines of blue die away in the rain. She had gone.

Suddenly the house was so completely empty that I longed to cry out simply for the reassuring sound of my own voice that would tell me I was not absolutely alone. The ache in my heart was so dull at first that I could not realize it was there. Life could not go on without Maleen. How cold the house would be without the warmth of her love! How still without the sound of her voice. How drab without the brilliance of her smile! Yes, I thought, with the muffled sound of the door closing behind her has died the last semblance of a life for me that will never know happiness. In the echo of footsteps that passed away from me, in the swish of hurried skirts had passed away my love, my youth, my very life.

I sat at the window sill, trying vainly to discern the outline of the willow through the rain, trying vainly to find some outlet for my crushed hopes, endeavoring vainly to recall her to me. It was useless. She would never

hear my cries, or, hearing them, would only smile at a memory that had lasted too long, and would pass on her way.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, a hand that was firm and warm and strong, perhaps a hand that could ease my pain beneath its touch.

"Won't you eat something, Kayel?"

I turned at the sound of her voice. In her faith I read understanding and sympathy and love. Philissia, who had stood by me always!

"Philissia!" I wailed, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Philissia!"

My head was on her breast and feeling its comfort and protection, I sobbed like a child.

"Oh, Kayel," she whispered, "I want to help you."

I raised my eyes to hers. "But," I answered, "there's nothing left to help. It's gone, everything is gone—Mother and Dad, the Confederacy and our home, the land and Maleen."

"No, no. It's not all gone. Your Mother will soon return and your father will be well. Look out the window. See the rain? That means it's spring and your land is there—damaged, but still as good as when it raised cotton and tobacco. You're young and wise and strong. Oh, can't you see? Very little is gone—except yesterday. The past is over. There is only tomorrow for us. You've so much left. And," her voice was soft and low, "I shall always be here, waiting for you to need me."

It **was** spring and in the distance through the last drops of rain, a rainbow stood across the river. I saw the miles of rich earth waiting for the plow and the seed that would make it produce once more. Now I could see the willow tree plainly and the tiny new leaves. A robin chirped on its dripping boughs. I saw indeed that there **was** so much left for the endless tomorrows.

Slowly I rose, clinging to her arm for support, and together we crossed to the door. The air was clean and sweet and good and the moistened earth would yield once more.

"I need you now, Philissia," I said, wiping away my tears with her finger tips. "And, oh, my darling, I'll need you always."

William Butler Yeats

● John Mechem

TO understand poetry, and especially that ultimately subjective work, romantic poetry, we must probe the thoughts of the poet, where lies the impetus, the spurring on to lyrical expression. In the answer to "What is the poet?" lies the answer to "What is the poetry?" In the case of William Butler Yeats this method seems exceptionally fitting. Much criticism has been heaped on the man for his obscurantism, for over-subtle symbolism, for theories understandable only to himself. In the study of Yeats' character and environment, if anywhere, will be found the solution to these perplexities. "Yeats never loses his personality in his work," says J. J. Hogan, "and the reader can never forget the poet and be rapt out of time and place. W. B. Yeats is always by and in his pose whether it be or be not a fine and true one."[1] Since it is Yeats' wont to shift his pose rather often, at times with an appalling unconcern for intelligence or good sense as in the case of the Rosicrucians it becomes all the more necessary that we evaluate the poet's life, his motives, and thereby form some conclusion on his work, weeding out and classifying.

Yeats' background was Ireland, and in a lesser way England and France. Ireland and the Irish cause were his first love; England interested him mainly for connections with writers, mystical and aesthetic, both contemporary and of former times. France and the continent, for some peculiar reason, brought out the worst in Yeats. It was in France that he had the peculiar experience with the Rosicrucians; it was from the French symbolists that he learned that floridness and artificial symbolism from which he later revolted.

It was in County Sligo that Yeats was born and lived much of the time of his childhood and youth. Here were formed first the simple mysticism, the interest in the provincial peasant, and his folk and fairy lore; here too Yeats was steeped in the tradition, superstition, and con-

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1Hogan, "W. B. Yeats," **Studies**, March, 1939, p. 40.

2Krans, **William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival**, quotes an incident from **The Celtic Twilight** as a typical instance: "By the cross of Jesus! how shall I go? If I pass by the hill of Dunboy old Captain Burney may look out on me. If I go round by the water, and up the steps, there is the headless one, and another on the quays, and a new one under the old churchyard wall. If I go round the other way, Mrs. Stewart is appearing at the Hillside Gate, and the devil himself is in the hospital lane."

cern for the visible supernatural.[2] This was the inspiration for his first two volumes of poems, **Crossways** and **The Rose.** It is in these collections that Yeats expresses a longing to "be gone . . . where daffodil and lily wave,"[3] or again, "to the waters and the wild with a faery, hand in hand."[4] Here also we find those pictures of simple Irish life, rustic vignettes; there is something universally touching in the sight of the poor old crone, Moll Magee, begging the heartless children not to stone her, but just to come and "gather with your shining looks,"[5] that she might have a little sunshine in the darkness of her tragedy. These are the two types of Yeats' early work: the one, mystic and dreamy, through which seeps a sadness that comes slowly because it is so old. The other, simple in detail, lowly in theme and a sympathy that proceeds with natural restraint.

But at the time Yeats was being steeped in Irish lore, he was also coming in contact with England's tradition. Early in life he became acquainted with English literature and eventually absorbed a rather thorough knowledge of it. He went to school in England and later came in contact with the Pre-Raphaelites and through them discovered Verlaine and the French symbolists. This confluence of the two streams of customs had three important effects on Yeats: first, a revolt against materialism, whether Huxley's practical Puritanical creed, or Zola's loathsome digging in the human dung pile; second, a romantic escape into a dream world, where he walked with creatures of the wood and where he sought eternal beauty by "many a Danaan shore, where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come near us no more";[6] third, an intense patriotism arising partly from his youthful ties and partly because Ireland was the jumping-off place and the sanctuary of his unreality.

This patriotism produced many positive results. The first among them was Yeats' desire to present to the world the heritage of legend and customs that was Ireland's. It led him to form in conjunction with other Irish writers of note the Irish Literary Theatre Society. This was a cause for which Yeats crusaded all of his life. At first there was the battle to eliminate sentimentality and melodrama from the stage, and to make it a place where ideas were to be brought forth, expounded, and considered. Yeats' themes were primarily Irish legend, but the pressure of the war years and the revolution grew, and he brought much to incite the zeal of the Irish for their country. It was primarily through his leadership in the Irish

[3]Yeats, Collected Poems, p. 8.

[4]Ibid., p. 21.

[5]Ibid., p. 28.

[6]Ibid., p. 47.

theatre that he had so great an influence on the new writers, Irish and otherwise, that were coming to maturity in his day.

Aodh de Blacah claims that Yeats' plays were, no doubt, his best writings.[7] Personally, I do not agree with him, for they rely too heavily not on particular circumstances but on particular mentalities, minds that are steeped in the **spirit** of Irish folklore. One cannot deny the forcefulness of certain passages, as for instance Oisin's concluding defiance of Patrick:

> It were sad to gaze on the blessed and no man I loved of old there;
> I throw down the chain of small stones! When life in my body has ceased,
> I will go to Caoilte, and Conan, and Bran, Sceolan, Lomair,
> And dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they in flames or at feast.[8]

And again no one can overlook the thoroughly Irish character of many of his lyrics. There is the much disputed passage beginning: "Do you not hear me calling, white deer with no horns?"[9] The tempest concerning the meaning of the symbolism has now subsided. Whether or not the symbolism of this particular poem and others like it is commendable, two things should be kept in mind: first, that the lyrics by their very brevity can be much more easily dealt with than the dramas and dramatic narratives, and while the lyric must be constricted to one moment, one word, the drama by dealing with the whole character, or the complete phase of a certain trend of thought must necessarily bring in a great deal more. The second consideration is that Yeats' poems are not by any means entirely dominated by the Irish fancy. Even among his early works we find such simple, clear-cut expressions as this pleasant lullaby:

> The angels are stooping
>   Above your bed;
> They weary of trooping
>   With the whimpering dead.
>
> God's laughing in Heaven
>   To see you so good;
> The Sailing Seven
>   Are gay in His mood.
>
> I sigh that kiss you,
>   For I must own
> That I shall miss you
>   When you have grown.[10]

The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner. The Host of the

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[7]de Blacam, "Yeats As I Knew Him," **The Irish Monthly,** March,

[8]Yeats, **op cit.,** p. 363.

[9]**Ibid.,** p. 68.

[10]**Ibid.,** p. 45.

Air, The Song of the Old Mother beautifully illustrate this point. The ultimate value of his plays yet remains to be decided, I believe, but no one can underestimate the effects that the Irish theatre had on Yeats' character.

For it was through this movement that Yeats was brought face to face with reality—a reality from which he could not flee into his introspective Eden. The first decades of this century found Yeats no longer the happy dreamy-sad youth. Maturity had brought with it responsibilities. There is a tantalizing proposition in the idea of the Yeats of the twentieth century being Shelley and Keats grown old. Both of these died before reaching their thirtieth year. All three went questing after "the sweet far thing." But Yeats alone of the three was left to Age, and he repudiated it. Several things combined to make this former solace now a source of ennui. Yeats, much like Shelley, had sought his beauty through love; not mortal love alone, but through mortal love, he thought, would be the key to everlasting love and beauty. Gradually he tired of youthful passionateness and **aging** seeks something different. Compare:

> Down by the sally gardens my love and I did meet;
> . . . .
> She bid me take life easy, as grass grows on the weirs;
> But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.[12]

with its pleasant emotion and easy sorrow with the following fatigued and exasperated utterance:

> Were you but lying cold and dead
> And lights were paling out of the West,
> . . . .
> You would come hither and bend your head,
> And I would lay my head on your breast;
> And you would murmur tender words,
> Forgiving me because you were dead:
> Nor would you rise and hasten away . . . [13]

The outworn joys of youth and the responsibilities of maturity forced Yeats to come to terms with the world. He could not, however, be ever pleased with mere materialism; he sought much more, and the tragic part is that he found so little. From about 1910 on, when he published **The Green Helmet and Other Poems,** Yeats progressed from the breezy, aristocratic didacticism and "outdoorness" of the eighteenth century Tories to the somewhat cynical courteousness of the man of the world to a spiteful old age at the end of which he veered back but never absolutely returned to the Ireland which he once knew.

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[11]Ibid., p. 43.
[12]Ibid., pp. 23, 24.
[13]Ibid., p. 82.

All these changes proceeded successively. The first and by far the most abrupt was his change of style; henceforth, he had cast aside a singing cloak "covered with embroideries out of old mythologies . . . for there's more enterprise in walking naked."[14] We can appreciate the greatness of the difference by comparing the work shown **In the Seven Woods,** published in 1904, with his poems put out six years later in the **Green Helmet.** What a world of difference lies between "I cried when the moon was murmuring to the birds"[15] and

> Though leaves are many, the root is one;
> Through all the lying days of my youth
> I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
> Now I may wither into truth.[16]

Here the whole thought is crushed into four lines; whatever loss may be had in melody and freedom, there arises an infinite advantage for effect. From now on Yeats is concerned less and less with folklore, and where he does employ it, it is more than likely that it is used not for the sake of itself but the better to illustrate the writer's moods or feelings. In **Responsibilities** and **The Wild Swans at Coole** Yeats is concerned with a variety of subjects; sometimes they are reflections and memories of love. Here his position is that of the onlooker, one who could no longer play at the game of youth. The entire viewpoint is expressed in:

> I bade, because the wick and oil are spent
> And frozen are the channels of the blood,
> My discontented heart to draw content
> From beauty that is cast out of a mould
> In bronze . . . O heart, we are old;
> The living beauty is for younger men:
> We cannot pay its tribute of wild tears.[17]

At other times they are invectives against the "Philistines," as when he bade the wealthy man who offered to donate a fund for pictures, if the people wanted them, go have a look at Duke Ercole and other Renaissance patrons who "sent no runners to and fro" to "learn the shepherds' will."[18] A number of his poems are thoughts on the theater and its playwrights. His most natural work in this period, however, deals with realistic country scenes or stirring memorials of his friends, who, as the years go on, become fewer and fewer. There is a certain refreshment in the positivism of these that stands out against the background of a doubting mind which seems to be losing,

[14] Ibid., p. 145.
[15] Ibid., p. 89.
[16] Ibid., p. 107.
[17] Ibid., p. 158.
[18] Ibid., p. 122.

slowly perhaps, but nonetheless assuredly. It is as if Yeats had suddenly opened his casement, and the wind blew in and dispersed the choking fog of doubt to let us find ourselves on the dry land of reality. His memorials are in a more sober vein, but still seem free from such meaningless mysticism as the following:

> In vain, in vain; the cataract still cries;
> The everlasting taper lights the gloom;
> All wisdom shut into his onyx eyes,
> Our Father Rosicross sleeps in his tomb.

In An Irish Airman Foresees His Death everything that is best in Yeats came out. Such lines as these need no comment:

> Nor law nor duty bade me fight,
> Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
> A lonely impulse of delight
> Drive to this tumult in the clouds . . . [19]

In Memory of Major Robert Gregory represents Yeats emancipated from everything Irish, everything symbolical and without morbidness, yet it loses nothing by this, and to my mind it is a better showing of the Irish people than all of Yeats' dramas. It may not, it is true, show any thing of the Irish feeling, but it does let us know that after all the Irish are members of the human race. This elegy is ludicrously brief when compared with the work of the great Victorian, but how much more thought and feeling is packed into this one line: "What made us dream that he could comb grey hair?"[20] than in fifty well-turned quatrains of **In Memorian.** To me, if Yeats had never written another verse this poem would be sufficient to place him in the category of those to be remembered.

I have already said that Yeat's new style did not alienate him from the Irish tradition. But what did estrange him were some ideas that occupied his mind in the last two decades. These ideas are popularly known as his **philosophy of life**; the terminology is more than complimentary. Yeats as he was leaving middle age grew more and more concerned with his creed, or to put it more accurately, his lack of it. The seeds were sown in his early years. Yeats could not stand science or materialism, and yet he has no notion whatsoever of metaphysics. He made no attempt to prove his ideas, because he thought the scientific method not only unnecessary but actually loathsome. Generally speaking, the principal factors were reincarnation (how this is to be accomplished is never made definite) and cyclic phases of human conduct and events which are mathematically described in terms of the

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[19] Ibid., p. 154.
[20] Ibid., p. 153.

phases of the moon. Gyres and cones, primary and antithetical phases occur frequently in his exposition. At best, we may say that they are symbolical reflections in Yeats' mind of his imagination. Yeats made no pretense as to any objective foundation of his "religion," rather it is a sort of last bulwark that he has thrown up against his critical audiences and his own rationality. Cleanth Brooks has adequately summed it up:

> Yeats as we have seen apparently has no objection himself to referring to his system as a myth, but we are to remember that in calling it this, he is not admitting that it is trivial, or merely fanciful, or "untrue." And this is doubtless why Yeats, in answering the question of whether or not he believes in his system, can only reply with a counter question as to whether the word "belief," as the questioner will use it, belongs to our age. For the myth is not scientifically true, and yet though a fiction, though a symbolical representation, intermeshes with reality. It is imaginatively true, and if most people will take this to mean that it is after all trivial, this merely shows in what respect our age holds the imagination.[21]

One can see that as Yeats evolved this "whirlpool philosophy, he was genuinely fascinated by its terminology. In this last three books, **Michael Robartes and the Dancer, The Tower,** and **The Winding Stair and Other Poems,** we often find such phrases as "turning in the widening gyre,"[22] "now gyring and perning there,"[23] and "perne in a gyre."[24] The well-known **Sailing to Byzantium, Michael Robartes and the Dancer, The Second Coming, Two Songs from a Play, A Dialogue of Self and Soul,** and **Byzantium** are all poetical utterances of Yeats' theory. In general, they represent his revolt against the infirmities of age, pessimistic chagrin at the uselessness of all man's activities, and futile hope that perhaps he may sometime, somewhere see the **vision of unalloyed beauty.** There is real melody in these lines:

> Astraddle on the dolphin's mire and blood,
> Spirit after spirit! The smithies break the flood,
> The golden smithies of the Emperor!
> Marbles of the dancing floor
> Break bitter furies of complexity,
> Those images that yet
> Fresh images beget,
> That dolphin-turn, that gong-tormented sea.[25]

But whether or not they can possibly convey any thread of meaning to "unenlightened intelligence" is much to be

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[21]Brooks, "The Vision of William Butler Yeats," **The Southern Review,** Summer, 1938, p. 142.
[22]Yeats, **op. cit.,** p. 215.
[23]**Ibid.,** p. 214.
[24]**Ibid.,** p. 223.
[25]**Ibid.** p. 286.

disputed. There is certainly no help to be obtained from Irish myth and Irish fancy, nor can we find any real clue in the French symbolists; Yeats has gone off the deep end of his consciousness, and it is impossible to waylay him at any objective point.

The Tower, to my mind, is among the few better expressions of his past years. It is a panoramic survey of Yeats' life in the period of this century—a beautiful summation of one man's tragedy. From the beginning where he utters this impassioned despair:

> What shall I do with this absurdity—
> O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,
> Decrepit age that has been tied to me
> As to a dog's tail?[26]

Yeats goes on to ask first the aristocrats, then the beggars, the misers, and finally all the old Irish heroes, known or nameless, if they so did, and seems to justify himself that his misery is accompanied. His mood changes, and in concluding he remarks, "It is time that I wrote my mill."[27] First he wills his pride, which is inherited from the landed gentry who "gave though free to refuse";[28] it is a quality, we may take it, that **distinguished** that class in their actions and in their speech from just **people.** Yeats' aloofness was famed; it arose quite naturally from his preoccupation with himself and a characteristic sense of being separated from everyone else by a gulf that widened as he aged. Then Yeats leaves his faith; it is his creed of the beautiful,

> . . . learned Italian things
> And the proud stones of Greece
> Poet's imaginings
> And memories of love,
> Memories of the words of women . . . [29]

and his defiance of science and objective truth as naught but the product of man's own mind, "made lock, stock, and barrel out of his bitter soul."[30] These two things are all that Yeats has to offer to those who shall come after; in the last analysis, this is all that life has taught Yeats: live proudly and seek only what is beautiful. But even these things will be deprived of you by age, as it has him, and as you wither and decay you will gradually settle into nothing; so that the end shall be but as "a sleepy bird's cry among the deepening shades."[31]

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[26]Ibid., p. 224.
[27]Ibid., p. 228.
[28]Ibid., p. 229.
[29]Ibid., loc. cit.
[30]Ibid., loc. cit.
[31]Ibid., p. 231.

We are as yet too close to make a valid decision on Yeats' later poetry; however, whatever judgment posterity may place upon it, there is no doubt, as has been indicated, that the work of his youth and maturity is of permanent significance. The object of this paper has been to search out the underlying connection between **The Song of the Happy Shepherd** (early period,) **Responsibilities** (middle period), and **Byzantium** (representative of his latest work). The answer clearly can only be found in the delineation and history of his personality. Yeats, the man is the gradual story of one gone completely astray in a land of bewildering doubt. It might be said that Yeats was killed in his youth, when, as he described, he was deprived of his religion by Huxley and Tyndall.[32] Here, behind the winsome song and quickened zeal for Ireland's cause, lay the seeds that grew as rank weeds first to check the lightheartedness and bring him to reality—thus far an improvement—but then to uncertainty and disbelief: first of Ireland and its people, then of all life, and finally and most pitifully of himself; driven on, he clutches at the floating pieces of his frail craft: aesthetics, or faith in tradition or theosophy; nothing will sate his morbid appetite for faith, and his bitterness increases as he drains the cup of distrust. This insight into the man allows one to perceive the ultimate coherence of his work: first light, magical, youthfully exuberant; then succinct, clear, and balanced; finally obscure, bitter, utterly subjective—at times unknowable.

[32]Brooks, op. cit., p. 117.

Mediaeval Institutions

● Frank W. Julsen

FOLKLAND AND BOOKLAND

THE question of folkland and bookland, early Anglo-Saxon systems of land tenure, had long plagued modern scholars as to the precise meaning of the two. It remained to the Anglicized Russian scholar Vinogradoff to formulate definitions that are today generally accepted by modern authorities.

* * * *

Private ownership of land as such did not seem to exist in the beginning. Forests, pasture lands, bogs and heaths remained the collective property of the members of the village community, who possessed over these common lands equal rights of usage. Annually plots of ground were distributed among the townsfolk for cultivation. Once the crops were harvested, these fields were used as common pastures for the grazing of cattle owned by all the families. In time, these divisions became permanent, and were designated as units: the Anglo-Saxon "hide" which corresponded to one hundred and twenty acres, and the "virgate" which represented thirty acres. Thus, besides household goods, cattle, and other chattels, family property came to include land also. This land ownership was increased by the reclamation of wastelands through the labors of pioneers and by the acquisition of grants of land made by the king.

English lands, prior to the Norman Conquest, were divided into two general groups: Folkland and Bookland.

Folkland (**folc,** the people; **land,** land), an earlier form of land tenure than bookland, has now[1] been generally accepted as the ownership or holding of land by folkright. There was no written title to prove formally the right of ownership, but men relied on the common knowledge of the village to uphold all claims of possession. Disputes involving rightful claims of ownership were settled in the shire or hundred court of the particular section.

Adams, referring to its transfer, says:

> Folkland could not be inherited by will, its inheritance was determined by the custom, and it could not be alienated without the consent of the folk directly interested, unless it

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[1]Vinogradoff advanced this theory in 1893 (cf. English Historical Review, VIII, 1) and most modern authorities accept it.

were land which the individual had acquired during his own lifetime and not a part of that which he had inherited.[2]

Although folkland was not easily alienated, it could be leased out (as could bookland) for a limited period of time to free men, ordinarily for the duration of the lives of three successive holders. After this period of rental, the land automatically reverted to the donor or leasor. When leased in this manner, folkland (and bookland) was termed "loenland," that is, land lent or rented.

Besides the accepted theory of Vinogradoff, there is the theory set forth by Allen, which was followed by Stubbs and Kemble. According to this theory, folkland was the common property of the people as a whole. The king, however, had the right to give to his followers large tracts of land, in a manner similar to the continental "beneficia." Yet these grants remained subject to the king and to the people, the former having the right to recall the land. In any event the heir of a donee of folkland had to be confirmed in its possession by the king.

That there exists much conjecture regarding the real meaning of folkland lies in the fact that the term is mentioned but three times in the extant documents of the period, namely, in one law and in two charters.

In the law of Edward the Elder folkland is contrasted with bookland. It is further indicated that these two kinds of tenure form the main subdivisions of land ownership. Maitland observes that "possibly this law tells us that while a dispute about folkland will, a dispute about bookland will not, come before the shiremoot.[3]

In the first of the two charters, that of Ethelbert of Kent,[4] dated 858, he exchanged with his thegn Wulflaf five ploughlands at Washingwell for some land at Marsham, granting the thegn exemption from all fiscal burdens except the trinoda necessitas. Evidently, folkland was not free from the payment of a land tax, in direct contrast with bookland.

The second document, the will of Ealderman Alfred, is thought to have been written late in the ninth century. The Ealderman bequeathed more than a hundred hides of land to his wife and the remainder to his daughter, "our common bairn." In a later clause a son is mentioned, but it seems as though this offspring were illegitimate,[5] inasmuch as he is referred to as "my son" and as he is bequeathed only a small fraction of land:

2Adams, G., **Constitutional History of England** (New York, 1931), p. 40.

3Maitland, F., **Doomsday Book and Beyond** (Cambridge, 1921), p. 244.

4Ibid., p. 245.

5His daughter is mentioned as "our common bairn," which indicates that she was not merely his offspring, but his wife's also.

> I give to my son Aethelwald three hides of bookland: two hides on Waddon, and one at Gatton, and therewith 100 swine, and, if the king will grant him the folkland with the bookland, then let him have and enjoy it; but if this may not be, then let her grant to him whichever she will, either the land at Horsley or the land at Lingfield.

This stipulation suggests that perhaps a man's folkland does not descend to his heir. But again it may mean that the Ealderman did not feel called upon to do as much for his son because of his illegitimacy, although Alfred expressed the hope that the king as supreme judge would rule the son legitimate, thus enabling him to inherit the folkland.

This scanty evidence accounts for the vagueness surrounding the meaning of folkland.

Bookland (**boc,** charter or book; **land,** land), the other Anglo-Saxon system of land tenure, was the land held by a written title,[6] either a landbook or a charter, created by a royal grant with the consent of the witan. These grants were usually made to churches, monasteries, and noblemen. Frequently, land held under such royal charter was free from fiscal burdens, except the trinoda necessitas, and occasionally the donee was accorded rights of local lordship and jurisdiction. There is evidence that the land reverted to the owner after the extinction of the holder's line.

Maitland summarizes the origin, or source, of bookland:

> The holder of folkland is a free landowner, though at an early date the king discovers that over him and his land there exists an alienable superiority. Partly by alienations of this superiority, partly perhaps by gifts of land which the king himself is the owner, bookland is created.

In other words, land separated from folkland was called bookland.

* * * *

THE MARK SYSTEM

In mediaeval Germany there was a system of land tenure known as the "mark," under which all property was collective. It consisted not only of meadows and arable lands, but also wastes, marshes, pasture lands and forests. The land belonged to the community of free men, who possessed equal rights of usage and temporary occupation of it, as well as exercising collective rights of administration and jurisdiction over it. The arable lands

6 "Its management and qualities are derived from the charter creating it. Thus, every bookland tenure might differ from others in respect to heritability and alienability."—Encyclopedia Americana.

were divided into long strips, "gewanne," used for winter seed, spring seed and fallow, and were distributed periodically among the families. After the hay had been harvested, the cattle of the members of the mark were turned into the meadows to graze.[7]

Between "village communities" and "mark communities" there was a distinction. In the opinion of scholars, a village community comprised the group living in a village near or in the middle of the holdings, whereas a mark community was made up of a group spread over several miles of land, each family living apart.

Not sufficient evidence supports the theory that the mark system existed in England. In Domesday Book[8] there is recorded a tract of land in Suffolk which was "the common pasture for all men of the hundred of Coleness."[9] This and similar examples are advanced to show that there may have been a mark system. But it is obvious that land of this nature was vulnerable to the assertion of royal ownership, thereby making it dubious whether the mark system ever secured a foothold in England.

* * * *

THE MANOR

The manor or manerium suggests a "house" or "hall" from which taxes were collected. But a typical manor is not easily arrived at. It might have been a small plot of land without a house, or it might consist of many acres of land with several large houses.[10] The manor, a unit in the economic organization of the kingdom, was a source of income and was taxed by the king. Tenants living on manorial land held their portions by a variety of services and payments in kind to the lord of the manor. The land itself was divided into the lord's land and that of the free and servile dwellers on the manor. The fields of the manor had to be cultivated, its forests hewn down, its herds tended, its buildings kept in repair by the villein or serf who labored for the lord as well as for himself. To the king the lord of the manor owed certain obligations, such as personal military service, taxes, men and arms in case of war, and lodging when the king traveled.

Whereas the mark theory can scarcely be considered as a preceptor, or even as a contemporary, of bookland and folkland, the manorial estates, from the evidence at hand, grew out of the royal grants of bookland. These

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7 Boissonade, P., Life and Work in Medieval Europe (New York, 1927), p. 10.

8 ii, 339b.

9 . . . pastura communis omnibus hominibus de hundredt . . . de Coleness.

10 One bishop of Langres possessed a whole county.

grants, which tended to convey the possession of the land, practically the only source of wealth, from collective groups to individuals, favored more those who enjoyed political and social power. Kings increased their holdings by taking over disinherited lands, one-third of all plunder and tribal lands and by conquest, judicial sentences and the partial seizure of the lands of the village communities. Great Church estates were gradually extended out of the munificence of the upper, even lower, classes and by means of reclamation and agricultural colonization. Combining usurpation at the expense of communal property, aggression against small landowners, pressure on kings and colonization and by robbing short-sighted rulers of States, the lay aristocracy developed a consequential territorial power. In England the nobility[11] so successfully fabricated rich manors that in the eleventh century two-thirds of England was in the hands of a few powerful families.

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[11]Thanes, earls and ealdormen.

Spring Hill Quarterly

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TO THE CLASS OF '39

This final double issue of the **Spring Hill Quarterly** appears at a time when the half happy, half sad memories of Commencement Day are still uppermost in the minds of all those connected with the dear alma mater and especially in the minds of the graduating class. To the latter, the **Quarterly** extends a hand of congratulation, well wishes, and fond farewell.

Although in these present days the sweet sorrow of departure may weigh heavily upon your spirits, Class of '39, there is one particular thought which should raise them and inspire them. As you leave Spring Hill, perhaps never to return for many a long day, there remains between you and the college a bond of common aspirations, ideals, loyalty.

This bond, strengthened and perfected by four years of common activities and close association, will not only link you forever with the future destiny of your alma mater, but it will act as a common tie between each and every graduate so that no matter how far time and space may separate you, never will you grow far apart in spirit. The magic name of Spring Hill will be as a rallying cry for the men from the college on the Hill.

However, you should not only be linked in the intangible bond of fellowship, but also in the practical bond of common action. Every move which seeks to advance the welfare of Spring Hill and the things she stands for should have your enthusiastic support. Every move in the opposite direction should be opposed by a solid phalanx of Spring Hill men. Moreover, you should make common cause with men of similar ideals; and, in united efforts, foster those principles that are dear to Spring Hill College and to Spring Hill men.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

As the present editors of this publication bring to a close their period of office, they are filled with a realization of the weaknesses and inadequacies of their efforts more than with the natural sense of satisfaction that comes from having played some small part in fashioning a magazine worthy of the name **Spring Hill Quarterly.**

For these weaknesses and inadequacies, we can only plead the excuse of inexperience owing to the fact that this is the first magazine of this type ever published at Spring Hill. Even here we feel that we have failed to profit as much as we should by the able guidance of our faculty moderator. The few feeble forward steps that we have taken in the right direction we owe to this guidance.

For the future we have great hopes. This is not a hope based on fond phantasms but on sound reality. For one thing, we leave behind a nucleus of talented staff members and contributors. For another, we leave behind a loyal group of readers and friends who are zealous for the success of the **Quarterly.** For these and other reasons, we hope to see a much improved magazine next year and during the years to follow.

As we bid farewell to our friends, the editors make a final and urgent plea to them. Do not let the **Spring Hill Quarterly** die! Whatever its defects, it contains the germ of something extremely worthwhile to Spring Hill and her students. The first and most difficult step has been taken. Do not hesitate to press onward!

ANTI-SEMITISM

Long before the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersal of the populace, the Jews were regarded with undisguised contempt by their Roman conquerors and neighbors; an attitude that changed but little with the advent of Christianity, since Christian peoples were inclined more to scorn and injure the Jews than they were to apply the Christian principles of compassion and love. The practice of pilloring the Jews has not ceased in modern times with its fresh antagonism and racial hatreds.

In support of anti-Semitism innumerable arguments, drawn from cultural, economic, political, religious and racial sources, have been advanced, though none of them long withstand the probing light of reason. It has been alleged that the Jews in modren States are an alien race, staunchly and covertly united by ties of blood and religion, and wholly out of sympathy with the national ideals of their adopted land. Moreover, the power they wield is far out of proportion to their numbers.

Unquestionably the Jew appears to fuse slowly with other cultural groups, though often enough the fault is not his, for too frequently his neighbors look upon him with suspicion if not with outright hostility and literally shun him. But to his credit he has become a national of whatever nation has given him shelter. His is no anti-race whose racial characteristics cannot be obliterated, for to attribute that to the Jew is to exaggerate nationalism and exalt the racial pride.

Too often we forget that all Jews are not alike. Just as there are good and bad Catholics and Protestants, so there are good and bad Jews. An entire group cannot be castigated for the evil done by certain individuals within the group; it would be an injustice. Of the fifteen million Jews in the universe most of them are still faithful to their religious traditions. But there is another group who, as freethinkers and atheists, are akin to the former only by ties of race. These are the Jews whose phenomenal organizing and mental abilities and control of capital are a distinct menace to Christian civilization. These are the Jews among whom are those who by embracing Communism are infecting with discontent the poor and unemployed in our great cities and propagating class revolution. These are the Jews among whom are numbered the nternational bankers and capitalists whose power sways governments to their selfish bidding.

The vast majority of Jews are poor people. But there exists a small select group wealthy beyond comparison and exerting untoward power and influence by its virtual control of universal capital. These Jewish plutocrats in international banking and world-wide investments virtually monopolize the output of mines and munition works, international news services and cables, the furniture and clothing industries, cinema and theatrical enterprises, the tobacco and drug industries, commerce and press. Through their investments these very wealthy Jews have acquired a power out of all proportion to their numerical paucity.

This lopsided power concentrated in the hands of a few inevitably leads to popular fear and then to opposition and intense hostility which gradually come not without reason, for too often a monied class gains control of a government to its own class interests. This anti-Semitism thus created by the excessive wealth and power of a few Jewish plutocrats is popularly directed not at the instigators, but unreasonably and unjustly at the entire Jewish race.

The evil cannot be cured by legislating against the Jewish race or against individuals, but rather by measures designed to curb the abuses; for if individual Jews are deprived of practicing extortions, the molding of public opinion to their will, and other abuses they will merely be replaced by other exploiters and profiteers.

As Christians we must reject anti-Semitism as offending justice and charity. It would be fallacy to conclude that because some Irish politicians are corrupt that all Irishmen are politically corrupt or because some Italians are gangsters that all Italians are gangsters. Likewise because some Jews are bad, it does not follow that all Jews are; and therefore there is no sane reason why all Irishmen, all Italians or all Jews should be unjustly punished for the failings of some of them. It would not be charitable because all of us are fundamentally alike and redeemed by Christ. It is only natural that we should love one another as brothers modelled after the image and likeness of the same Creator. And hence there is no Jew or Gentile, but all sprung of the same human race.

TRAVELING SALESMEN IN THE REGAL STYLE

The recent American visit of the King and Queen of England was hailed on both sides of the Atlantic as symbolic of the community interests and racial brotherhood of English-speaking America and the British Empire. That cry was loudest on the British side, so loud as to sound somewhat frantic. Yet even democratic America, so notoriously susceptible to royalty and pageantry, joined in the cry almost as heartily after viewing the gra-

ciousness and good fellowship of their Majesties.

It is worth noting, however, that at the same time their Majesties were visiting Washington, the first official visit of the English since they burnt it in 1814, Neville Chamberlain was making less ostentatious and more frank overtures to the Soviet Republic. At the same time the gracious King and Queen were viewing a display of America's aerial might at Washington, nervous British military attaches were noting the number and size of Hitler's bombers, roaring over Berlin, within two hours striking distance of Buckingham Palace. At the same time her Majesty spoke to Canadian and American audiences of the "glorious brotherhood" of the English-speaking peoples, Adolf Hitler warned the Western European democracies of the perhaps less glorious but far more sinister brotherhood of the Fascist States of Europe. At the same time their Majesties reminded us of the indissoluble tie between England and America, Franco was placing heavy guns to bear on Gibraltor, ready to untie the British Empire's life-line in the Mediterranean. And almost at the same time that their Majesties viewed with grief and sympathy the tomb of America's unknown soldier of the World War, the British Government quietly refused payment of another installment of her war debt to the United States.

Americans have always thrilled emotionally to Nelson's words at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty." Today, they might do better to think cooly of the implications of a little book published recently, whose significant title is "England Expects Every American To Do His Duty."

COPYRIGHTED FILTH

A few years ago the Legion of Decency was instituted to purge the motion picture industry of filth on the silver screen. So effective was the campaign that the cinema magnates outdid one another in a frantic effort to bring respectability to their films, for they came to realize, tardily enough, that an aroused public opinion makes box office receipts slump.

A new legion of decency has been growing steadily for the past year. It is a campaign to destroy irreligious and obscene literature which, under the guise of promoting art or physical education, or of propagating essential truths, has been circulating suggestive and demoralizing matter. That this illicit publishing business is a successful and lucrative enterprise is readily apparent from the fact that the thirty odd questionable publications of ten years ago have been multiplied to more than four hundred and fifty with an aggregate monthly circulation in excess of fifteen million subscribers. Moreover, collusion is indicated among the publishers of smut because patrons of different concerns have been approached by the publishers of other indecent books and photographs and of literature definitely atheistic and communistic.

This is no myth. It is not an exaggeration. No man, no matter how strong a character he is, can long resist the occasion of sin and survive. Suggestive reading and subtle pictorial reviews blunt the conscience and stir the basest passions in mankind. Just as germs penetrate and destroy the health of the body by engendering contagion and death, so do the germs of moral destruction seep in and destroy inherent modesty and devotion to chastity with the result that lascivious habits of thought and desire are stimulated and sooner or later comes utter moral destruction.

The cancer is so widespread that the entire fabric of Christian morality is gravely endangered. The morality and faith of youth, of the family and of society are being broken down and unless stern measures are taken to suppress the growth of immorality, the moral, social and national life of America will be irreparably harmed. And the outcome is already evident, for the United States has become the world's problem child with unchecked murder, contraception, widespread divorce, sex crimes, venereal disease, and infidelities and crimes of all kinds.

To withstand the malicious inroads on Christianity a stand must be made. That fight has already begun. Free China set the counter attack in motion two years ago by barring the sale of indecent and pornographic literature including the so-called American "art" magazines. In the United States civic and religious bodies, organized on a large scale, are cleansing and keeping clean the displays of periodicals on the newsstands by a strict boycott. And one Baptist minister in New York has even gone so far as to suggest that the sensuous picture magazines and filthy stories be confiscated and burned.

But the fight has only begun. There is much to be done. And most of this work will have to be done without the assistance of the law enforcing agencies, for the municipal governments of most of the American cities are proverbially lax in the suppression of vice. Even the postal regulations are none too comprehensive and, while it is true that the federal government has removed from the second class privilege some of the more demoralizing magazines, nevertheless too

many extremely harmful and degrading publications manage to stay on the borderline of interpreted and applied criminal law.

We, too, can help eradicate the cheap and shady publications that come to our knowledge by refusing to purchase them. We can insist that vendors remove objectionable magazines from display and failing this cooperation of the newsdealers threat of boycott will bring them to reason. Wherever public opinion is powerless to clean up the magazine counters, then the law enforcement agencies should be impressed. Be it remembered, however, that periodicals that tend to stain youth and lower moral standards—and they run into the hundreds—can be put out of business if you and I refuse to purchase them, for public opinion once stirred will convince the publishers and distributors of copyrighted filth that indecency does not pay, just as the film magnates discovered a few years ago.

NISI VIDETIS: THE No. 1 PROBLEM

While financiers and capitalists in the North point caustically to the South as the United States' number one economic problem, Southerners can turn, beckon equally as caustically to the North, and call it the nation's number one social problem.

Reared in traditions the North never knew, the South, in disdainful indifference, can indicate the ever-increasing industrial turmoil, social discontent, and interracial agitation which daily beleaguer Northerners' social harmony. A hotbed of capital-labor disturbance and conflicting politico-economic ideologies, the cradle of American industry extending from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi is nursing those very forces which if they reach maturity will subvert te entire social order—and with it the security guaranteed to the life, limb, and home of every American.

The South, meanwhile, their attendant mass discontent, the services of avaricious, professional agitators who get their pap-suck only from the dissatisfied, has been free from the taint of class consciousness. But this freedom from the ravages of Communism, Semitism, Anti-Semitism, Fascism et al., has bred an oblivion to the aggressiveness of these forces in the North.

Southern educational institutions annually turn out large quotas of graduates who have it only by hearsay that many of their Northern collegiate kin have sought the power of knowledge only for the purpose of altering the American social panorama to suit their particular credos. Warped by agitation into considering the American social order as one of class struggle to be ended only by the annihilation of a class, many of the city bred have made it their vocation to set about agitating, "liberating," and creating general unrest in the name if any various anti-social "isms."

When the South shall have awakened to notice the wave of disturbance which is constantly sapping the economic strength and social stability of the North, it shall then be able to hold forth as the stronghold of American tradition. Recognizing its social supremacy over the Northern tradition, the South shall be able to foster a new code of industrial and economic ethics, based on the guarantees of the Constitution, to supplant the discontent and dissatisfaction rampant in the industrial world today.

LURKING MENACE

Few outside the Catholic Church grasp the menace of Communism to American Democracy and its ideals. It is therefore not surprising that a retired Army officer, General George Mosely, a citizen who had sacrificed the virile years of his life to the nation, should be publicly rebuked for Un-American and treasonable activities, when his worst offence was his partiotism, his Americanism. "Wideawake" Americans called the General an old fogy who did not know any better. But the charges against the General were unfounded; he had merely exercised the same privilege his opponents claim—the uncensored right of speaking as he saw fit.

Freedom of speech and of the press, in a word, tolerance, is rapidly becoming the monopoly of aliens and other advocates of foreign ideologies. Communism, especially, is the favored child of American privileges; for Communists are permitted to undermine the American traditions by spreading world revolutionary ideas, disrupting labor organizations, spreading class hatred and impregnating confusion in the entire fabric of American social life. Whosoever doth oppose these aims is obviously a Fascist, an anti-Semite.

Americans are easily deluded by the insidious propaganda of Communism whose proponents cram government positions in city, State and nation, hold teaching chairs in universities and in schools, and dominate labor movements and social unrest with but one end in view—the overturning of the American Government.

Americans must come to realize the lurking menace of Communism before there comes a recurrence of the Russian and Spanish experiments in our own country. Now is the time to crush in America Communism, Fascism, and all other dangerous alien "isms."

Ante-Bellum Natchez: Its Architecture

• John E. Goetz

ANTE-BELLUM home too often conjures up the isolated concept of a four-columned colonial mansion nestled in a neat grove of trees, as the axis of a plantation. This conception may be typical of most Southern cities, but it is not true of Natchez whose ante-bellum residences have been acclaimed by critics as the largest and fairest variety of ante-bellum homes in the Southland. Even the furnishings of Natchez's fine old homes are distinctive and unique, and as a part of the original setting lend a charm that is truly Southern.

Bravely perched atop lofty bluffs lashed by the turbulent Father of the Waters, Natchez is a city of southwest Mississippi that is equally rich in historical lore, charming architecture and natural beauty. The impressive monuments of past grandeur 'neath five flags indicate that Natchez is a living memorial of the Old South and a challenge to the New.

Most of the splendid old homes in Natchez were built in two sections each in a different era. Glenfield, a picturesque brick cottage villa set down on a knoll surrounded by timberland, is no exception. The two sections were built in distinct periods. The rear wing, erected about 1812, has thick walls rising from the ground, low ceilings and small windows barred with shutters to exclude marauding beasts.

The front section of Glenfield was constructed in the mid-forties. It is definitely English Gothic with double halls and galleries in front and rear which create an atmosphere of substantial comfort and carry out an idea of simplicity and breadth. Enclosed with handhewn blinds is a summer dining room that occupies the rear verandahs.

The outward appearance of Glenfield is deceptive for it has more rooms than many of the more pretentious dwellings. The rooms are large, high ceilinged and marble mantled with furnishings indicative of the fifties. Much of the furniture and fixtures has been so cleverly carved by slave cabinet makers that few can distinguish their work from the product of foreign craftsmen. The interior is completely equipped with priceless early American antiques, and a remarkable feature of the interior woodwork is that its first coating of paint still survives.

In direct contrast to Glenfield's simplicity is Stanton Hall, a lordly memorial to ante-bellum taste and grandeur. Prodigality of treatment and gorgeous material make

Stanton Hall luxurious without, however, undue ornamentation or ostentation. On a plot of ground covering an entire city block in the heart of Natchez, the town home of the Stantons is built on a central eminence above the street in the midst of century old oaks.

Preeminently imposing is the front entrance of Stanton Hall with a double-decked portico upheld by massive Corinthian columns which frame the solid mahogany entrance in a vestibule covered with marble flooring. Granite steps approach the lower floor of the portico which is inlaid entirely with dark grey and white mosaics. Lovely wrought iron banisters, designed in rose, enclose the two galleries and the vestibules are formed by monumental mahogany doors with fluted pilasters.

An extremely long hall with tall ceilings separate on either side tremendous double rooms and is itself broken midway by an unsupported overhead ceiling arch in oriental carving. A recessed mahogany railed staircase rises in elliptical gyrations to the third floor where it forms a sort of rotunda. The landings are faced by exquisite bronze work.

The color theme on either side of the long hall is chiefly white—woodwork, walls, ornamentation and marble mantles—with fruit and floral carvings. On the right is a large front drawing room separated from the music room behind by an attractive arch attached to the ceiling. Murals adorn the walls of the music room at the end of which massive mahogany doors open out upon an expansive ballroom whose full length mirrors at either end reflect light from exquisite chandeliers. A side balcony circumscribed by delicate wrought iron grillework is approached by a large bay window opening out from the music room.

Across the hall are a library* exquisitely adorned in white, reflecting in a floor-to-ceiling mirror magnificent handhewn bookcases and secretaries, and a dining hall done in soft green with white woodwork. Added attractions of the banquet chamber are two fireplaces with Carrara marble mantles above and bronze chandeliers, hemmed in by foliage arabesques, each suspended at opposite ends of the apartment.

Most of Stanton Hall's statuary, bronzes, woodwork, mantles, mirrors and other fixtures and appurtenances were imported from France and Italy; the brick used, however, was burnt in native kilns. Stanton Hall is remarkably preserved and it is still a show place of the South.

The origin of one of the loveliest specimens of American provincial architecture is shrouded in mystery. The

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*Now used as a drawing room.

Elms dates back apparently to the Spanish regime. The elder wing was probably built in 1783. That this section is of Spanish origin is apparent from the floor plan, low ceilings, narrow window facing, huge iron hinges and paved brick courts.

The Elms proper is quaint and set off by a beautiful simplicity of line. Completely enveloping the residence are extra wide porches which cover more ground than the living quarters. The ceilings in the older section of the dwelling are not over nine feet high, though the second wing, erected in 1856, are much higher. The brick walls have the thickness of a fortress.

Delicate hand-turned balustrades enclose the upper galleries. Formerly the galleries were joined by an iron staircase that was at one time outdoors.

Arlington, one of the most stately and perfect examples of Southern colonial architecture, was built in 1816. It is patterned after a Roman brick villa with Tuscan columns that soar two stories and support a classic gallery. The doors are handhewn and surmounted by sublime fanlights.

The interior of Arlington is as rich and imposing as its exterior. Italian masters adorn the walls of the ballroom. Family portraits and a crystal chandelier in the music room; rare china, crystal, and imported silverware in the dining room; and rich upholstering and satin damask hangings with century old curtains in the parlor show exquisite taste and lend an added air of refinement. Gothic bookcases in the library shelve more than eight thousand volumes.

No home in the Natchez region appeals more strongly to the imagination or recalls more vividly the poignant tragedy of the Civil War than Longwood, the mansion partially erected on the eve of the War Between the States and never completed.

Had war been deferred a few months the rising Moorish castle would have been finished and Italian marble and statuary, seized by the blockade, would have improved the interior embellishment. But the insistent notes of the bugle forced the workmen to throw down their tools, hastily remove scaffolding, leave brushes to dry in freshly opened cans of paint and put away in a corner exquisite carved mouldings where they have lain undisturbed for eight decades.

Incomplete as the thirty-two room Moorish castle is, Longwood is nevertheless a pillar of strength and a model of skilled craftsmanship. It was the architect's plan to effect a design not only exquisite but unique. And insofar as the execution of that design was possible he succeeded; for Longwood is a masterpiece of architectural beauty

and art, rising grandly for five stories and merging into a cupola on the sixth that overshadows a vast forest and commands a wide vista. But Longwood is, first and last, a tragic reminder of shattered hopes and frustrated dreams.

Richmond is a most unusual ante-bellum home, for there are incorporated into the building three separate and distinct residences, each reflecting an episode in Southern history.

Of the three sections the center is the most intriguing. Erected in 1784, it is a choice specimen of provincial Spanish workmanship. The rear section, built in 1832, is a plain two-story brick structure of the type prevalent in Boston in the early eighteenth century. The front is a colonial structure with classic portico and entrance characteristic of the South during the golden era preceding 1861. It was built of brick severely proportioned in 1860.

A creation of 1852, Lansdowne in its fine simplicity is an almost perfect specimen of Georgian architecture. Wide steps rise in a graceful sweep from a brick court on each side of which is an old carriage block. The portico has fluted Doric columns and wrought iron banisters in a Greek lyre motif.

The opulence of ante-bellum days is more intimately associated with the rear of the main building. Facing each other across a large brick court are two-storied houses quite as large as an ordinary home. One formerly sheltered an office and a large billiard hall, with a classroom above and apartments for the governess; the other housed a kitchen and a laundry with servants' quarters above. It is interesting to note that practically all the establishments of the well-to-do had their cooking and laundering done in another building whence they were carried in to the master's lodgings.

Once a striking contrast to the usual ante-bellum Georgian architecture Elmscourt is redolent of Venice and the Renaissance Italian cities. In place of canals, Elmscourt stands centrally aloof in a wooded park approached by a winding driveway that becomes semicircular at the entrance to the mansion. The central section of Elmscourt, erected abiut 1810, is elevated two stories and looks down on either side upon single-story wings that lend great breadth and dignity to the structure. Extending across the entire front is a wide gallery bounded by graceful wrought iron banisters and supports of delicate iron fretwork designed in a Greek motif.

Chaste and beautiful D'Evereux with tall columns glistening in the sunlight, broad galleries and a spacious entrance, is reminiscent of an ancient Greek temple set amidst a sacred grove. D'Evereux was built in 1840 of

pure classic Southern Colonial architecture. Set on square pedestals its six fluted columns support a gently sloping roof which shelters a broad gallery protracted across the width of the house. Peculiar to D'Evereux is a wrought iron balcony over the front entrance.

A wide and ample hall with a double drawing room on one side and banquet chambers on the other pierces the center of the building. And gracefully winding upwards for three flights is a semicircular mahogany railed stairway. The interior of D'Evereux is a reliquary of lovely antiques and pleasant memories.

Monteigne is a startling departure from the prevalent type of architecture of the fifties since it is an almost perfect replica of the Swiss Chalet. It was built in 1855 on what seems to have been the site of an old fort.

Romansque columns and wrought iron balustrades grace the exterior, while marble floors in black and white mosaics and hand-block Zuber wallpaper exhibit to the best advantage luxurious furnishings and priceless antiques. The classic symmetry of the mansion is carried out to perfection in the grounds and gardens.

Monmouth,* characterized by vigorous lines and sturdy brick walls, bears evidence of Spanish influence with its ponderous square pillars and slate floored porticos. Commodious double rooms grace each side of a wide hall which is approached by twin front and rear doors made especially attractive by delicately wrought fanlights and deeply recessed sidelights. Winding along the wall at the end of the hallway is a handsome mahogany railed staircase.

Access to the kitchen, laundry, smokehouse, washroom and carriage house is made possible by the extension of the second floor over the first floor of the servants' quarters.

Many other lovely mansions of ante-bellum times are to be found in the Natchez region, but a treatise of this nature must necessarily be brief. Suffice that the homes studied are typical of the area and manifest the debt Southern architecture owes to other nations. It must be observed, however, that while the wealthy planters of Natchez borrowed profusely from other lands, they chose only the best and produced beauty and simplicity as a setting for their lavishness.

The oldest homes of the Natchez region were built during the Spanish occupancy. Characterized by low-ceilinged buildings held together by handhewn beams and hickory pegs, the earliest dwellings contrast acutely with

*Completed in 1818.

the stately, tall-columned mansions of the cotton aristocracy which reached the acme of prosperity just prior to the War Between the States.

Natchez in the first half of the nineteenth century was extremely wealthy and one of the better known American cities on the Continent. To the show places of the Southern aristocracy came famous Europeans and Americans who were royally entertained.

Natchez is no longer world famous, but it retains many of the precious treasures in architecture and antiques that once gave it prominence. And on the ruins of the old planter aristocracy a new order is arising that augurs well for the future of southwestern Mississippi.

Is O'Neill Anti-Religious?

● **By Jack Halladay**

THE maladjusted characters presented by Eugene O'Neill in his thirty-five plays of death and destruction are, according to Professor S. K. Winther of the University of Washington, one and all undone by the tragedy of harboring romantic illusions.

Whether these characters are undone by illusion or not, the fact remains that practically every O'Neill figure comes to a tragic end and this predominant note in O'Neill's plays has given rise to the opinion that the playwright is both defeatist and anti-religious.

Critics have asserted that O'Neill is a propagandist, who, consciously or inadvertently, attacks conventional religion because science and psychoanalysis reveal man as only a machine which often runs askew.

I will admit there are many things which support their contention. One of the strongest is that strange and powerful impressionistic play, **The Hairy Ape.** When O'Neill wrote **The Hairy Ape,** science had given the psychological idea of possible regression an enormous impetus. The worldly concept had changed from redemption—in which man could safely look backward—to evolution, in which man viewed his past in fear and horror.

The Hairy Ape exemplifies this mood, and on the surface, the play is a dynamic account of a regressive man whose disintegration leads him back to the hairy ape.

Moreover, there are other O'Neill plays which rely on evolution and scientific principles apparently at war with conventional religion and the divine comedy view of life in which death is equivalent to birth to a greater life.

The First Man is scientific and evolutionary on the whole, and leads to pessimism. Fatalism is the characteristic note of **Mourning Becomes Electra.** Extreme morbidity and a sombre quality are apparent in **Desire Under the Elms,** while **Strange Interlude** is built upon a framework of false values and disintegration.

The Rope concerns the children of a miserly and scripture-quoting hypocrite who owns a farm bordering on the sea and has hidden a large sum in gold. While the son, daughter and son-in-law agree to torture the old man into revealing where he has hidden the money, a little child finds the gold pieces and throws them one by one into the sea "to watch them skip." This play leaves one with an utter sense of defeat and is one of the blackest in the O'Neill repertoire.

However, I believe that the morbidity and defeatist

quality of some of the author's plays do not justify the attitude of some critics in saying that O'Neill is anti-religious. On the contrary, it is quite a simple problem to prove that he is not.

If O'Neill believed in the principles of behavoiristic philosophy, he would not make every one of his plays dwell upon conscience. In all of O'Neill's plays there is that which is vastly important in contrast to the prevailing moods of the day in which he wrote—namely, the instant recognition of evil as evil.

If, in the early short plays of O'Neill there is a preponderance of the defeated note, at least in **Bound East for Cardiff,** we have the early intimations of ultimate triumph. The dying Yank, worried over a man he had killed in self-defense, cries out to his friend, Driscoll: "D'yuh think He'll hold it up against me?"

Even the "Hairy Ape" never admits complete defeat. He dies with a magnificent gesture of defiance: "Ah, what de hell! No squawkin', get me! Croak wit your boots on!"

Then grabbing the bars of the cage, and even in his death throes, he shouts in the strident tones of a circus barker: "Ladies, and gents, step forward and take a slant at de one and only—one and original—Hairy Ape from de wilds of . . . "

The dauntless "hairy ape" finds thought a painful process to himself, but he cannot go back to the state of the animal to which he was likened. He realizes he is between Heaven and Hell, "takin' de woist punches of bot' of 'em," but he dies without despair.

There are intimations of faith in some of O'Neill's other dramas. O'Neill indicated there is something "beyond the horizon" in his play by that name. Robert Mayo, while pointing at the horizon, dies with this vision: " . . . only through sacrifice—the secret beyond there—."

Ann Christie finds redemption in the sea—the sea which makes her clean and wholesome again.

The Great God Brown dies exultantly, having finally arrived at the knowledge of God:

> Who art! Who art! I know! I have found Him! I hear Him speak! "Blessed are they that weep, for they shall laugh!" The laughter of Heaven sows earth with a rain of tears, and out of Earth's transfigured birth-pain the laughter of Man returns to bless and play again in innumerable dancing gales of flame upon the knees of God!

To clinch the argument against those persons who believe O'Neill is anti-religious, it is only necessary to cite one of O'Neill's own statements and to refer to his latest play, **Days Without End,** which is patently a confession of belief in the principles of the Catholic faith.

O'Neill himself once said: "Most modern plays are concerned with the relation between man and man, but that does not interest me at all. I am interested only in the relation between man and God."

The whole plot of **Days Without End** deals with the struggle of a man for his lost faith, and the transcendant scene of the play shows the hero and another actor who represents the hero's evil self fighting all the way to the foot of the cross.

The hero's voice rises ecstatically, his eyes on the face of the Crucified:

> Thou art the Way—the Truth—the Resurrection and the Life, and he that believeth in Thy Love, his love shall never die!

His alter ego, an actor in half-mask, dies utterly crushed:

> Thou hast conquered, Lord. Thou are—the End. Forgive—the damned soul—of John Loving!

O'Neill's faith rises at such times to exalted vision and mystic ecstasy, yet throughout all of his plays runs a characteristic morbidity. How can such opposites be reconciled?

Richard Dana Skinner calls it the poetic nature of O'Neill—the struggling soul who at one time is in a slough of despond and then climbs to vision:

> What has puzzled many admirers of O'Neill's work as well as many of his severe critics has been precisely the outcropping of "morbidity" and defeat in so many of his plays, contrasted with his obviously sincere and aspiring search for forces and solutions that will draw his characters out of the mire. But if we keep steadily in mind that the inner unity of his work follows the hills and valleys of the classic poet's pilgrimage, these apparent contradictions become not only understandable but almost inevitable. It is their very quality of surge and relapse, and the increasing strength and maturity with which recurrent struggles are handled that establish the authenticity of O'Neill's poetic sweep.

A Lay . . .

● **F. Taylor Peck**

ONCE, when the Arch of the World was young, and all its stones, laid one upon the other, reared up a matchless tower into the Heavens, a pilgrim, who stood in the mingling shadows under the great vault at sunset, saw that one of the smallest stones in the wall's surface had been loosened. Small as the stone was, it had within itself the deepest green of the entire seas. And he reasoned with himself.

"Why should not I take this one small stone with me for my wife? One stone, more or less, does not weaken the World, and my wife will be pleased. Why should I not be free to take away from that which I gave?"

And he took the stone and left the place. But he had loosened the companion stone, which was the green of spring herbs, to that which he had taken. Likewise, on the following day a merchant of the city, passing under the great vault of the Arch, saw that a stone was missing and that its companion stone had been loosened. And he reasoned with himself.

"Since someone has taken a stone unnoticed, and its companion stone is now loose, why should I not take the loose stone to sell in the temples? If one may do this thing before me, why not I?"

And he took the stone and left the place. Yet another man came, and another, and another, each taking away the loose green stones, one for one purpose, another for another, until the wall of the Arch was pierced and the great vault sagged and cracked.

When the priests heard of the disaster, they went before the Emperor, seeking his aid in remedying this thing. And they fell before him lamenting.

"O Great Lord, forbid these things, lest the people steal away more stones from the wall, and the vault be destroyed, and the whole Arch cave in upon the city."

When the Emperor heard their words, he was much displeased, and ordered that a guard might be placed around the wall to keep the people away. But in the night some of the soldiers took some of the stones to sell on the market-place. They spoke among themselves.

"For what end do we maintain this crumbling structure? The whole Arch falls shortly. Let us remove all that we are able while there is still time."

And they took away many of the green stones, until, when the great bells of the tower tolled the first hour of the morning, with the scream of stone on stone, the Arch fell upon the soldiers, and the priests, and the midst of the

city. The tumult of the fall sounded and resounded to the ends of the land until multitudes were gathered in that place. When they heard of the death of the soldiers and the priests and saw the greatness of the desolation, they threw themselves upon the ruin, each to gather for himself as many of the stones as possible, with fighting and killing.

Chaos reigned. Those that had stones desired more, saying to themselves that nothing was to be more highly prized than green stones, and those men who had no stones were driven out as paupers. At length the people fell exhausted from the struggle. Hate entered the land. Then came an aged sage who taught them.

"Put all your stones together and rebuild thus the Arch of the World."

Then they built foundations, and walls, but when they came to replace the keystone of the Arch, it was not to be had. And there was confusion among them, for some would use one stone and some would use another. They fought, and in the violence the walls fell again. Yet the sage taught them again.

"Ever it was thus. The Arch of the World will be built, and destroyed, and built again until that keystone is found which will complete the Arch and satisfy the multitude, for many stones will complete the Arch, since there are many kinds of arches, but few will agree that one arch is as good as another arch. They will not be the same as the first Arch. The more fool they that dispute over the Arch, for though the shape is the same and the whole is green, the color is mixed and the combination of them will differ. Green stones, like mankind, are mixtures of heavenly blue and earthly yellow—some having more blue—some having more yellow—yet all are used in making the pattern of the Arch. Seek ye not, therefore, to restore to yourself that which is past, but build that which is the future."

And they did, and . . .

Cicero: His Personality

● Alfred O. Lambeau

THE classical scholar undoubtedly recognizes the abundance of material which enables him to interpret the Golden Age of Roman eloquence and Cicero, its voice. But nevertheless, too few realize that the responsibility for this material lies upon Cicero himself, who has given us some eight hundred letters by which we are able to feel the pulse of the times. Duff has termed his material as of evidential value and refers to Cicero as the supreme index to his age.[1] True, Cicero was a personality, yet withal he was a type and hence we can see in Cicero an index to his age, because he represents in all its complexity the Roman mind at the time. The key to this index and to Cicero's personality is to be found in his letters which form the basis of this discussion.

In considering his epistles we must bear in mind that Cicero had no hand in their collection. The very fact that they are, as it were, the spontaneous overflow of his emotions makes them acceptable as portraits of Cicero. It goes without saying that the letters do have a political and a social significance which are permeated by the force of Cicero's personality. It is impossible to miss his own thoughts and feelings which come as sincere outbursts of one friend to another. There is no need for sham here, especially in his letters to Atticus, the tutelary genius on whose shoulder he wept, shifted his burdens, and heaped on egocentrical praises. In reading his correspondence it is difficult to overlook his constancy, which is so often in evidence.

Persistence was his forte. A persistence not unlike that of a small child who has been promised something and does not receive it immediately. It can be seen especially in the letters which he wrote Atticus in reference to the Megaric marbles which Atticus had promised him.[2] In this seemingly simple example there s an underlying symbolism of the spirit of the times ever to reach out and attain.

Another example of this spirit is manifested in his intense application to study. Truly the one place Cicero was at ease was his study. A great deal of the intensity of study is due most probably to his political ambition, for it was not difficult for him to perceive the necessity of study as an aid to the realization of his ambition. It was

1Duff, Literary History of Rome, p. 351.
2Cicero, Epistolarum ad Atticum, 1:8, 9, 10.

this ambition that filled the very heart and soul of Cicero.

This ambition instilled in him an energetic spirit of patriotism which is hard to equal. Yet unkindly or possibly unknowing authors have attempted to define this patriotism as political tactics. His creed will, I think, discredit this theory. In short, it was, "I do not court popularity by relaxing my principles."[3] He let his conscience guide him, not the opinions of men. No one's patriotism could be more unmistakable than Cicero's in these lines:

> A cura autem nulla me res divellet, vel quod ita rectum est, vel quod rebus meus maxime consentaneum, vel quod a senatu quanti fiam, minime me paenitet.[4]

His love for the Republic was so unwavering that he was blinded to its true condition, just as his personal vanity had led him to disregard the machinations of Clodius; a blindness that accounts probably for Cicero's inability to decide which party to follow. This very hesitation some authorities attribute to politics and others to a lack of patriotism. I, however, prefer to interpret it as an acute case of over-patriotism. Fowler terms it "lack of insight" and says:

> In his political career he exhibited a lack of that insight which enables the great statesman to foresee inevitable changes and therefore he strove to preserve an old system of government at a time when its influence had passed.[5]

In attempting to explain his transferring or rather his continual changing of allegiance in the light of patriotism or politics, we encounter several factors. Cicero repeatedly gave up politics for which he was never really fitted, yet his patriotism, perhaps even his vanity, led him back again and again.

> He was the opponent of all who aimed at power by usurpation or unconstitutional means, and devoted to those who promised to be capable of restoring a government like that of the old Republic.[6]

Strangely enough, Cicero himself has supplied all the charges against him, mainly because of his voluminosity and frankness as a letter writer. His motto of life was, **"cedant arma togae"**; in time of revolution he championed orderly procedure; naturally, such a character would be admired by the liberty-loving democrats in those days of early dictatorship.

At this point it might be well to inquire why Cicero's desperate endeavors to save the Republic ended in failure. While Caesar was still in Gaul Cicero wrote, "We retain

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[3]Cicero, Op. cit., 1:19.
[4]Cicero, Op. cit., 1:20.
[5]Fowler, History of Roman Literature, p. 81.
[6]Rolfe, Cicero and His Influence, p. 22.

only the form of the commonwealth, but have since lost its substance"; yet he acted as if the old Republic remained unchanged. Many say he failed because he adopted the wrong party. Nevertheless, his preference for Pompey over Caesar is easily understood for Caesar was known to be a man who did not respect ancient and hallowed tradition—a fact piqued Cicero's vanity and innate timidity; whereas Pompey had let more than one chance slip by without making himself a dictator—just why, it is hard to say. Cicero justifies this association with Pompey as patriotism and entreats us to look upon the situation in the right light . . .

> Please don't imagine I have allied myself to him solely to save my skin, the position of affairs is such that if we bore any disagreement there would of necessity have been great discord in the State.[7]

There is also a hint of that lack of courage which is so often attributed to him. At present, however, this is of little concern. The situation was apparently the choice of two evils, and Cicero chose not only the lesser, but, unfortunately, the one that happened to go down in defeat.

In the warfare between Caesar and Pompey he sided first with Pompey, became neutral, returned to the cause of Pompey, again became neutral, and with his customary lack of discretion finally joined forces with the losing side just before it lost. His was a "yes" and "no" complex.

Despite his indecisiveness he remained prudently true to the Republic and to his republican convictions whilst Caesar was in power. His lack of realism and devotion to patriotism led him to be completely deceived by Octavian in the chaos following Caesar's assassination. In a final outburst of fervor he denounced Marc Anthony and his nefarious machinations.

> I defended the Republic as a young man I will not abandon it now that I am old. I scorned the sword of Catiline, I will not quail before yours.[8]

And again,

> No, I will rather cheerfully expose my own person if the liberty of the city can be restored by my death.[9]

The fact that he made common cause with his enemies (?) against Marc Anthony at once bears eloquent tribute to his patriotic zeal, With Cicero first, last and always it was the Republic.

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[7]Cicero, **Op. cit.,** 2:1.

[8]Cicero, **Philippics.**

[9]Cicero, **Epistolarum ad Atticum,** 2:17. Cicero himself admits his vanity and thirst for fame: "The little strain of vanity and thirst that there is in me . . . it is a good thing to recognize one's own faults." He is sincere, but he so minimizes the situation that many are prone to forgive him.

There was in Cicero a self-complacency and vanity, which were incurable mostly because he lacked the necessary realism to perceive his error.[10] Instances of vanity in his letters are innumerable, for not once did Cicero miss an opportunity to sing praises of himself. The epitome of his vanity is expressed most aptly in his own words: **"tibi neque quemquam antepono."** The concession here is most noteworthy and must have meant a great deal to Atticus. This vanity is not hard to understand if one keeps in mind the fact that Cicero was a self-made man—**novus homo,** who adored his creator. He lived in his own private world, so steeped in himself that at times it was a wonder he preserved any friendships. His excessive vanity was his most conspicuous fault. The approval of his conscience meant more to him than the opinions of men. This indeed is a noble attitude, yet Cicero overdid it and as a result, lost many friends. Surely those friendships which he did retain and most especially that of Atticus must have been true, for only a friend in the true sense of the word would have stood the burden that was Cicero. Macaulay goes so far as to say, "His whole soul was under the domination of girlish vanity and a craven fear." The statement is indeed severe, yet it testifies to the fact that he did possess a vanity which may or may not have been effeminate, but at least was much too prominent.

This vice might also be explained by his ambition, for he aspired to become the most distinguished figure of his time; after each success he was less able to control his satisfaction and became the very personification of vanity.

With all this, Cicero did have friends and nowhere is the fact better attested to than in his letters. Their very regularity would seem to prove to us that these friendships were lasting. The fact that he wrote letters is adequate proof that he possessed strong ties.

True, Cicero had less friends than he might have had. But those he numbered among his friends enjoyed a warmth and a sincerity one would hardly expect from such a self-centered character. It is hard to believe that Cicero did not feel his self-imposed lack of friendship. He was too engrossed in his own private world. Once inside this private domain he was "a human rather than a heroic personality."[12] He was a good friend but made an even better enemy. To those within his circle of intimates he was sensitive, emotional and highly conscientious.

10Cicero, **Op. Cit.,** 1:15. "We (Cicero and his brother Quintus) have always had a keen regard for our reputation and both are considered unusually Philhellenic and our public servicse have wished us a host of well wishes."

11Baker, **Twelve Centuries of Rome,** p. 322. "He believe himself a matchless hero and a second father of his country."

Cicero's habit of acting first and thinking afterwards was hardly conducive to drawing about him a circle of intimates since it led to an imperfect judgment of character. Typical of Cicero's friendships (?) outside his "world" is the picture given us by John Buchan:

> He had been notoriously ungrateful to Julius who had befriended him; he had been willing to use Octavian as a tool but made no secrets of his intentions to discard him when he had served his purpose.[13]

Cicero's friendship with Atticus, however, must have been true affection; for Atticus served Cicero as banker, broker, political advisor, confessor, publicity man, stabilizer, ambassador, and in numerous other positions. Cicero did hundreds of things which were enough to try the patience of a dozen Jobs. The very fact that Atticus endured innumerable tribulations is proof of the genuineness of their friendship.

Cicero's exile must have been a sad awakening for him. He must have realized for the first time how few were his devoted friends, but fortunately he was able to enjoy to the fullest those still true to him. On the very eve of his catastrophe he clung to his pitiful confidence in the loyalty of his friends.

His exile must have made him cognizant of some of his undiplomatic actions regarding his friends, for he says:

> Tibi tamen eo plus debebo, quo tua in me humanitas fuerit excelsior quam in te mea.[14]

Cicero did at length realize this lack of friendly appreciation for he implied a change in this regard as brought about by his exile:

> Nisi etiam praetermisso fructus tuae suavitatis praeteriti temporis omnes exegero.[15]

This period of exile not only made him aware of the value of true friends, but it also brought out in him that cowardly strain with which so many writers plague him. Suicide was a byword with Cicero during his exile. However, it is indeed unfair to brand as a coward one who arose so courageously on every occasion, save one—his banishment. Every letter of this period is filled with abject misery, **"Ego vivo miserrimus et maximo dolore conficior."** Yet it is not hard to find cause for his misery.

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[12]He justified certain associations that might seem unsavory to Atticus by a choice bit of diplomacy: Vides enim, in quo cursu sumus et quam omnes gratias non modo retinendas, verum etiam acquirendas putemus.

[13]Cicero, Op. cit., 2:25.

[14]Cicero, Op. cit., 4:1.

[15]Cicero, Op. cit., 3:5.

Perhaps it is best expressed in the fears he made patent for the safety of the Republic, during what must have been to him an interminable hell. It was thoughts such as these that occupied his mind at the time:

> **De re publica, breviter ad te scribam; jam enim, charta ipsa ne nos prodat, pertimesco . . .[17] De re publica cotidie magis timeo."[18]**

It is incredible to think that this could be the "craven fear" of which Macaulay spoke. Regarding his suicidal tendencies, Poteat suggests Cicero protests too much and that his repeated references were due either to a pitiful attempt to achieve a martyred air, or to move his friends to a warmer expression, or even to stimulate their activity on his part. Livy is able to see only one example in which Cicero overcame his cowardice or lack of courage—his death in high Roman fashion—"the only misfortune of his life which he faced like a man."[19]

Thus Cicero was able to conquer his "craven fear" (natural timidity), proving he was able to act on occasion with supreme audacity. Unfortunately he was audacious at the wrong time; when he was caustic it was to those who might have been his friends; when he leaped into action he was usually late; and when at last he devoted himself to his studies Rome needed him most.

With all these characteristics Cicero dearly loved his daughter Tullia. This paternal affection amounted to a craze which is readily understood in the light of his unhappy marital ventures. His life with Terentia was anything but peaceful. She cared little for her husband and used him only as a means of obtaining her personal ambitions. Her position as wife of Cicero she appreciated only in as much as it meant social prestige. One cannot blame him for not loving the socially mad Terentia. She never shared his ambitions. Moreover, her lack of warmth for her husband drew Cicero and his daughter into a closer bond of association.

The references to Tullia are few and far between until her tragic death. Then one can see the sorrows of his heart as though written in tears—**"sed opprimor interdum et vix resisto dolori."[20]**

His grief must have been unbearable for at the time his mind was gravely stirred by the collapse of the Republic and with it his joy of living. His letters are full of this great sorrow that killed his soul,

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[16]Cicero, **Op. cit.**, 2:20.
[17]Cicero, **Op. cit.**, 7:5.
[18]Poteeat, **Selected Letters of Cicero**, p. 122.
[19]Cicero **Epistolarum ad familiaris**, 4:6.
[20]Poteat, **Op. cit.**, p. 185.

> Nunc autem, hoc tam gravi vulnere, etiam illa, quae cosanuisse videbantur, recundescunt.[21]

Tullia must have been the chief joy of his life. Poteat says that Cicero especially enjoyed her intellectual companionship, for Terentia took not the least interest in her husband and his work.

Many regard his letters to Terentia during his exile as evidence of his love for her, but it seems more than likely that time hung on his hands and that he experienced sorrow in exile. Let us refer to one he wrote in the year of his divorce:

> Misit illa* mihi et adscripsit tantum esse reliquim cum hoc parvum de parvo detraxerit, perspicis, quid in maxima re ferent.[22]

One can hardly blame him for his lack of love, rather one wonders how he tolerated her as long as he did.

We have considered Cicero as an index to his age by means of his letters which are an expression of the Roman mind of the period. In passing we saw that there existed a political and a social significance, yet the point of this discussion has evolved around his personality rather than the times. His personality is apparent in his persistence, patriotism, fear, love, hatred and courage, all of which is revealed through his letters. Thus one feels a debt of gratitude to him who has given us so vivid a portrait of himself. We have convinced ourselves of his inordinate vanity, his quick susceptibility and his liability to be seized and to be mastered by an event of the moment.

One of his own contemporaries, has said this of his letters: "Anyone who perused them would hardly need a finished history of these times;" and we may add that Cicero was the Voice of the times and the Personality of the age.

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[21]Cicero, Op. cit., 2:8. This companionship was not purely intellectual.
[22]Cicero, Op. cit., 11:24.

*Eighty guineas.

The Architecture of Mobile

● Caldwell Delaney

ARCHITECTURE, above all other arts, has been, and must continue to be, close to nature. For it alone of all the fine arts is inseparable from utility. Man has painted pictures and composed music for no more useful purpose than to please his senses, but he has seldom been known to erect buildings simply to give vent to his artistic enthusiasm. Every building, no matter how humble or how grand, has a foreordained purpose; and that purpose ninety per cent of the time is the sheltering of human beings.

Since architecture, by its very nature, must be virtually immobile, and since it is designed primarily to shelter human life, it follows naturally that the determining factor of its shape and form must be the climate of its specific location. This is particularly true of any region in which the weather makes any radical departure from the average—such as an unusually long cold or warm season or unusual quantities of rain. It could only be expected, then, that the sub-tropical climate and heavy rainfall of the Gulf Coast would strongly influence the trends of its native and original architecture. And such has been the case; but let us approach the subject by a chronological rather than a merely logical method.

The first account we have of architecture native to Mobile is given by diarists of De Soto's party who were with him at the siege and destruction of the great Indian city of Maubila on the Tombigbee in 1539. According to their journals, the party of Spaniards stood spellbound at their first glimpse of the community, gazing with unbelieving eyes across a grassy plain to where the massive walls and domed towers of an oriental city rose abruptly from the banks of a large river. In the siege which followed they discovered that the walls and towers were less forboding than they first appeared, being of a timber foundation plastered with a sort of native adobe, but the city must go down in history just the same as one of the most architectually interesting and unusual yet found in the new world. Of what the walls enclosed, we know little. Accounts state that there were eighty structures, each capable of accommodating a thousand warriors, ranged around a central plaza within the city; but details as to their construction and decoration are aggravatingly lacking. Obviously the people who produced such a city had reached a high state of civilization, but we have no way

of knowing from whom they borrowed their architectural designs or their oriental influences. All we can be certain of is that they used plaster extensively and had some knowledge of military fortifications and the dome.

Nearly two hundred years pass before we find another record of architectural advancement on the Gulf Coast. This time it is the French who arrive, and, in typical French fashion, bring a great deal of France with them. It rained incessantly as they laid out their city in 1702, and the construction of buildings was hasty. The cottages they constructed were modest, usually of one or two rooms, and were thatched with palmetto. They took heed of the weather as they worked, however, and were careful to leave ample overhanging eaves to protect their doors from the seemingly endless rains. With the return of the sun friendly Indians appeared, a remnant of the Maubilians who had fared so badly at the hands of De Soto, and the French learned from them a valuable secret. By burning the abundant oyster shells of the coastal banks, they discovered, they could produce an excellent native lime, and by mixing the lime with worked sand secure a strong and durable plaster. It was the secret of the oriental walls of Maubila, and it became the staple of the famous "creole cottage" of the Gulf Coast.

Time also proved that it was unwise to build flush with the ground. The lowness of the site chosen for the city and the proximity of the bay combined to maintain an unhealthy dampness in anything that came in actual contact with the earth. Houses came to be built on brick or timber foundations with ample openings left for the free circulation of air. The Indian's plaster proved to be an excellent material for wall construction, either as a true plaster or as a filler when poured between wooden uprights, and was generally used in all types of buildings. As the inhabitants became more accustomed to the climate they began to realize also that the overhanging eaves could well serve two purposes. For the long, warm summer made indoor living unbearable, and every bit of shade was at a premium. Eaves crept steadily outward as the summer wore on until it was finally necessary to support them. It was only a step then to the deliberately constructed gallery, and the cottage was almost complete.

Under the spell of the freedom and bounty of their New World homes the Frenchmen had been generous in granting and apportioning lands. Every home owner had at least one ample city lot, and more could be secured if he required them, so what need was there to be frugal with property? Evidently there was none, so they were not. Instead of packing their houses together in neat European rows with their narrow pointed roofs facing

the street, they placed them generously broad side forward and buttressed them at the ends with sturdy brick chimneys. Natural Latin friendliness prompted them to build on the very curb that they might converse more easily with their equally friendly neighbor, and their galleries often swept across the narrow streets almost to touch those of the houses opposite.

An increase in wealth and importance brought some attempts to introduce the more pretentious type of stuccoed villa built around a court, but the cottage was the product of nature, and it remained. By the time of the Spanish regime, however, the city had been moved down the river several miles to its present site, and the hacienda type did achieve some popularity. Nevertheless, the so-called Spanish Colonial type of architecture had had its day by the time the Castillian governors arrived, and the buildings which were erected under the new influence were copied from Spain itself rather than from the older colonies.

This strongly Spanish type usually took the form of a rather ample building, one room deep, which was built around and over a central tunnel-like carriage drive. A gallery of delicately wrought iron covered the facade, usually supporting only an open railed balcony at the second story,* but sometimes being complete with a full second story gallery which spanned the carriage drive.** In the rear the house dissolved into two separate wings, set at opposite ends, which frequently turned at the rear corners of the lot to come together again opposite the tunnel-like entrance from the street. The result was a square court completely surrounded by the sprawling house and entered only from the carriage drive giving off the street. Only the house proper was devoted to the use of the master's family, the extended wings being the kitchen, laundry, servants quarters, stables, and other buildings necessary to a household of the time. A heavy iron gate of ornate grillwork closed the street entrance at night and made the house little less than a fort.

With the break-up of the Spanish colonial empire Mobile fell into the hands of the young American Republic, and there was an immediate influx of northern pioneers and capitalists. With the introduction of cotton-growing on a large scale attention was turned again to the erection of comfortable country homes, and again nature's product, the Creole cottage, came to the fore. The wealthy American, however, took only the principle and added the particulars to suit his own taste. The long hipped roof sloping gently to the back and front was retained,

*Conception Street between Government and Conti.
**Joachim between Dauphin and Saint Francis.

and so were the end chimneys. Weatherboarding replaced plaster as a general rule for the outside walls; but some whim, either of sentiment or mere surrender to convention, moved the more affluent builders to retain the plastered walls on the facade beneath the gallery. The house was gradually enlarged until it became square rather than oblong, and the roof assumed an even more generous sweep. A long hall divided the building into two equal parts and opened by broad doors upon the front and rear galleries. In the summer, with all doors and windows open, the entire house became little more than a large and well shaded pavilion—the only thing tenable during the warmer months. To the right of the hall were usually the living room* and the dining room; on the left were two large bedrooms. All four rooms were square, and each had a fireplace—necessitating the addition of a chimney to each end wall. A narrow stair often led to the second floor where two dormered rooms occupied the rather ample attic. The kitchen was moved some distance from the house, and food was carried back and forth by slaves. Blinds at both doors and windows added to the general coolness of the interior by shutting out the glare but at the same time permitting air to circulate with complete freedom.

This was the type of house which developed in the rich farm lands immediately surrounding Mobile. In the city proper it took a similar form, but had a few variations. Convention was strong enough to keep the houses at the sidewalk's very edge, but the outside kitchen became almost impossible in the close quarters of the city. Happily someone conceived the idea of raising the entire building and placing it upon a brick basement flush with the ground. This provided space not only for the kitchen but also often for the cargoes of the master's ships, since the houses' owners were also frequently shipowners and captains. A large door placed in the front wall, flush with the sidewalk, made movement of the stores easy while the captain's family lived its natural life undisturbed in the upper floors above the street, but the difficulty was easily remedied by furnishing a flight of broad steps at one end; the result being greater privacy with no loss of utility. In the country too the houses came eventually to be raised upon high brick pillars, but for a different reason. The dread scourge of Yellow Fever had appeared, and escape from the dampness and "foul air" of the earth was considered essential to good health. Today many of these plaster-faced cottages still line Mobile streets, and their crumbling basements and tottering galleries form one of the city's most impressive monuments

*Parlor.

to the grace and dignity of its French ancestors.

The influx of Northern gold and the rise of cotton ushered in the Golden Age and the classical revival. Strangely enough, however, Mobile secured few outstanding examples of that type of house known generally as "Southern Colonial" or "Classic." Indeed, it can boast of only one real erample of the southern plantation house as it is generally pictured. That one house,* however, is an excellent example of the style. The fifty-foot double drawing room, with its exquisitely carved marble mantles and classic cornices has all the stately dignity of the era in which it was built. The mahogany spiral stair is also an excellent feature and typical of the time; but by far its finest single feature, the magnificent colonnade which sweeps across the main building, down its side, and across the front of the wings, is one grand display of gleaming white forty-foot columns. Spring Hill has the finest local examples of the classic influence in the smaller one-story building. The "Eslave House" has beautifully proportioned and exquisitely finished drawing rooms and library, and our own "Stewartfield" is unique in its magnificent circular ballroom.

It was in ecclesiastical architecture, however, that the classic influence made itself most strongly felt. For the city boasts no less than four churches of the period, each of which is a masterpiece in itself. Christ Episcopal and the church locally known as "The Beehive" may be considered together in their claims to being almost perfect examples of Greek proportion and decoration. Government Street Presbyterian Church is probably the finest example of classic architecture to be found in the South. There is little that can be said of it except that it is perfect in every detail—walls, ceiling, galleries, pulpit—even pews—being in an excellent state of repair and in perfect harmony as a whole. The Cathedral portico, considered alone, is a magnificent thing, and the finest single architectural feature of the city. It is unfortunate that the building as a unit does not carry out its perfect proportions and simple dignity. There is no town house worthy of being considered an outstanding example of the type.

Luckily for the city, the classic trend was checked at its height by a decided renaissance of interest in Latin backgrounds and traditions. The wave of enthusiasm which followed gave to the city some of its most beautiful remaining architectural creations. Thomas S. James, a local architect who was responsible for all the aforementioned classic masterpieces, set the pace by designing the lavish Southern Market (now the City Hall) in the

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*The Bragg house on Springhill Avenue.

French Colonial style and adorning it with grillwork of unbelievable delicacy. The creation of plastered masonry and lacelike iron took the city by storm and installed a vogue which was to last long after the cotton empire, which brought it forth, had crumbled and disappeared. The vogue was an overwhelming return to the use of ornamental iron grillwork. To give any adequate account of its use in general would be to describe every house with which it was adorned, for the intricate designs employed in its patterns ran the gamut from classic medallions to garlands of grapes and flowers. Suffice it to say, however, that the house was generally of red brick, square, and with at least one wing. The gallery covered completely the lower facade of the house, and quite frequently extended to the upper floor and the wings. The house, other than the gallery, was typically Victorian and had few artistic merits. A few outstanding exceptions should be mentioned, however. The residence now occupied by the Bishop is one of the finest specimens preserved and has unique features. It is an example of the Italian influence and shows it strongly in such features as the spiral stairs which wind gracefully down a three-story well in the center of the house. The sixty-foot drawing room was a marvel even of its own day, and its clustered marble columns remain as marvelous examples of the craftsmanship of the period. The room was originally adorned with a painted frieze of magnolia blooms and wild roses and imported marble mantles. Time and the whims of occupants have done much damage, however, and there is little left of the former glory. The Goldsby mansion higher on Government Street also has a noteworthy drawing room and a graceful mahogany stair. All of the houses are lavishly adorned with plaster decorations in the form of scrolls and floral designs, but it is a feature common to all southern architecture and not typically Mobilian.

Mobile's architecture is both rich and varied, and, above all else, it is original. The Victorian fad for ironwork had its beginning on this continent simultaneously in this city and New Orleans; but Mobile stands alone in one supreme gift to domestic architecture—the Creole Cottage.

Gentlemen, My Card!

● **Edward Balthrop, Jr.**

THE great man sat at his desk. Before him was a large map, over which he was poring and on which, from time to time, he moved around little red pins. Evidently he had been studying the map for a long time; evidently, too, he was not very well satisfied with the results of his perusal.

Victor Emmanuel was restless; he had work to do, and he was anxious to get at it. He tossed aside the map disgustedly and began to pace the floor.

He waited; he paced.

When the door opened, he walked relievedly toward it. A servant entered. 'Signor Joseph Garibaldi," he announced.

"Good," exclaimed the king. "Show him in at once."

The servant withdrew and Victor Emmanuel reclaimed the composure that is requisite of a republican king.

The door was opened again and a red shirt entered. The man inside the shirt dropped to one knee. "Your majesty," he said.

"Never mind, Joseph," Victor said, condescendingly. "Formalities can be discarded. We are alone."

Garibaldi smiled knowingly. He understood his sovereign well and appreciated him.

"Come, Joseph, let us get down to business," the king began; then he went back to his desk and spread out the map.

Garibaldi hastily pulled up a chair and looked at the result of Victor's labor.

He smiled approvingly, yet condescendingly.

"You have the situation well in hand, your majesty," he approved. "Rome will be ours quickly and easily."

"I am not yet satisfied, Joseph," the king objected.

"But, majesty," came the reply, "the maneuvers you have here indicated would make our campaign quick and decisive."

"But, Joseph, the bloodshed it entails."

"Majesty, you know as well as I that bloodshed is necessary in war. It cannot be prevented. Besides"—this was accompanied with a smile—"you had not such qualms when I whipped your friend Francis in the Sicilies."

"Seizing the land of the Sicilies was easily done. It was simple compared to this."

"Majesty, I can't see it. Francis had more soldiers and showed much more resistance. Why, the Pope has only a handful of Swiss soldiers and he can't, even if he would,

show much resistance. And he won't."

"Pope Pius won't show armed resistance, Joseph. You are right there. But the moral resistance he shows will cause us a lot of trouble. He has too many friends and subjects all over the world for this aggression to be passed over lightly."

"Majesty, let them protest. After the first quick move, Rome will be ours. You will move in and Italy will be a united kingdom. When this is done, let them shout. Who cares?"

"Joseph," the king remonstrated, "you are too negligent of public sentiment. It can do a lot."

"Your majesty, to a united Italy, public opinion can do nothing. The shouts of the world will fall off like pebbles from a wall."

"Joseph, you are a soldier, not a diplomat. I already knew that, but you show it more clearly now."

Garibaldi was pleased. "Majesty, you are right," he said, "I am a soldier. My duty is a soldier's one. And my job at present is a soldier's. But after my job is done, you must take up; you must handle public sentiment. That is your task—yours and your ministers'. In the meantime, let us make plans to get this done as quickly as possible"—he smiled—"so your job of handling the protests will come all the more quickly."

"The plan is simple," the king explained. "We have sixty thousand men. Napoleon's soldiers are gone, so all the Pope has is his Swiss guard. We march in, take whatever confronts us, and set up our national government."

"It is truly a simple thing," Garibaldi agreed, "except for one thing, the Swiss guard."

"The Swiss guard is negligent," Victor retorted. "What can that handful do against my army?"

"Enough," Garibaldi said, "to excite the storm of protest you fear so much."

"True, too true, Joseph," said Victor, "but what can we do? The guard must be defeated."

"Majesty, it must. I am afraid it must. I made plans for its not fighting, but I am afraid they fell through."

"Joseph," the king ridiculed, "the Swiss not fight. That's ridiculous."

"Majesty," Garibaldi explained, "if they had no leader, they would not fight. Their leader, Luigi Antonelli, is a Sardinian, a former subject of yours. He was early placed in the papal service and in it he rose to the leadership of the papal guard. Remember, he serves the Pope, but he is a Sardinian."

"Joseph, you are right," the king exclaimed. "I will get men to contact him at once. He may be forced—or he may be bought. In any event, bloodshed can be prevented."

"Majesty, you are too late. I have tried to contact him myself. But it cannot be done. Apparently no one can get to him."

Victor Emmanuel's enthusiasm collapsed. He sighed. "Then there must be bloodshed," he declared. He brightened. "Didn't you say he was a Sardinian? Then maybe he is still a Sardinian at heart. In this age of liberalism and national unification, maybe his patriotism can be played upon; maybe, for a united Italy, he would do anything, even betray the man who brought him up. I will send a messenger at once." He reached for the bell.

Garibaldi's voice stayed his hand. "Majesty, your patriotism is foolish—and foolhardy, as you hope his will be. Does it seem logical that a man would do for patriotism what he refused to do for half the money in Sardinia? It's foolish; think it over."

"I guess it is," Victor agreed slowly. Then his shoulders squared. "Then there will be bloodshed."

"I am afraid so, majesty; now, let us go over the plans again, this time more carefully."

The king began. "Here is the Porta Pia. Here is the—."

A knock came on the door; the servant entered.

"Signor Luigi Antonelli," he announced.

Garibaldi sat up quickly; the king appeared unmoved. "Show him in," he said.

A tall, young man, noticeably military, entered. "Your majesty," he saluted. Then he looked at Garibaldi as if he questioned his presence.

Garibaldi was elated. "Did my men contact you," he asked. "Were the terms satisfactory?"

The young man was puzzled. "Men, terms?" he queried.

Garibaldi saw he was getting nowhere; he drew back and waited.

The young soldier drew himself up to his full height. "Your majesty, Victor Emmanuel, I am Luigi Antonelli, commander of the papal guard. You are my former king. I am located at the Hotel Royal. Henceforth I am at your service."

"Excellent," breathed the king.

Antonelli continued. "Gentlemen, my card." With that he saluted, wheeled, and left the room.

Garibaldi leaned over and looked at the white square in the king's hand.

"Luigi Antonelli," he read; and underneath, "Captain and Commander of the Papal Guard."

This last had a thin yet definite line drawn through it.

Underneath was printed in neat, black letters, "Patriot and Advocate for a UNITED ITALY."

Garibaldi looked at his king. "Well," he said.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Unfortunately, the Swiss guard is made up solely of Swiss soldiers; no Sardinian, or any other nationality, for that matter, could join the Swiss guard. Much less could he rise to the leadership of that guard. The story, then, is impossible on those grounds; but the idea offered too great possibilities to be passed over on such objections.

Church and State: The Kulturkampf

● **Fred Schell**

AMONG the trials and bitter opposition which the Catholic Church sustained during the greater part of the nineteenth century, none was so well calculated to deal the Church a death blow as the German **Kulturkampf** of the seventies. The thoroughness of plan and determination of execution made the **Kulturkampf** more severe and cruel than Diocletian's persecution in the fourth century, and more liable to achieve its end—the destruction of the Catholic Church. Moreover, the time was well chosen.

> The Pope was without temporal power—a prisoner indeed. The feeling against the newly defined dogma* was especially strong in Germany, where the systematic warfare carried on by the **Janus** party against the Vatican Council had warped the public mind. France, the eldest daughter of the Church, was lying, bleeding and crushed, at the feet of the conqueror. The time seemed to have arrived when the bond which united the Catholics of Germany with the Pope, and through him with the Church universal, might easily be broken.[1]

Comparing the two forces about to be linked in combat—the seemingly many-factored weakness of the Church and the apparent omnipotence of the German State—there can be no doubt that the Church's prospect for any kind of a successful resistance to the onslaught of the State was not very bright.

The **Kulturkampf** was a later episode in that ever recurring struggle between Church and State. It is a rather typical instance of persecutions and yet it possesses especial interest because of some noticeable personages and events.

Bismarck, the most notable personage in the struggle, was the typical aristocratic product of the Reformation in Prussia; indifferent in religious matters personally, thoroughly misunderstanding the Catholic Church, and absorbed in worldly affairs. For eight years he devoted his entire self and all his practical genuis to effect the birth of the German nation. He had lived to see his work accomplished and had been chosen the first chancellor to direct its destinies. Problems as great in magnitude, however, as that of political unity still confronted him. The formation of the German Empire had involved him in three wars, including those against two of the major

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[1]"The persecution of the Catholic Church in the German Empire" (Catholic World, XX, p. 292)

European powers, Austria and France, and their attitude to the new nation was by no means friendly. To preserve and foster the life of the infant nation against all possible contingencies from within or without was a work not to be undertaken by one less than Bismarck himself. This very uncertainty and insecurity explains much of the beginning of the **Kulturkampf.** To offset opposition from without, Bismarck determined to establish a strong and unified national solidarity with the new empire embracing religion, language, education and political theory. With this end in view Bismarck set about disposing of all factors which might oppose him. His suspicion naturally fell first on the Catholics, and that for two reasons: (1) because Catholics were ultramontanes or spiritual subjects of the Pope, and (2) because of their activity in politics, and aims and ideals different from his.

In direct contrast with French Catholics, German Catholics were loyal supporters of the State. Yet because of an intolerant nationalism they were suspected of being internationalists—"the black international"—and consequently fell under Bismarck's disfavor. Bismarck thought "it was monstrous that all Germans of one confession should be dependent upon a foreign power."[2] Misunderstanding the nature of the Catholic Church's spiritual authority and conceiving it as a political power disintegrating German unity and completely opposing his plans, he acquired a great mistrust of papal action and a lively animosity against any attempt to influence German Catholics. He stated his mind clearly and openly in a speech before the **Bundesrat:**

> It is, in my opinion, a falsification of history and politics, this attitude of considering His Holiness, the Pope, as the high priest of a religious denomination, or the Catholic Church as a representative of churchdom merely. The papacy has at all times been a political power, interferring in a most resolute manner and with the greatest success, in the secular affairs of this world, which interference is contended for and made its program.[3]

He betrays the Protestant's misunderstanding and mistrust of the Catholic Church and manifests what Ludwig calls the "gaps in his acquaintance with ecclesiastical history." With this prejudicial judgment of the Church and its utter incompatibility, as he saw it, with a unified German nation free from foreign influence, we can understand Bismarck's attitude of opposition to the Church. Nor was his wonted determination, vigor and thoroughness lacking. He burst with rage against the definition of

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[2]Ludwig, Bismarck, p. 414.

[3]Larned, "Papacy," History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading, IX, p. 2543.

Papal Infallibility which he considered an unjust arrogation of limitless license to interfere in matters of state. Though the definition of Papal Infallibility was merely the public declaration of a very ancient reality and one which added nothing new to the Church's power, Bismarck did not see it that way. He thundered forth in the German parliament:

> The dogmas of the Catholic Church, recently pronounced and publicly promulgated, make it impossible for any secular power to come to an understanding with the Church without its own effacement, which the German Empire, at least, cannot accept.[4]

The second reason for Bismarck's opposition to the Catholic Church was the one which, above all others, stands out as peculiar to the **Kulturkampf,** the existence of a Catholic political party, formed and directed by exemplary Catholic laymen, who waged an incessant constitutional battle for the rights of their Church and fellow Catholics. Catholics, as a body, had recently awakened to a more active and energetic role in political matters for their own protection. Catholic political activity became concrete in the Centre party which had been formed in 1870 by Windthorst, Mallinkrodt, and other Catholic laymen as a militant Catholic party to defend politically Catholic rights and to represent their own views. The men who formed the Centre party had long been active in politics and had consistently opposed some of Bismarck's cardinal tendencies. Most of them had wished to admit Austria into the German nation against which Bismarck had fought from the beginning. This would have given Catholic Austria great influence and would have prevented the hegemony of Protestant Prussia. As "Particularists," Windthorst and many of the clericals were either opposed to the new empire or to a strong central government. They upheld the rights of the particular states and rulers as opposed to the omnipotence of Prussia and the Hohenzollerns.

The Centre appeared in the first Reichstag of 1871 with a representation of sixty-three men. Neither conservatives nor liberals exclusively, they had both aristocratic and democratic elements. By reason of their possession of the balance of power they frequently exercised a controlling and decisive position in the Reichstag. Moreover, all the dispossessed minorities—the Guelphs, the Poles and the Alsatians—joined forces with the Centre in its policies. The Centre party had a perfect right to exist as the champion and defender of Catholic rights which were expressly guaranteed in the Prussian constitution, and it had

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4Larned, op. cit., p. 414.

also a perfect right to represent whatever legitimate political views it wished. The Catholic spirit of the party, however, brought down upon them Bismarck's hatred and he opposed the Centre as a party disloyal and dangerous to the Empire and as "a mobilization of the Church against the State." The Centre fought the **Kulturkampf** and practically won against Bismarck, as its organization and action formed the bulwark of the Church's defense against an unwarranted interference in spiritual matters. The activities of the Centre and more especially of its leading personality, Windthorst, furnish one of the most interesting aspects of the **Kulturkampf.** Windthorst's noble, consistent, and loyal defense of the Church merits for him a position among the world's outstanding Catholic laymen. No less noted for his parliamentary skill than for his Catholicity, Windthorst is said to have been the only man ever to effect a personal conquest of Bismarck.

The whole bitter struggle was, therefore, from Bismarck's point of view, an attempt to dissipate that grim spectre of Church domination of state affairs. Intent on unifying the Empire internally in the face of hostile foreign sentiment, he was keenly vigilant of the disturbing elements. Among these, the Catholics loomed before his vision as the great opponent and so he, who had not feared parliamentary and popular opposition at home, with the characteristic determination of a strong-willed and self-confident man set out to dispose of the Catholics. Bismarck was certainly the spearhead and driving force behind the Kulturkampf, though there were several German factions which upheld and supported him in the move. His principal proponents were the German Lutherans, the Liberals and the "Old Catholic" party.

The German Lutherans, made up of the wealthier and more influential classes, were especially opposed to the Catholics **a priori** and rejoiced to see their power weakened and their efforts at control of the German people rendered vain.

The Liberals, the nineteenth century intellectual phenomenon that pervaded every group, had certain characteristics that made them a group apart. One of these, manifested not only in Germany but throughout Europe, was an intense antagonism to the Catholic Church. Because of this antagonism to the Church, Pius IX had condemned Liberalism in 1867.[5] The political party formed by the German Liberals was Bismarck's chief instrument in passing the **Kulturkampf's** anti-Catholic legislation.

The third group of Bismarck supporters, the "Old Catholics," comprised Catholics who had taken umbrage at the definition of Papal Infallibility and had refused to

[5]**Syllabus of Errors.**

accept it as a dogma. They proposed to adhere to the old Faith as distinguished from this innovation; hence their name. This group received aid and encouragement from Bismarck who desired to form a national Catholic Church independent of the Pope and wholly subject to the State even in matters of faith and morals. Though it did constitute a disquieting element in German Catholicism, the Old Catholic movement was stillborn since it was comprised of only a few bishops, priests and rationalists who never had any great following or influence.

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The expulsion of religious orders, secularization of marriage and education, curbing of religious practices, fines and imprisonment were the legal measures resorted to. Far from discouraging the Catholics, these measures led to the growth and improvement of the Church.

Definite action against the Catholics began in 1871 by general measures intended to lessen Roman influence in German affairs. The first step was the abolition of the Catholic department of the Ministry of Public Worship because, as was alleged, the members of this department were guilty of intimate relations with the Poles, that disturbing minority in German national life. Next the ecclesiastical supervision of instruction and education, which had been exercised conjointly with civil authorities, was abolished.

Neither merely accidental nor adopted to fit a given occasion, these measures were a deliberate plan to alienate thirteen million German Catholics from communion with Rome and to form them into a national German Church. The plan progressively increased in intensity and measure was added to measure to the fullness of a bitter and raging persecution.

The first incident involving friction between Catholics and the German government was in connection with the "Old Catholic" movement. According to the Prussian constitution attendance at the gymnasium was obligatory to all students but suitable Catholic instructors were provided for the religious instruction of Catholic students. The bishop of Ermland had suspended the apostate religious instructor of the gymnasium of Braunsberg, a Dr. Wollman, and had demanded his removal. The bishop so petitioned Von Muhler, the Minister of Public Worship, who, however, refused to remove Wollman, in accordance with the governmental policy of favoring the "Old Catholics" and interfering in Church affairs. This act, an open violation of the Prussian constitution, trampled on the rights of conscience by requiring that Catholics should send their children to an excommunicated priest for instruction. It denied the bishop the right of controlling his

clergy and when the Pope tried to deprive certain apostate bishops and priests of their functions and salaries the recalcitrants appealed to the Prussian government which upheld and continued them in office.

The Catholic bishops and priests of Prussia unanimously voiced their indignation at this unwarranted interference in ecclesiastical affairs and denounced such activity in strong sermons. Since Bismarck considered this an attack on the government and an attempt of the clergy to arouse the people against the State, he passed an amendment to the criminal code making it a penal offense punishable by two years' imprisonment for priests to criticize the government from the pulpit.

The first great step to render the State Godless by depriving the people of spiritual ministrations came with a violent attack on the religious orders and especially on the Jesuits for their unswerving loyalty to the Pope and their indefatigable activity in behalf of the laity. The Jesuits' part in the Counter-Reformation in Germany had earned for them the undying enmity of Protestant factions who now resolved to be rid of them. In July, 1872 a law was passed expelling the Jesuits, and kindred orders from the Empire and closing their houses "on the plea that they were emissaries from Rome." But this arbitrary banishment of a large body of German citizens had serious repercussions among the Catholic laity, who were roused by this terrible punishment of men they knew to be innocent of crime.

As early as January, 1873, the Catholic nobility had proclaimed their fidelity to the Church and their firm resolve to defend its rights and liberties. An organization, the "Association of German Catholics," was formed throughout the Empire and soon numbered hundreds of thousands who rallied to the watchword, "neither rebel nor apostate," by which they declared their loyalty to both State and Church.

When Pius IX, in his fatherly solicitude, protested against the action of the German State concerning the religious orders, Bismarck, insulted, broke off relations with the Vatican and diplomatically declared war. The immediate manisfestation was the appointment of a noted anti-clerical, Dr. Falk, to the position of Minister of Public Worship. Falk conceived a plan of legislative acts by which he calculated "to make the Catholic bishops independent of Rome, the clergy independent of the bishops, and both dependent on the State."

These laws, passed in May of 1873, 1874 and 1875 and known as the "May Laws" or "Falk Laws," unjustly arrogated God's things to Caesar. Falk recognized as the

[6]Bismarck was childishly obsessed by the military nature of the Society of Jesus.

chief bulwark of German Catholicism the spiritual ministration of the clergy, and so bent all his efforts to disrupt it. He started by onslaughts against the pastoral ministry of the clergy. In virtue of the "May Laws" of 1873 the German State claimed the right to approve or annul all ecclesiastical appointments and undertook to interdict the exercise of religious functions by anyone appointed without its consent. The bishop who appointed or the priest who exercised his priestly office without govermental authority was visited with heavy fines or imprisonment. The government also claimed the right of reforming all disciplinary decisions made by the bishops in regard to ecclesiastics under their jurisdiction and even made bold to depose any ecclesiastic whose conduct the government considered "incompatible with public order." Finally the government took control of the education of young candidates for the priesthood and required them to attend secular universities and to pass governmental examinations before being ordained. Seminaries that refused to submit to supervision were closed. The Catholic episcopate of Prussia in a solemn protestation to the government condemned this violation of the rights of conscience and religion. By declaring that the Falk Laws were null and void and not binding on the German Catholics,[7] the Pope was not attempting arbitrary jurisdiction in matters of state but merely upholding the natural law which bestows on men certain inalienable rights which no government has the power to revoke. Bismarck, while abusing Church rights most arrogantly, resented the Pope's action which he judged an attempt of Rome to regulate German affairs, and he resolved to pursue his policy of crushing the Church's influence to the very end.

To the active execution of these iniquitous laws the Catholic clergy and laity offered a program of passive resistance. They resisted the laws by rightful means, suffered patiently when they had to, but never surrendered their faith and love of God which the temporal power demanded. Their refusal to appear or to answer to charges in court for violations of the May Laws and to pay fines induced the government to adopt violent but unsatisfactory measures that ultimately roused bitter feelings. The government could imprison Catholics without trial and confiscate their property, but to imprison and to confiscate the property of all without trial or proof appeared unjust.

The bishops and priests suffered more directly but the laity was not exempt from persecution. Summons before the law of bishops and priests, repeated and severe fines, imprisonment and spoilation could not break the combined passive opposition of the clergy and laity.

[7]In the papal bull "Quod Numquam."

Because the May Laws of 1873 did not appear sufficiently harsh and tyrannical, the Prussians consequently supplemented these laws in 1874 by clauses still more unjust—civil marriage was made obligatory, candidates for bishoprics were appointed by the State, and priests were to be expelled. But these fresh efforts of squelching the Church were as ineffective as the former measures. Shortly after the promulgation of the new May Laws practically all the Prussian sees were vacant and most of the parishes were deprived of pastors. Yet no cathedral chapter elected an administrator and no parish chose a pastor. Exiled bishops governed their sees from abroad by special delegates.

If anything the persecution had merely drawn tighter the bonds of unity between bishops and clergy. Few of the latter accepted the bribes of the government to apostatize and in all Prussia there were not more than thirty rationalistic professors and suspended priests who were willing to side with Dollinger against the Holy See. When the government discovered that both bishops and priests were immovable in their devotion to the Church, the May Laws of 1875 were enacted to create a schism in every parish by empowering the laity to elect their own pastors. But the attempt at enticing the Catholics of Prussia failed utterly when the laity did not respond. Herr von Kirchmann, a Prussian deputy and partisan of the May Laws, paid the Catholic laity a glowing tribute:

> The clergy are upheld and supported by the great generosity of the Catholic people. The ovations which the priests receive from their congregations when they come forth from prison are not falling off but increasing; and this is equally true of the pecuniary aid given to them. It is possible that much of this may have been gotten up by the priests themselves as demonstration, but the displeasure of the still powerful government officials which the participants incur, and the greatness of the money offerings, are evidence of earnest convictions.[8]

What a testimony of the moral and material support given the suffering clergy by a devoted people!

The friction produced by the ineffective May Laws made exasperation almost boundless on all sides. Bismarck himself took charge of the situation. The Falkian methods were too idealistic for him; he would appeal to the material wants of the Catholics. Accordingly, he withheld all State payments to Catholic bishops, expelled all religious orders except those engaged in nursing the sick, confiscated all Church property, and finally abolished all paragraphs of the Prussian constitution that appertained to the Church.

[8]Von Kirchmann, Kulturkampf, p. 16.

It was soon clear to Bismarck that he was not attaining his goal. Between him and the Centre party an acute political struggle was being waged over all these issues.

> The more fiercely the **Kulturkampf** raged, the keener was the attack made by the Centre under Windthorst's leadership against Bismarck's foreign policy.[9]

In the November elections of 1875, in spite of every effort made by the government, the Catholic representation in the **Landtag** increased from fifty-two to eighty-nine, and in the **Reichstag** from sixty-three to more than a hundred. Windthorst, the Centre's leader, defeated at Meppen in Hanover Falk, the author of the May Laws, by a majority of nearly fifteen thousand—Falk polled a mere three hundred and forty-seven votes. Windthorst was the little David who balked the Goliath Bismarck in all his attacks on the Church and stood like a champion for the rights of the Church. Bismarck could not crush the mighty mite who was Germany's greatest parliamentary leader. The German Catholics flocked to the support of Windthorst in whom they placed implicit trust and whom they recognized as their doughty leader against a despotic and unjust government.

For four years the **Kulturkampf** had raged with increasing violence and severity, but by 1875 the government was in a quandary as to how it should continue its policy. Von Gerlach, a Protestant and President of the Court of Appeals of Magdeburg, testified that ingenuity and cunning could not weaken the Church.

> As for the Catholic Church (he wrote) persecution strengthens her. In fact, her moral power is increased under pressure. The Catholic Church is today more compact, more united, more confident of herself, more energetic, and better organized than she was at the commencement of 1871.[10]

By 1877 Bismarck graudgingly admitted his mistaken policy toward the Church. He, the mighty architect of the German Empire, had gotten strife and opposition where he sought internal unity. The Church he had tried to stifle had grown stronger in adversity and underwent a continual strengthening of its interior spiritual life.

In that year the violent storm of the **Kulturkampf** was dissipated by economic and political crosswinds. The National Liberals, formerly staunch supporters of Bismarck and his anti-clerical laws, embarrassed the Iron Chancellor by refusing to support financial measures which Bismarck considered essential for the welfare of the nation. Bismarck had reached an **impasse.** He no longer had parliamentary support.

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[9]Cambridge Modern History, vol. xii, p. 149.
[10]Cf. Catholic World, XX, p. 435.

Moreover, the socialist movement which Bismarck hated and feared had made great inroads in Germany and the political representatives of socialism, the Social Democrats, were increasing alarmingly.

Disheartened by his error of policy, defeat and opposition, Bismarck attempted to resign as Chancellor in April, 1877. But the aged Emperor, who had found in Bismarck his sole strength and dependence, refused to accept his Chancellor's resignation. He granted his servant an unlimited leave of absence. Ten months later Bismarck returned from the peace and quiet of his estate at Varzin completely recruited in strength and spirit. His attitude toward the Church changed. He welcomed the friendly attitude of the new Pontiff, the genial Leo XIII, even forgetting his proud boast made at the beginning of the **Kulterkampf,**

> We shall never go to Canossa, either in flesh or in spirit.

* * * *

Negotiations for the termination of the **Kulturkampf** in Germany began almost immediately upon the accession of Leo XIII. Both sides strove to end the awful persecution, but each demanded certain guarantees and concessions. Indeed ten years elapsed before the odious May Laws were completely abolished, although the more obnoxious points were quickly rectified or moderated. Bismarck was in a position to dictate the conditions of peace and the Church was willing to make concessions short of compromising its allegiance to God. He insisted that the May Laws should not be abolished by any formal act and that the government should take the initiative in all measures of relief. He also demanded of the Curia an assurance that the Centre party would support the government's policies. As a proof of his good will Bismarck replaced Dr. Falk by a more moderate and conciliatory minister. He obtained from the **Landtag** modifications of the May Laws and in 1882 Prussia established an embassy at the Vatican. But Bismarck insisted that the bishops make known to the government all ecclesiastical appointments and upheld the government's right to veto, concessions Rome granted.

During the peace negotiations between the Church and Prussia, papal diplomacy wrongly laid too much stress on the purely politico-ecclesiastical elements of the problem, not sufficiently taking into account the fundamental source of the conflict,i.e.,the violation of the constitutional law of Prussia. This had been the source of grievance against which the Centre party had struggled; yet the Pope disregarded Windthorst's plea to anchor again the rights of the Church in the Prussian constitution. In this

sense Rome did not seem to cooperate with the Centre but acceded too readily to Bismarck's requests.

Through Rome Bismarck hoped to gain the Centre's support; but though the Vatican tried to interest the Centre to support Bismarck's purely political matters, that party adhered to its political policies and viewed wih suspicion Bismarck's concessions since the Pope had not insisted on constitutional guarantees. Windthorst objected to a peace too lenient. When Bismarck realized he could not control the Centre through Rome he dropped negotiations but the improvement in relations continued and in 1888 the last of the May Laws were repealed.

The final outcome of the peace negotiations provided that parish priests could be appointed only with government approval; that the State should control education; and that the Church's rights should not have constitutional guarantees. On the other hand Bismarck conceded to the Church the control of ecclesiastical education, permitted the reassertion of papal disciplinary authority over the clergy, allowed the restoration of public worship and the administration of the sacraments, authorized the application of ecclesiastical censures, and suffered the return of the religious orders.

Thus ended the bold and determined effort to subjugate the Church to the power of the State. The plan failed completely. The Church had lost much but it had not forsaken its loyalty to God and in being constant to Him lies its whole power and glory.

What was merely a change in policy for Bismarck was a welcome calm after a long and bitter, though glorious, struggle for the suffering Catholics of Germany. The Church was restored practically to the status it held before the **Kulturkampf.** The German Catholics were united in a stronger and deeper love and loyalty to their religion. They were roused to take a leading and influential part in the religious, political and intellectual affairs of one of the major racial elements and of one of the leading nations of Europe, which greatly affected the future of the German Empire and, through it, the whole world. It was a signal triumph for the Catholic Church in the mighty battle against the forces of atheism which might have destroyed the Church in the nineteenth century.

Widening Vistas

A MISGUIDED PRESS

THE United States has the most gullible fourth estate in the universe. Foreign press agents can tell American newspapermen whatever they wish, knowing fully well that this confidence is returned without shadow of doubt. Propagandists of all shades and half-baked commentators over the ether waves and in the press have continually pulled the wool over American eyes.

The late Spanish War clearly indicates the depth of American gullibility. Radio commentators and foreign correspondents informed the public that the Spanish Government at Madrid was fighting to maintain Spanish Democracy. The Nationalists, christened "Rebels" and "Moors," were developing a fascist dictatorship that would destroy Spanish liberties. These rebels were financed by Rome and Berlin and supported whole divisions of Italian troops, German aviators and technicians and more Moors than Spanish Morocco ever had. In every engagement the Africans and Italians were always present in excessive numbers. The rebels bombed defenseless cities, slaughtered helpless noncombatants maliciously, and kept their firing squads working overtime. There were no lengths beyond which the Nationalists would not go. Truly they were instruments of the devil and worthy of decent people's condemnation.

Some mention was made of the International Brigades, but we were never led to conjecture that Russians, French, Czechs, British, Americans, Canadians, even Germans and Italians, far outnumbered the foreign volunteers in the Nationalist armies; that if only Spaniards had been left to fight on both sides the war would have been over inside a year. No, that would have been heresy and would have destroyed the delusions of the American people. The Catholic press, which alone carried Spanish dispatches of atrocities and mass murders which conservatives set at four hundred thousand men, women and children, the malicious destruction of cities, churches and works of art, the confiscation of riches, and the part Soviet Russia played in Loyalist Spain, was feeding its people with fabrications. The Loyalists were lily-white; they were striving to preserve democracy in all its splendor! And Americans were taken in, hook, line and sinker.

Slowly the idea prevailed that, after all, the Komitern actually controlled Loyalist Spain. But for almost two years determined and well-financed Communist agitators and propagandists had been able to disguise the Soviet

controlled Madrid-Barcelona government partly by the use of a puppet premier who was eventually thrown into the discard by the "liberty-loving" Dr. Juan Negrin and Julio Alvarez del Vayo, who incidently are now in North America propagating further untruths about Spain.

The Nationalist armies, whom no one told us were Spaniards* fighting to preserve the western Christian civilization and an independent Pyrennean nation and who were not massacreing noncombatants, gradually wrested Spain from the failing grasp of the pseudo-government at Madrid and Valencia until finally the capital fell and the remaining fourth of the country not already in Nationalist hands capitulated.

Even before the deathknell sounded there was a pell-mell rush of mentally and morally decadent "patriots" of the stamp of Negrin, del Vayo, La Pasionaria, Uribe and Hernandez to flee the country but not until they had stripped it of whatever plunder they could cart away. Those who could not get away tried to conciliate their conquerors by pledges of "fidelity."

Leftist Spain, which had been financed by and had taken its orders from Moscow, collapsed, and a new Spain, redolent of the glories of happier days, emerged; a Spain united by common bonds of blood, thought and religion; a Spain that wanted political, economic and moral independence and unity.

The friends of Red Russia, particularly in the English-speaking countries, did not now admit frustration. No indeed. Had not Franco demanded unconditional surrender? Even now he was making bloody reprisals against those who had opposed him. Besides, he was in the act of foisting upon unwitting Spaniards a fascist State, dominated and controlled by Rome and Berlin. Woe betide the rest of Europe with this fascist phalanx encircling the democracies!

And the American press, as usual, allowed itself to to be hoodwinked. It spread the glad tidings and pilloried Franco unmercifully. Atrocity stories received banner headlines, and Spain's surrender to Hitler and Mussolini were foregone conclusions appropriately played up by glib editorialists.

General Franco demanded unconditional surrender. So did Grant. Franco could conscientiously offer no other terms. And as to reprisals he has made none, for the hundreds of thousands of war prisoners are being released to return to a useful civilian life. But there have been those who were guilty of heinous crimes. No self-respecting nation would set at liberty proven criminals. Must the brutal murderers and torturers of a million defenseless

*Five per cent of the Nationalist armed forces were foreigners.

Spaniards be pardoned for their crimes? Justice demands retribution be made. And precisely as our courts of justice pronounce lethal sentance upon convicted criminals after a fair trial, so Hispanic courts of justice have sentenced to death men justly and fairly convicted of infamous crimes perpetrated under the cloak of war.

That Franco is the puppet of Mussolini and Hitler and has made Spain subservient to Italy and Germany are unadulterated prevarications. Repeatedly he has asserted that Spain must be independent of foreign influence; that it must live in peace and amity and maintain harmonious trade relations with all foreign nations. If we know the Spanish character and traditions these promises will be kept, for no Spaniard will ever submit to alien domination. Proud of his nationality, his past glories, his religion and his individuality a Spaniard will never take dictation and direction from a ruler who is not of his own and a lover of Spain and its Catholic culture.

That Spain has problems of reconstruction is obvious. Every nation has them and each of them works out its individual problems in its own way brooking no interference from alien reformers. Before we meddle in the affairs of other powers it would behoove us to solve the many pressing problems at home. Let our brilliant editors and discerning commentators confine themselves to home problems without showing our neighbors how theirs should be solved. Then, and only then, will we divorce ourselves from foreign entanglements and from all possibility of disastrous wars.

E. W. L.

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WARS AND BIG BUSINESS

Wars are the playthings of big business to be put to whatever devices suits the whims of the money magnates. Does danger threaten the enormous profits accruing out of heavy loans and the sale on credit of the sinews of war then the monied creditors of belligerent nations bring to bear pressure on their home governments that something be done at once. But the investments of big business can be protected only by armed intervention and that, of course, means war.

An apt illustration of the infallibility of the argument can be found in the World War. In the year 1914, Woodrow Wilson committed the United States to a policy of strict neutrality. Ably supporting the president's policy was a foresighted statesman, the Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, whose avowed pacificism induced him to object to a proposed private loan to France on the grounds that "granting loans to belligerents would be inconsistent with the true spirit of neutrality" and that

"money is the worst of all contrabands because it commands everything else."

Opposition from within and without the government forced Bryan to surrender his portfolio the next year to Robert Lansing who, disregarding entirely his predecessor's wisdom, advised Wilson to forego his policy of strict neutrality by permitting loans to belligerents. As a consequence of this change of policy an American banking syndicate was empowered to loan France a half billion dollars. Thereupon the Allies borrowed and bought prodigiously and everybody had a job.

Two years later it happened. From London Ambassador Page cabled that the Allies needed more money than private capital could supply. His insistence that the United States Government could prevent an international panic only by advancing vast sums of money to the Allies, was a proposal tantamount to a declaration of war upon Germany. And why did Page make this demand? Solely to maintain American predominance in world trading marts. A month after Page's proposal the United States entered the world conflict and the Government made loans directly to the Allies.

American intervention in that War cost the nation eleven billion dollars and thousands of American lives. If it taught nothing else it brought home to Americans the lesson that whenever the nation's financial resources are used to aid, for example, foreign democracies it is inevitable that we will be involved in war, for loans and goods on credit to belligerents are merely the preludes to war and armed intervention is as certain as morning follows the night whenever these loans are endangered. Strict neutrality can only be maintained when all assistance is denied belligerents. It is the only system that will shackle the selfish ambitions of big business.

T. S.

Press Gleanings

BATHOS in the news has done much to reduce the war hysteria over the past few months. The value of laughter psychologists have long recognized. Try it before an examination.

Panic stricken Chicagoans viewed with alarm the handiwork of an unknown Nazi adherent who climbed an abandoned theatre and arranged an electric signboard so that it read "Heil Hitler! Down with the Jews" . . . In Cleveland a man complained that the press had misspelled his name in a marriage license notice. Anyone with a name like Mieczyslaws Dziadosz deserves to have it misspelled . . . Indianapolis police raided a veterans' post and confiscated nine slot machines and a dice device following the complaint of one vet who had lost fifteen hundred dollars . . . You can't beat a racket like that.

Memorial Day now vies with the Fourth of July for casualties. For the four-day weekend of May the thirtieth a mere three hundred and thirty-five violently passed in their checks . . . In a Pennsylvania town the executive committee forgot to tell a Civil War vet that he was the guest of honor in the Memorial Day parade—the parade was marched without him . . .

The year-round playground attraction of New England is now featured in a booklet, "Relax in New England After the World's Fair." Is that a dig at Grover Whalen's New York Fair? And speaking of fairs, San Francisco and New York are out-doing each other in the cult of the body. The directors of the fairs seem to think that nobody will go through the turnstiles unless a bevy of undergarbed hussies are conspicuously displayed.

The federal government has been most successful in breaking the power of political bosses and racketeers by the simple device of convicting them of evading income tax returns . . . Federal judges and district attorneys used to be above suspicion . . . But since the attorney-general at Washington began to clean house at least one highly respected judge, who was not above accepting "loans" to influence his decisions, has been convicted and more are up for trial . . . America's ranking World War draft dodger, long a fugitive in Germany, has returned to complete his sentence. Perhaps he feared he would be caught up in the Nazi draft . . . Coincident with the rearmaments abroad the War Department announced that seventeen thousand young men will be admitted for training as technicians to the expanding army air corps.

A United States Senator, enroute to a North Carolina commencement exercise, was forced to thumb a ride in a truck after his machine had sprung a flat. Not a dignified entree, but effective in a pinch . . . Co-eds in South Carolina stole the spotlight when they registered personality plus and a higher self-determination that the men.

Accidents, no matter how fatal, occasionally have their lighter sides—Three Ohio freight trains were smashed up in an unusual wreck . . . While digging for angle worms with a homemade electrical device an Illinois man electrocuted himself. A break for the worms . . . A Mississippi negro was scattered half a mile when twenty-six sticks of dynamite he was carrying went off . . . Because he mistook a dynamite cap for an odd piece of metal and used it as a wedge in the loosened head of his sledgehammer, a Connecticut woodchopper landed in a hospital little the worse for his adventure . . . A Montana student volunteered his face for an experimental smearing of plaster paris. Complications set in when the textbooks gave no solution for removing the plaster. Obliging hospital attaches removed the plaster . . . When two Montana blind men collided in the street, each accused the other of not looking where he was going . . . A quick-witted truck driver saved his blazing load of gasoline by speeding through downtown Kansas City traffic to whip out the flames . . . A Charleston (S. C.) carpenter tumbled off a roof and, no ambulance around, he was rushed to the hospital in a city dump truck. Any conveyance will do in a pinch.

Women in the news—A plunge into San Francisco Bay in her first airplane ride did not abate the ardor of a California woman who promptly finished her birthday ride in another plane . . . Women physicians are gradually replacing the men in English institutions. The hospitals are leaving nothing to chance, for male physicians may be summoned for war service at any time . . . A Massachusetts lass put her lipstick to good use when she jotted down on her arm the license plate of a tire thief's car. He was caught . . . A Virginia woman stung thrice presently stopped her weed-pulling and discovered a three-foot water moccasin about to strike again. She killed the snake before she fainted . . . A Chicagoan surrendered her right to alimony so that her ex-mate could support his second wife . . . A woman in Oklahoma fed her five children strychnine capsules before she slashed her throat . . . Another Chicago woman got a divorce because her mate celebrated their wooden anniversary by throwing a wooden bowl of chop suey at her. Such trivial excuses for sundering the sacred bonds of matrimony . . . A West Palm Beach woman excused her cvertime parking on the plea that she could not find the new family car she had

parked because she had forgotten its color. No wonder the desk sergeant revoked the summons . . . Police stopped the moonlight peregrinations of a Massachusetts swain who visited his lady-love via the second story window. She said she gave him permission to enter anyway he pleased, but the youth was fined nevertheless for disturbing the peace . . . A Kentucky woman with babe in arms protected her man by shooting to death a constable . . . Twelve women vagrants in Mobile enriched the sheriff's coffers to the extent of some sixty dollars in fees.

In the realm of sports—In eight medal play tournaments last year Henry Picard earned two dollars and two cents a stroke. Not bad! . . . Umpires in the big leagues complain of the illegal use of the spitball . . . Secretary of a Chicago bowling league absconded with a thousand dollars in prize money that was to be given to the league's best bowlers at the end of the season . . . An athlete in a small Michigan college earned eleven letters in football, track, tennis and basketball during his four years of competition . . . One of two Detroit sandlot outfielders was killed when the two collided attempting to field a drive . . . In an Eastern pistol tournament a White House cop shot thirty bull's eyes for a perfect score and a meet record . . . A coast sprinter won the last lap of his team's 440-yard relay even though he finished the race with his sweat pants wrapped around his ankles. That's running.

The Dionne quintuplets cast formality to the winds and made themselves wholly at ease with the English royalty . . . And a well wisher from California sent Canada's five young darlings a rabbit's foot on their fifth birthday . . . Schenectady high school students spent four years building a six-inch reflector telescope that cost only fifty dollars . . . A six-year-old Kansas child, intrigued by the metamorphosis of empty milk bottles to filled, replaced the milk bottles with pop bottles and nothing happened. Was the youngster disillusioned? . . . An airplane out of control skidded into a shallow pool in western Pennsylvania and killed one of two swimming boys. Even the old swimming pool isn't safe from flyers' antics . . . A Milwaukee pedagogue lists spoiled children as follows: Spot lighters—those who bask in adults' smiles; shrinkers—take a back seat; clingers—want their mammas; favorites—must be petted; and tyrants—must rule or ruin. Which were you?

While the rest of the country was sweltering or digging out from rains, the temperature in Idaho was down to twenty-three degrees June 1 . . . Rains the past month have made most of Alabama's clay roads impassable . . . Clay roads, eh! Well, the college's roads will be paved this summer, so Washington informs.

An Illinois village has decreed that bees may not fly at large through the village if owned by anyone. That's a large order for the constable to decide whose bees are buzzing . . . Sixty racing pigeons were killed in Chicago when thieves abandoned and burned a stolen car against the pigeon shed . . . Peace officers in South Dakota hope to stop cattle rustling by stopping all cars that haul livestock . . . Three hundred Leghorns laid some 276,000 eggs to finance an Ohio State University student's four year course . . . Four angry robins pecked away at a cat in northern New York until the feline released the baby robin it seized and dashed to safety . . . Three bear cubs in Yellowstone Park performed for the royal princes of Norway by boxing and wrestling . . . A Montana housewife saved all but one of her seventeen young chicks by opening their crops and extracting from one to seven roofing tacks in each . . . California takes first rank in the output of turkeys. California's birds were worth more than eight million dollars in 1938 . . . Sheriff's deputies raided a still in Alabama and seized two oxen that were used to haul wood and whisky . . . An old city work horse in Delaware, retired to a farm a few weeks before after twenty years' service, escaped and returned to cover his old trash wagon route. One day of this and he was dead. It's hard, even for a horse, to break the habits of a lifetime . . . A Georgian farmer had a grand haul when he cut down a giant oak. The tree yielded three eight-pound opossums, five fat squirrels, a swarm of bees, twenty pounds of honey and two cords of wood . . . Two North Carolina bird dogs, bereft of their young, mothered five fox puppies. But Mother Fox finally located her young and tried to recover them but failed when she broke into the wrong room . . . Housewives in a small Nebraska village are wringing their hands in exasperation. One has been startled by a large jackrabbit bounding up her basement stairs; another has black widow spiders residing in a bookcase; a third discovered a salamander in the cellar; and a fourth found a garter snake atop her linen closet.

A foreign flavor tinges the news—Finland, the only nation that is completing its war debts to the United States, paid its most recent installment while England's royal pair were being feted in New York . . . A mixed commission of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Egyptians and a Dutchman govern the Suez Canal. Italy, basing its claims to three pseudo-Italian builders of the Canal, was refused a place on the board . . . Germany has instituted a system for beautifying its highways. Fruit trees are now planted along the roadways. In addition the fruit is harvested at the purchaser's expense and sold at auction, so that the trees have a utilitarian value . . . Pope Pius XII emptied Vatican City gaol by releasing its only prisoner, a former

Vatican library bookkeeper who was convicted of embezzlement . . . Santiago (Chile) students, angered over a bill to grant amnesty to former officials charged with killing sixty-five students in a revolution last year, laid down a heavy barrage of bricks, glass and vegetables and smashed windows in the senatorial chambers. Nice people . . . Buenos Aires faces a traffic predicament—A new law fines or gaols jaywalkers or gutter-walkers. The difficulty lies in the fact that vehicular traffic is kept to the left and pedestrians are expected to keep to the right so that they will face oncoming vehicles . . . Australia will soon be a self-sufficient unit for airplane manufacturies since rich deposits of aluminum and magnesium alloys are available in Tasmania, with nickel deposits coming from Canada . . . The British Navy is placing at the disposal of all surface vessels film projectors in order that the men of the fleet may for three cents a week attend the cinemas at sea . . . Germany, faced by a scarcity of food supplies and war materials, is practically on a wartime basis. Great supplies of foodstuffs are being canned and essential war commodities are being stored for future use in the event of war. As a result German housewives feel the pinch and pay steep prices for food . . . German housewives, limited to few if any oranges over the past few months, were surprised in Berlin when big crates of Spanish oranges began to make their appearance. They were told that Franco was paying off part of the Spanish war debt in oranges . . . Most plentiful of the German vegetables are potatoes and spinach. Sauerkraut, butter, lard and fat are hard to get. Less than six ounces of butter are allowed per person . . . In Johannesburg South African descendants of the Huguenots have grown beards to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their ancestors' arrival in South Africa.

The Peruvian government has adopted as a state ward the five-year-old Indian girl who gave birth to an infant son . . . The Czecho-Slovakian minister at Washington has refused to haul down the white, red and blue flag of his nonexistent country because he does not recognize the legality of Hitler's coup . . . The King and Queen of Canada were roughing it in a hundred and twenty-five dollar a day cabin on Lac Beauvert (Alberta), guarded by Royal Canadian mounted police . . . At Calgary the royal pair were entertained by whooping Indians, cowboys and cowgirls and the skirl of bagpipes as a hundred thousand lined the sidewalks . . . At Sudbury (Ontario) the royal party descended twenty-eight hundred feet into the bowels of a nickel mine . . . One of the O'Sullivans who fought in the Irish Republican army against the British was appointed to guard England's royal couple during their Washington stay. Ironic, isn't it?

The police blotters are covered with them—A truck driver in Michigan did not know hijackers were relieving his moving truck of cigars and cigarettes until a state police car arrested the theives and pulled alongside him . . . One of two gunmen cracked a Fall River man over the head after they robbed him of his lunch . . . Unknown thieves staged the first robbery at the New York World's Fair by stealing almost two thousand bottles of fine wines and cognacs . . . A Cincinnati judge had his court in a hospital ward and sentenced a bedridden inmate to ten to twenty-five years for violating probation on a robbery charge . . . A traffic officer's booth disappeared from a Boston street . . . A Georgia negro, fleeing from a murder scene, went to Atlanta and accidently hopped a second freight that returned him to the scene of the murder and arrest . . . Behind a two-years' growth of whiskers a Nevada detective thought he recognized a fugitive from justice. A tonsorial operation proved him right and the prisoner was shipped to California to stand trial for a series of hold-ups.

A school girl's sudden threat to kill a Pennsylvania State trooper led to her sudden demise when the trooper poured five bullets into her body. The youngster had levelled a toy pistol at the policeman . . . Arguing over a will a Minnesota farmer, exasperated, settled the dispute by shooting and killing his father, mother and brother . . . An Arizona youth, afraid that his relatives would report his smuggling activities, smoked narcotic cigarettes until his courage was revived whence he slew his brother and a cousin and wounded another before he blew out his brains. A third cousin gained a reprieve by praying for herself . . . A Montana man went berserk during a drunken spree, killing two police officers and wounding a pedestrian before he was taken and held in the state penitentiary to avoid mob violence.

A former World War flier, now a prisoner in California, has invented a noiseless propeller in which the Army is interested . . . A police order permitting World War veterans in a Pennsylvania city police department to wear their army citations on their uniforms inspired a young policeman to decorate his uniform with medals won in athletic competition . . . To convince the staid citizens of a Nebraska town that they needed a new escape-proof gaol, the sheriff gave permission to three inmates to break out of gaol. So easily was it done that the county will soon receive a new prison . . . He pulled a fast one—A stranger entered a Hartford (Conn.) tailor's shop and asked to use the washroom. After his departure the tailor found he had gotten away with a twenty-five dollar suit under his own.